Collier's

MAY 11, 1956 · FIFTEEN CENTS

GESELL ON YOUTH
the years from 10 to 16

KEFAUVER RIDES AGAIN!

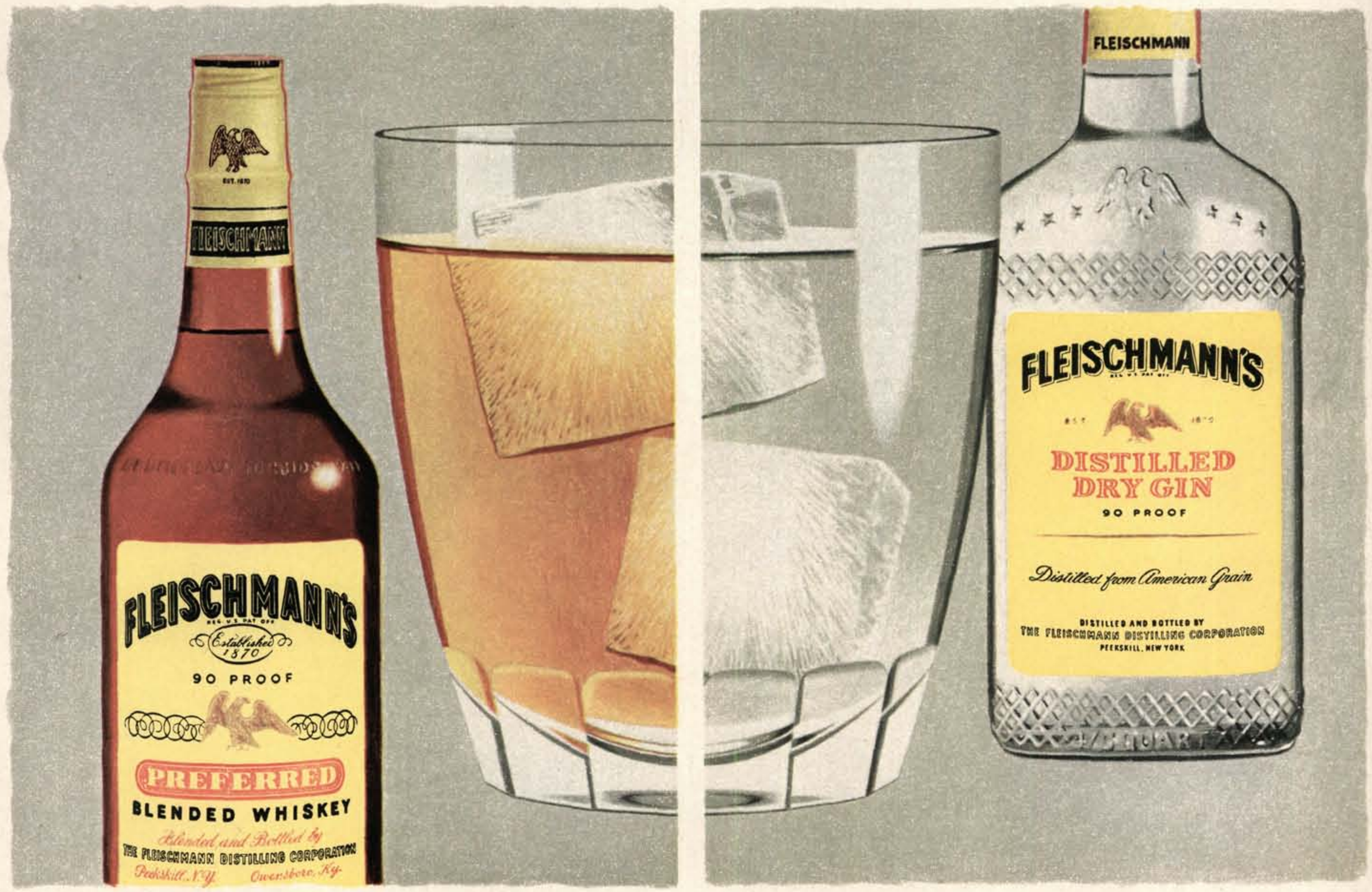
IOLA
Free Public Library
Iola, Kansas

Backstage with PHIL SILVERS
a rollicking week with Bilko's bunch

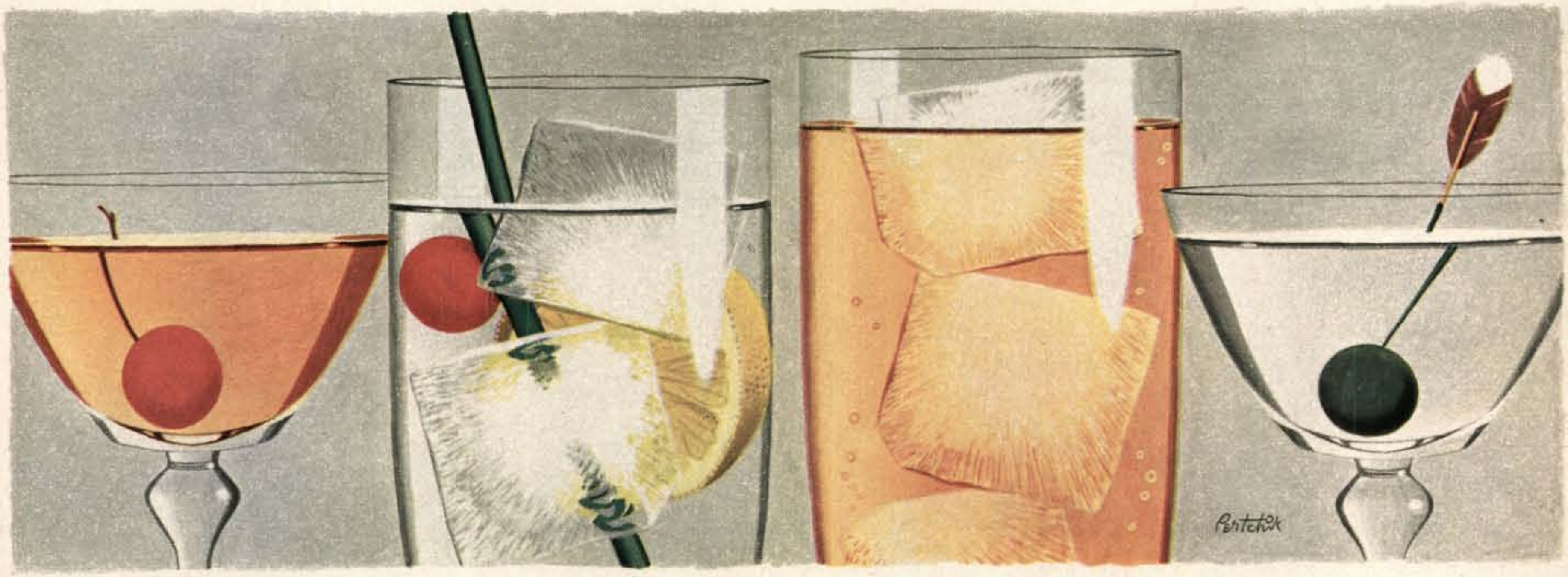
May 11-1956-

A 09245 20617
IOLA KANS
IOLA FREE PUB LIBRARY
#0138

What? Gin "on the rocks," too?


EST. 1870
FLEISCHMANN
FLEISCHMANN'S
Established 1870
90 PROOF
PREFERRED
BLENDED WHISKEY
Blended and Bottled by
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION
Peekskill, N.Y. Owensboro, Ky.
FLEISCHMANN
FLEISCHMANN'S
EST. 1870
DISTILLED DRY GIN
90 PROOF
Distilled from American Grain
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION
PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK
4/5 QUART

Yes, whiskey or gin, Fleischmann's is so smooth you'll like it straight!



And Fleischmann smoothness means perfect mixed drinks every time!

FLEISCHMANN'S PREFERRED • BLENDED WHISKEY • 90 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • FLEISCHMANN'S GIN • 90 PROOF • DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

Knits the family together

In a warm and personal way the telephone keeps the family close together.

Quickly and easily it helps you share good news and happiness, solves problems, dries tears, renews courage, makes plans and helps carry them out.

Right now someone would like to hear your voice and have a good family get-together.

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

Baltimore to Philadelphia	40¢
New York to Boston	55¢
Cleveland to Indianapolis	70¢
New Orleans to Chicago	$\$1^{30}$
Los Angeles to Washington, D. C. .	$\$2^{00}$

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the 10% federal excise tax.

Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

"How I use Murine for tired eyes"

ILKA CHASE, *well-known actress on Broadway, screen and TV; author; star of the weekly TV show, "Masquerade Party."*

This vivacious lady is busy practically around the clock, and often her eyes feel tired and tense. That's when she uses gentle Murine. It soothes and refreshes her eyes quick as a wink. *Try it!* See how quickly Murine helps wash away that feeling of fatigue. It makes your eyes feel *good!*

MURINE
*for your eyes**

The Murine Co., Inc.
Chicago, U.S.A.
*Trademarks Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Collier's

May 11, 1956 Vol. 137 No. 10

ARTICLES

KEFAUVER RIDES AGAIN . . . . Theodore H. White 25
A veteran reporter weighs the political future of "the three Estes Kefauvers"

GESELL ON YOUTH . . . . Jack Harrison Pollack 30
The first of two parts on our adolescents, dealing with the ages 10 through 12

YOU CAN GO HOME AGAIN . . . . Eric Sevareid 38
A commentator's warm story of a return to his boyhood haunts after 30 years

BACKSTAGE WITH PHIL SILVERS . . . . Michael Drury 40
Here's a day-to-day report on how Bilko and his bunch build their zany show

PRISON WITHOUT BARS . . . . Bruno Shaw 56
This penal colony has no armed guards, and inmates live with their families

"BIG GALOOT FROM VINEGAR BEND" . . . . Tom Meany 68
Rural color and blazing speed make southpaw Wilmer Mizell a Card to watch

QUIZ ON CUISINE—No. 1 . . . . . Ann Seranne and Eileen Gaden 84
A new series: How much do you know about the chef's art? With recipe

SUBWAYS UNDER THE ICECAP . . . . . . James J. Haggerty, Jr. 88
Tunnels in Greenland glaciers may help move our air bases nearer the pole

BRANDING LOGS LIKE CATTLE . . . . Byron Fish 96
They do it on Puget Sound—to thwart rustlers on the "open range"

SHORT STORIES

THE SCENT OF DANGER (The Short Short Story) . Dan Tyler Moore 10
He had set a perfect trap. Not even this woman could escape it

THE KISS AT CROTON FALLS . . . . Irwin Shaw 50
A rollicking tale of a romance that was out of this world

CLASS D VIOLENCE . . . . Charles Einstein 94
Jim didn't know it, but his career was riding on tonight's game

SERIAL

THE KEAN LAND (First of Two Parts) . . . . Jack Schaefer 72
An exciting new saga of the West by the author of Shane

FEATURES

APPOINTMENT WITH O'HARA . . . . John O'Hara 6

COLLIER'S CREDITS . . . . Jerome Beatty, Jr. 8

48 STATES OF MIND . . . . Walter Davenport 14

LETTERS 16

THE SECRETARY . . . . Ted Key 20

COLLIER'S COMMENT 102

COPYRIGHT, © 1956, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio, publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. Printed in U.S.A.

COLLIER'S, title Reg. U.S. Pat. Off., is published every other week and sold simultaneously in the U.S. and Canada. Entered at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, as second-class matter. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada.
EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y. Paul C. Smith, President; *Vance Johnson, Peter J. Dennerlein, E. P. Seymour,* Wm. A. Sittig, William A. H. Birnie, Shepard Spink, David R. Cunnison, William D. Phelan, John R. Reiss, Robert N. Woodruff, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; E. J. McCaffrey, Treasurer.

MANUSCRIPTS OR ART submitted to Collier's editors should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.
SUBSCRIPTIONS in the U.S. and Possessions, and Canada, are priced at 1 year (26 issues) $3.50; 2 years (52 issues) $6.00; 3 years (78 issues) $8.00; 4 years (104 issues) $10.00. All other countries, 1 year $7.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in U.S. funds. Address all subscription correspondence to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Subscription Department, 204 West High Street, Springfield, Ohio.
CHANGE OF ADDRESS *should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Please give both old and new addresses.*
CHARACTERS in all fiction stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary.

PAUL C. SMITH
Editor in Chief

KENNETH McARDLE
Editor

GORDON MANNING
Managing Editor

LEONARD JOSSEL
Art Editor

DAVID MANESS
Assistant Managing Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

PIERS ANDERTON
JEROME BEATTY, JR.
WARREN BROWN
GREGORY BRUNO
HOWARD COHN
GENE COOK
BARBARA HEWSON
DIANA HIRSH
EDWIN HOYT
HOMER JENKS
PENN KIMBALL
JERRY KORN
JOHN C. PELLEW
EUGENE RACHLIS
CORNELIUS RYAN
LOUIS SARDELLA

PHOTO EDITORS

BILL STAPLETON, *Chief*
JAMES A. QUIGNEY

STAFF CONTRIBUTORS

WALTER DAVENPORT
BILL DAVIDSON
BILL FAY
JAMES J. HAGGERTY, JR.
PETER KALISCHER
TOM MEANY
FRANCIS WALLACE
THEODORE H. WHITE

EDITORIAL ASSOCIATES

PETER D. ALBERTSON
BARBARA BLAKEMORE
ROBERT BLINN
LEE CAMPBELL
CHRISTOPHER CARTER
LONNIE COLEMAN
LEONARD GROSS
ROBERT HINES
PETER MAAS
RONALD OLIPHANT
JANET SHEPS
CHARLES SMITH
NAOME WALSH
MARTHA WEINMAN

EDITORIAL RESEARCH

ROSANNE McVAY, *Research Chief*
MADELIN ALK
ANN BERNSTEIN
MICHAEL BLOW
JOHN A. JACOBY
THOMAS C. RYAN
FRANKLIN C. LORANGER, *Proofroom Chief*
MARTIN IMER
FRANKLIN C. REILEY

●

ASSISTANTS TO THE EDITOR IN CHIEF

THEODORE STRAUSS, *Editorial Direction*
JAMES B. DeVRIES, *Art Direction*
WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN, *Production*

●

REGIONAL EDITORIAL OFFICES

WASHINGTON
JAMES C. DERIEUX, *Senior Editor*
WILLIAM J. KELLY
JOHN NEWHOUSE

SAN FRANCISCO
ROBERT de ROOS, *Senior Editor*
PIERRE SALINGER

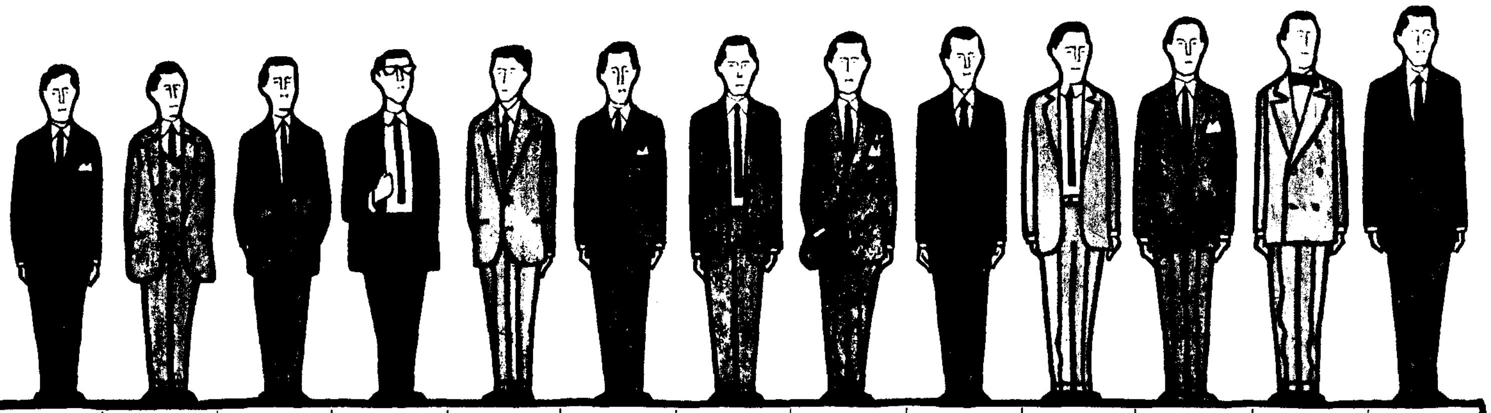
LOS ANGELES
ROBERT CAHN, *Senior Editor*
DWIGHT WHITNEY
ADELINE MARSHACK

DETROIT
SILER FREEMAN

LONDON
COLLIE SMALL

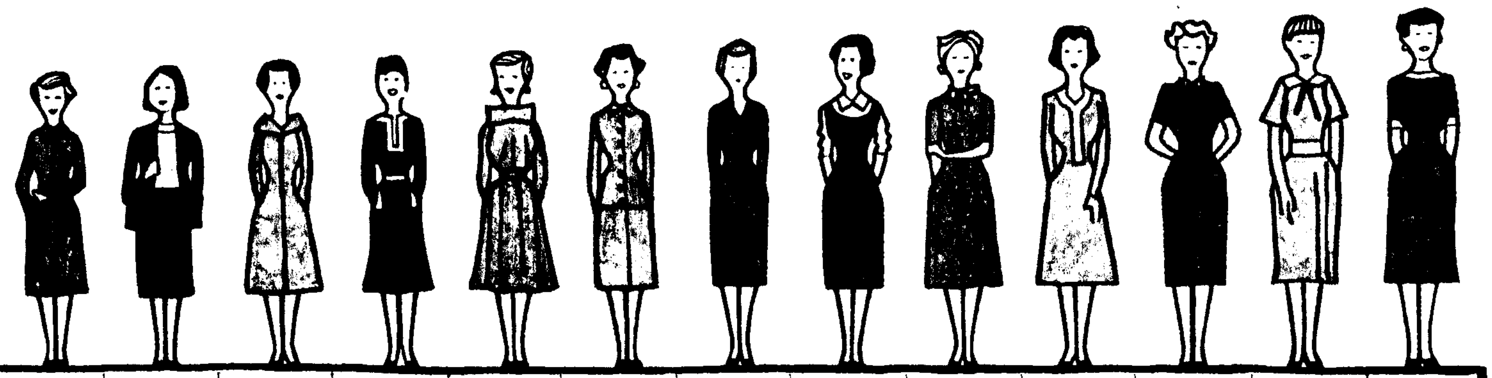
PARIS
MARGARET THOMPSON BIDDLE

Checked your weight lately?



MEN*
Fully clothed,
1 inch heels

HEIGHT	5'3"	5'4"	5'5"	5'6"	5'7"	5'8"	5'9"	5'10"	5'11"	6'	6'1"	6'2"	6'3"
Small Frame	[illegible]	122-132	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Medium Frame	[illegible]	130-140	134-144	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	171-184	[illegible]
Large Frame	[illegible]	137-149	141-153	145-157	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	174-190	[illegible]	[illegible]



WOMEN*
Fully clothed,
2 inch heels

HEIGHT	4'11"	5'	5'1"	5'2"	5'3"	5'4"	5'5"	5'6"	5'7"	5'8"	5'9"	5'10"	5'11"
Small Frame		[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Medium Frame		[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Large Frame		[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]			[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

If you are one of the many millions of Americans who've gained unneeded pounds, consider these facts:

1. At ages 20 and over, men and women who are considerably overweight have a mortality rate about 50 percent higher than their "trim" contemporaries.
2. High blood pressure occurs more than twice as often in overweight people as in thinner people.
3. Studies show that 85 percent of adult diabetics were overweight at the onset of their disease.

So, it's evident that excessive poundage burdens more than your two feet. In fact, overweight can impair the function of many vital organs and hence is associated with many life-shortening conditions.

On the other hand, if you reduce . . . *and keep your weight down* . . . you should increase your chances for long life and good health. You will certainly look and feel better . . . and have greater stamina, too.

Yet, some quick-reducing diets may be almost as bad for your health as the constant stress of overweight. All diets, therefore, should be avoided, unless prescribed by your doctor.

So, when you plan to reduce, start with a visit to your doctor. He will determine your desirable weight . . . and, most important, he will give you a sound, balanced, varied diet that everyone needs whether reducing or not.

If you are overweight and want to reduce surely and safely, these "do's and don't's" may help you:

Do say "no" to all high-calorie foods . . . rich desserts, gravies, sauces and social-hour tidbits.

Do exercise moderately to keep in trim and help burn up unneeded calories.

Don't use "reducing drugs" except on your doctor's recommendation.

Don't give a second thought to second helpings . . . no matter how tempting they may be.

Don't expect immediate good news from the scales. One or two pounds a week is a safe, sensible rate of weight loss.

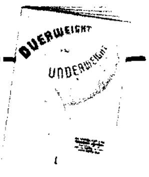
Metropolitan's booklet *Overweight and Underweight* gives a number of helpful low-calorie menus, lists calorie values of 200 foods and offers many practical suggestions which you may follow to help you shorten your beltline and lengthen your lifeline. Mail the coupon below for your free copy.

* *Desirable weights for men and women of ages 25 and over based on numerous Medico-Actuarial studies of hundreds of thousands of men and women.*

COPYRIGHT 1958—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.



Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet
Overweight and Underweight. 556-C.

Name______________________________
Street______________________________
City__________________**State**____________

We're so sure you'll like it–

United States Tobacco Company's
Old Briar
PIPE MIXTURE

your first pack's on us

WE'RE so sure you'll like Old Briar—so certain you'll relish this rare and aromatic mixture—we'll treat you to your first pack just to prove it.

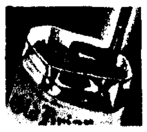
Here's all you do. Buy a pack of Old Briar at your dealer's. Enjoy this mellow blend of Burley, Southern Maryland, Flue-Cured and Latakia—right down to the last puff. Then—send the empty pouch to United States Tobacco Company and we'll return your fifteen cents.*

So get a pack of Old Briar today. Have yourself a grand smoke—on us.

**Exclusive of local taxes. Offer expires December 31, 1956.*

Mister, You Said a Pipeful

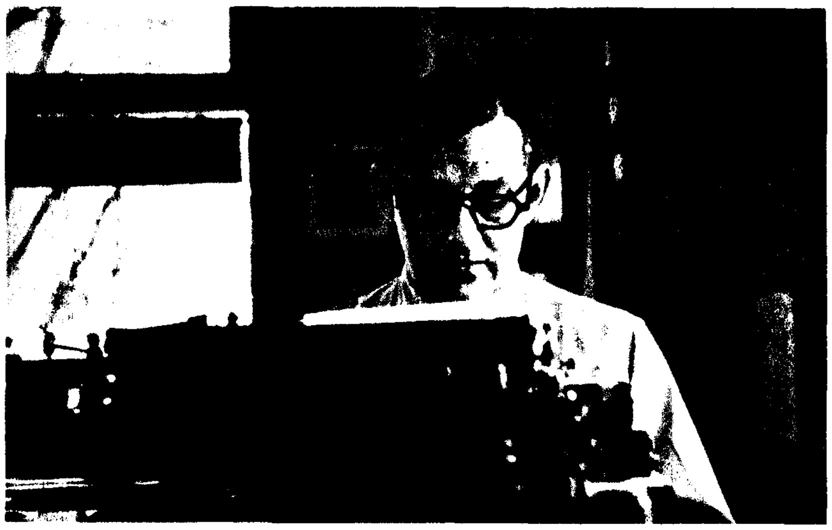
Opens wide to let you dip


Fills without a single slip

Folds down neatly till smoked completely

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY
Dept. A, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N.Y.

Appointment with O'HARA



THEY LET ME run around pretty much as I please here. I suppose if I came out in favor of sprinkling cocaine on the corn flakes I'd get a sharp memo from upstairs. But in general I have been allowed to go my own way, in my own way. Early on I decided on a mail policy. It was simple: I don't print any letters. When I look at a Broadway column and it's all or mostly done by correspondents, I skip it. (That's not the only time I skip it, you may be sure.) Practically every magazine and newspaper has a department for letters; I am paid to do my own work.

But I like my mail. I am framing a note I got from Irving Berlin, and I am thinking of using my mob connections to have a Chicago woman given the one-way bus trip. H. A. Rappaport, of Brooklyn, not only sent me Christmas greetings; he also sent me, entirely on his own, a copy of an out-of-print book of mine. Michael Donovan, of Graham, Florida, sent me a shamrock grown on his own farm, mind ye, and when I made a slightly disparaging mention of Noel Coward I got threatening letters from all over the United States, putting me in fear of being beaten to death with powder puffs. Sioux Falls, South Dakota, always represented remoteness and anonymity until I got this job, and now I know that a boyhood friend of mine lives there. (In the liquor business, naturally.)

A mention of my birthplace and the fact that my old gent was a doc there brought me a letter from a World War I Navy man. He wanted to inquire if I was acquainted with a Dr. Walter Bacon, who had been in the same ship with him, convoying transports. I sure am acquainted with Dr. Bacon. I can remember him in his ensign's uniform, including cape. Virginian, married a Pottsville girl, used to ride a horse of mine. Saw him two years ago. But the point is that I sent the original letter to Dr. Bacon, and now these shipmates of thirty-plus years ago have been reunited through mail to this corner. If you don't think I like that—but of course you know I do like that.

* * *

ONCE DURING a plush period of my life I employed a German couple who suddenly gave notice. We couldn't understand why. The pay was right; I would bring home my cheque and tell them to take out what they wanted and leave me enough for cigarettes and carfare. The work wasn't too hard; we ate out most of the time. The working conditions were not cruel; we used the swimming pool only by appointment. Why did these charming paid guests want to desert us? Well, after some adroit questioning my wife discovered that the couple thought I was crazy, a crazy man. "Mr. O'Hara locks himself in that room and talks to himself," the cook said. "We are afraid to be in the house with a man that talks to himself. And sometimes he yells." It took some explaining, but finally my wife got it through their skulls that I was writing dialogue, that I was relatively harmless, and that if I didn't write that dialogue *we* would have to give *them* notice.

This vignette of life is offered to all landlords and servants who have dealings with writers. It's when The Mister *doesn't* talk to himself that you got worries. No muttering, no moola.

* * *

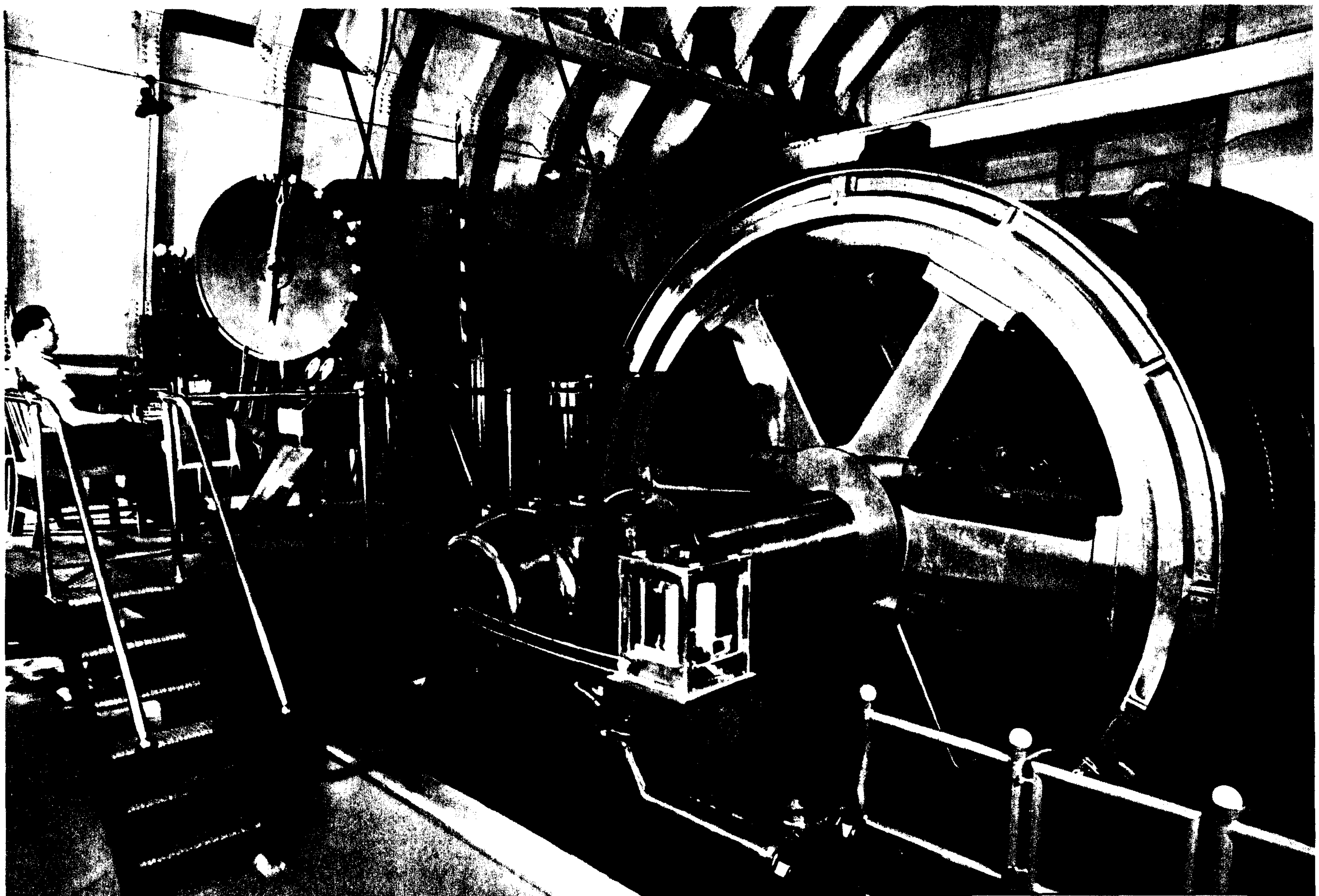
IN THIS ROOM where I work there are, at a quick guess, about a thousand books, with more coming in and some going out every week. What books? Well, the complete Modern Library; a fair collection of books that friends have written; and the rest are reference works of one sort or another: from Historical Statistics of the United States, 1789-1945, to the ASCAP Index, 1952; from Blakiston's New Gould Medical Dictionary to Ringling Brothers Barnum & Bailey Circus Route Book, 1950, not to mention the obvious World Almanacs and Who's Who's, dictionaries, atlases, guides and rosters.

I don't own as many dictionaries as Ira Gershwin, but it gives me a glowing sense of comfort to feel that in this room can be found, if you look hard enough, just about every word in the English, American, French and German languages. It also makes me sad to realize that I can never know all that is in print in just this one small room. I could spend much more than the rest of my life in this room without learning all that is to be learned in it.

I know I'll never finish reading the Modern Library, because a name in The Pennsylvania Manual will send me to Who's Who, and even on a day that isn't rainy I can always lose myself and an hour in that volume, as I can in a geography, a compendium of sports records, or Jane's Fighting Ships (1941), or Rimington's Fighting Fleets (1942), or The Art of Handgun Shooting by Captain Charles Askins, Jr. The last thing I want to do is pose as booksy, for that I am not. But I hoard clothbound facts the way some people stashed canned goods during the war.

This piece is going to cost me money. While writing it I have thought of five expensive reference volumes that I cannot do without. You don't think I need an A.S.C.E. Handbook? I've been wanting one since 1922. No Standard & Poor's? No Ayer? (It's stifling in here with no fresh Ayer.) I don't get much use out of the book on Irish mythology, but I needed it once and I'll need it again. Somehow these reference books all seem to cost $15 a copy, I don't know why. Actually some cost more, some cost less, but fifteen clams is what I am prepared to give up every time I go looking for a fact that is not resting on the shelves—or the floor—of this room.

Maybe this piece will be disillusioning to some of my friends. I have several friends who frequently marvel at my fund of not terribly useful information. They are not surprised that I can tell them about the Miami Triad, or that the telephone number of the Savoy Theatre is Temple Bar 8888. Until now those friends have thought I get my information by osmosis (the passage of solvent through a membrane from a dilute solution into a more concentrated one). —JOHN O'HARA



3827 feet below ground, this hoist drum serves mining activities still further down. More than a mile, in fact!

Inco works a mine within a mine

Do you want to share a sight few people have ever seen? Then visit, in imagination, International Nickel's Creighton mine.

Take the cage to the 52 level, 3827 feet below the surface. You'll see many new mining developments; but one you'll never forget.

It's the head of a shaft that leads to greater depths as if to another, *deeper*, nickel mine.

The shaft leads to level after level under you. Just as though it had been started at the surface – instead of more than half-a-mile below.

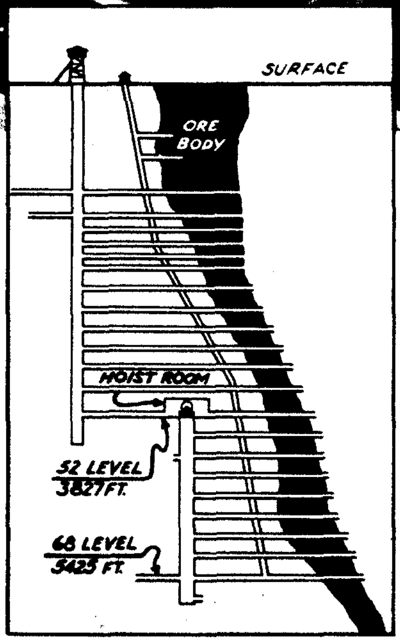
This mine within a mine has its own miles of "workings"—developed to reach new ore bodies located far below the 52 level of the larger mine of which they are a part.

Serving this self-contained unit are its own railway tracks, power lines, pumping and ventilating systems. In almost any sense, this unit is complete—larger by far than most mines that have been sunk and operated separately.

Only the advanced methods used in Inco mines could produce Nickel at today's prodigious rate.

And continuous exploration to *prove* ore reserves gives promise of future supplies.

These are reassuring facts for the manufacturer of metal products intent on winning quality markets in the years to come. For with Inco Nickel in them, metals perform better, longer.



See where the hoist room is: 3827 feet below ground. Then see how much deeper this Inco mine within a mine goes: *down below the mile level!* Color film, "Mining for Nickel," is loaned to technical societies, universities, industry. The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 92e, New York 5, N. Y.

©1956, T. I. N. Co.

INCO TRADE MARK **International Nickel**

Producer of Inco Nickel, Nickel Alloys, Copper, Cobalt, Tellurium, Selenium and Platinum, Palladium and Other Precious Metals.

WHOOSH
REGULAR GRIND
PRESSURE PACKED
Chase & Sanborn
COFFEE
THE FULL-BODIED INSTANT
100% PURE COFFEE
NEW!

This coffee tells you it's fresher

It greets you with a louder *whoosh* and the livelier aroma that forecasts fresher, fuller-flavored coffee in each satisfying cup. Why? Because Chase & Sanborn Coffee is the *only* leading brand that's *pressure* packed. And pressure packing preserves coffee freshness and flavor better than any vacuum can or bag.

Chase & Sanborn Coffees are served by more fine hotels and restaurants throughout America than any other brand.

Chase & Sanborn

Fresher because it's pressure packed

A remarkable new instant coffee is underneath this lid . . .

Yes, you can now enjoy Chase & Sanborn's famous flavor in this brand-new full-bodied instant!

New Instant Chase & Sanborn

COLLIER'S CREDITS

HOWARD ZIEFF

Former TV actor Zieff (l.) broke into song and dance at sitting of Silvers, who jumped up and cried, "Aha! Never trust a photographer with tap shoes!"

ABOUT THE TIME you read this, ribbons will be cut, speeches made and parties thrown to open our brand-new Crowell-Collier Building in Beverly Hills, just across the line from Los Angeles. That's where the Los Angeles Regional Editorial and Advertising offices of Collier's (and The American and Woman's Home Companion) will hold forth.

"The editorial department will be in the penthouse. If a visitor has to wait, he can sit outside on a patio off the reception room and watch the cars go up and down Wilshire Boulevard, while he relaxes in the California sunshine. We've tried to keep the *décor* functional, although giving it a California-inspired, modern flair," senior editor Bob Cahn tells us.

The dedication of this building indicates how important the West has become in the Crowell-Collier picture. Five years ago, for example, there was a one-man bureau covering the Western area.

Today there are five editors, with Bob de Roos and Pierre Salinger in San Francisco, and Dwight Whitney and Adeline Marshack assisting Cahn in Los Angeles. So it looks as though the new functional structure will do some fancy functioning.

★ ★ ★

FREE-LANCE WRITER Bruno Shaw is a New Yorker but has spent many of his sixty-one years in the Far East. He has been Associated Press correspondent in China, editor of the Hankow Herald, an editor of the China Weekly Review, general manager of the Trans-Pacific News Service, and national director of the American Bureau for American Aid to China.

During the war he was with the Far Eastern Division of OWI. He has been news analyst for the American Broadcasting Company and New York radio stations WQXR and WNEW. Shaw says:

"While in Asia, I always had a yen to see places with names like Balabac, Sandakan, Palawan, Jolo, Zamboanga. That's how I happened to wander into Iwahig Penal Colony on Palawan and fall in love with the place."

He tells why on page 56.

★ ★ ★

ERIC SEVAREID'S VOICE has made him known to millions since he joined the Columbia Broadcasting System news department in Europe at the start of World War II. He was first heard from prewar France and England, and then from battlefields from Italy to Burma.

Since the war he has reported important events such as UN General Assemblies and Presidential conventions and campaigns, winning the George Foster Peabody and One World awards for the way he did it. As chief Washington correspondent for CBS he can be heard nightly on radio and seen weekly on his half-hour TV show, CBS Sunday News.

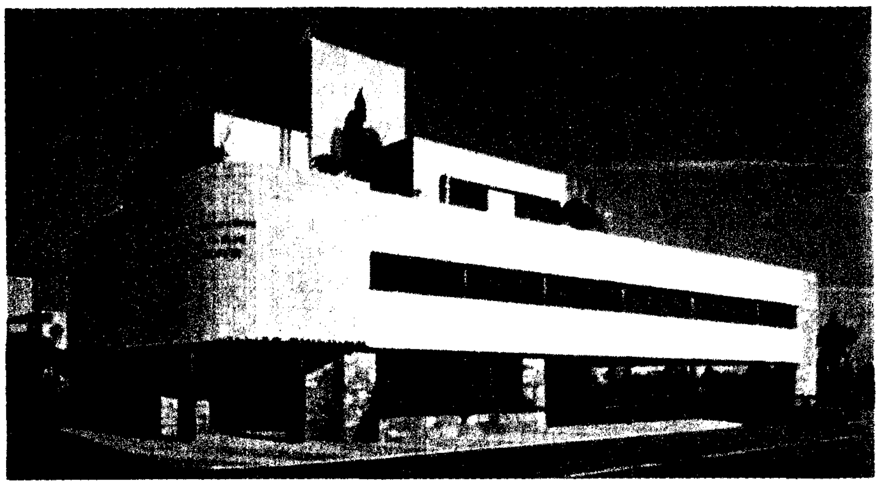
We gave Sevareid, one of the top political reporters in the nation, what we think has turned out to be his greatest assignment. He is a small-town boy who made good, and we sent him back to that small home town of his for the first time in 30 years. It was an experience that he and Velva, North Dakota, will never forget. Nor will you, when you read You *Can* Go Home Again (page 38).

★ ★ ★

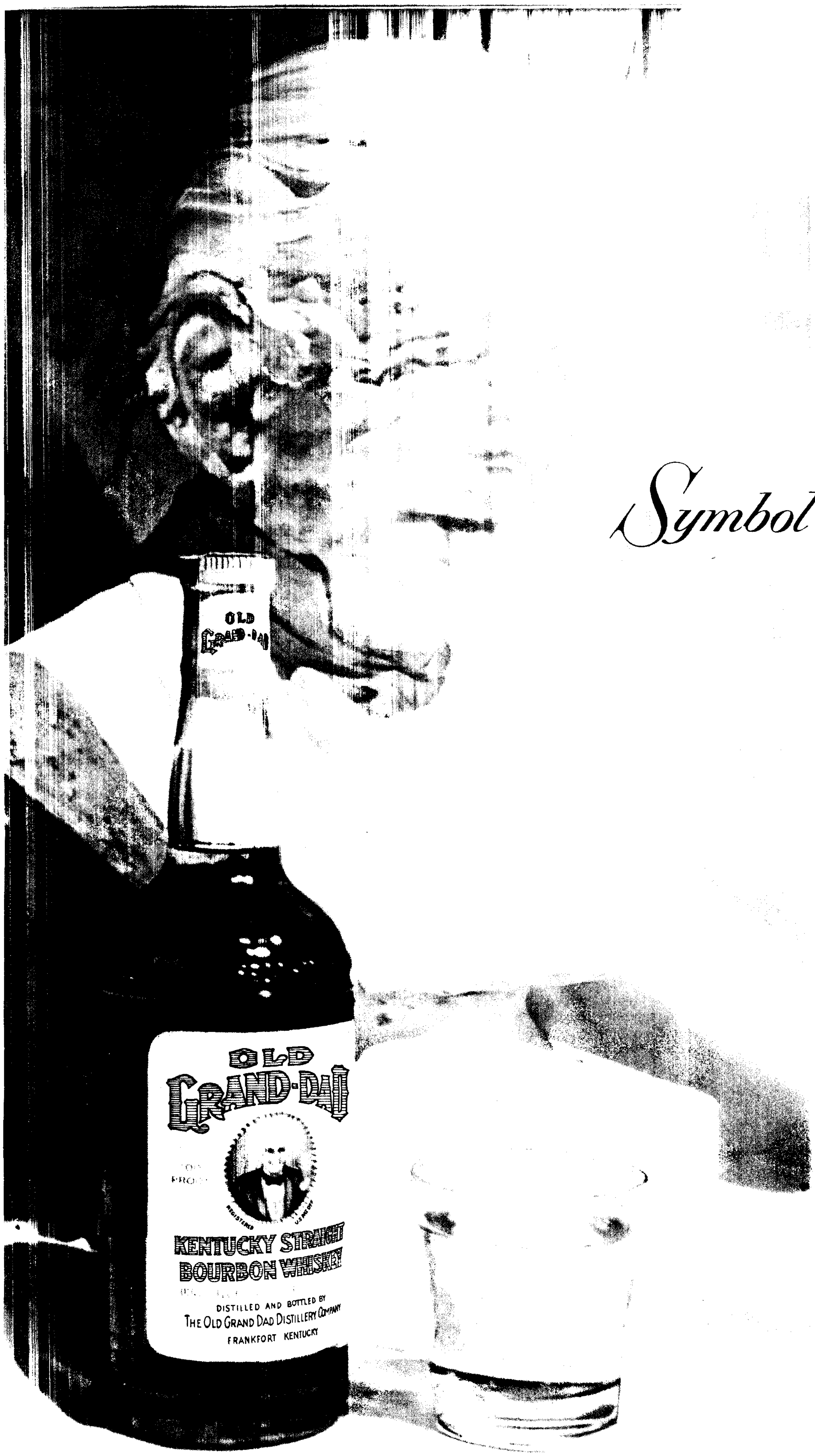
"I GOT THE IDEA for The Scent of Danger," Dan Tyler Moore says about his fiction piece on page 10, "from a friend who is allergic to lobster. He got a little flake of it in a salad and almost died. I decided to build a piece of fiction around this bit of truth."

The authentic-sounding Middle East background in the story comes from Moore's having lived in Stamboul, with wife and four children, for two years while in business there. Now they're all back home in Cleveland Heights, Ohio, where Moore isn't only writing.

"I have been active in politics," he reports, "and will be one of Governor Lausche's delegation to the Democratic National Convention this year. I am also on the ballot for the local Cuyahoga County (Cleveland) job of Recorder." —JEROME BEATTY, JR.



Crowell-Collier Building in Beverly Hills for Regional Editorial and Advertising offices


OLD GRAND-DAD
OLD GRAND-DAD
REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFF.
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
THE OLD GRAND DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT KENTUCKY

Symbol of confidence

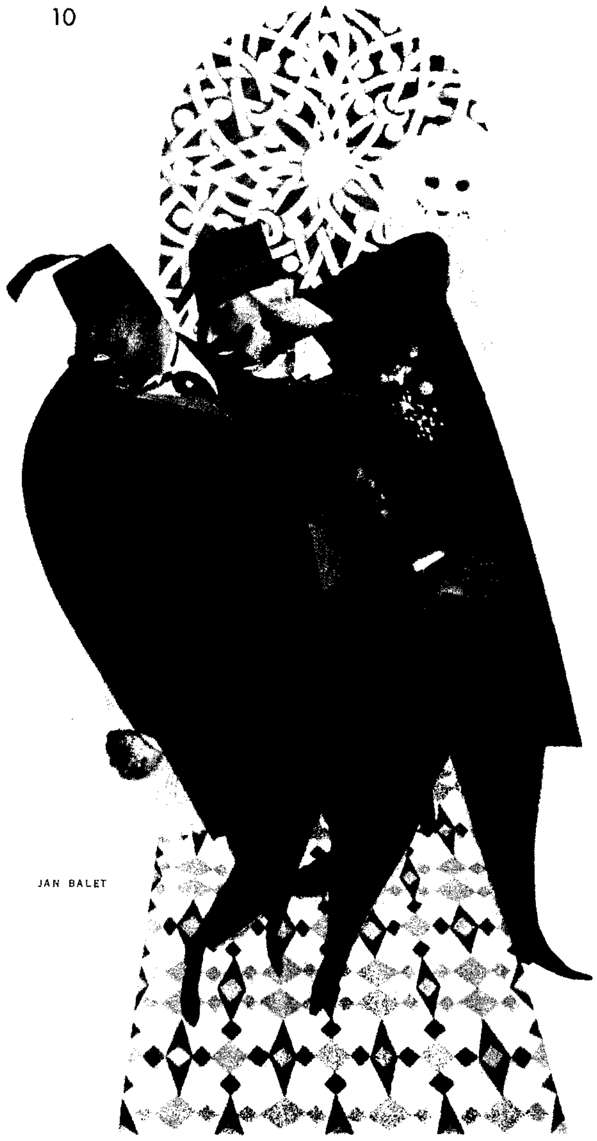
Year after year the gentle, kindly figure of Old Grand-Dad has served to symbolize the trust and confidence in the hearts and minds of millions for this finest of all bourbons.

Old Grand-Dad

"HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY"

PRODUCT OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND
THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
A DIV. OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP.



JAN BALET

As his wife stood by, the Emir clutched Fuad Pasha's arm. "One question remains," he said

The scent of DANGER

By DAN TYLER MOORE

FUAD PASHA, the Prime Minister, sighed and thought enviously of his forefathers. In their day it had been so easy to get rid of an unwanted woman. Tie her up in a bag and throw her in the Bosporus. That was all there was to it.

He stared through his office window at the mosques and minarets of his native city. A block away on the new Jane Wilson Boulevard he could see the framework of the new Jane Wilson College for women. It would spoil the sky line as Jane Wilson herself had spoiled his countrywomen.

"Jane Wilson," he whispered. Hateful American name. Allah had been cruel indeed to arrange the meeting of the lovely blonde tourist and the Emir, for they had fallen in love. Fuad Pasha himself had delivered to her the Emir's first gift—a *flacon* of La Bacchante, a rare perfume compounded of secret ingredients by the Emir himself.

From the gift of perfume, the Emir's offering had proceeded to a treasured set of antique lacquer bowls, to an ancient Kazak rug made of Angora wool and, finally, to marriage. Once Jane Wilson became the Emir's wife, disaster followed disaster: the outlawing of the harem, the unveiling of the female face, free education, higher wages. Allah himself knew where it would end!

For a long time now, Fuad Pasha and his cronies in the Cabinet had decided Jane Wilson must go. But how? It would be impossible to bribe an underling to poison her—she was too well loved by the common people. And for one of the ministers to do it was too risky.

At one point it had seemed that kismet was about to solve the problem for them. Jane Wilson's health had begun to fail. She had grown weak and pale. At times she appeared to be suffocating. The Emir called in one physician after another, but there was no improvement. Finally a plane had arrived bearing a famous doctor from America.

Fuad Pasha recalled the day he had been summoned to the royal bedchamber. His heart had beat with delighted anticipation: the Emir's wife must be dying. When the door to the bedchamber was opened, he had seen first that the famous Kazak rug, the gift of the Emir, had been removed. The next thing he saw was Jane Wilson. She was propped up on pillows, her eyes shining, her complexion radiant—a picture of health and well-being.

To conceal his disappointment, Fuad Pasha bowed low. "Sultana! Allah is indeed generous and compassionate. You are well again."

"Yes, indeed, Fuad Pasha," Jane Wilson said gaily. "This is the gentleman who cured me, Dr. Gallagher—an allergy specialist from New York."

For the first time, Fuad Pasha was aware of the handsome man in Western clothes who was standing at the foot of the bed. "My patient has become hypersensitive to many things in your country, such as goat's wool and lacquer," the doctor explained. "Once they are removed her health is complete."

Goat's wool! So that explained the disappearance of the rug. Fuad Pasha saw that the lacquer bowls were gone too.

Jane Wilson's eyes twinkled. "As Fuad Pasha knows, I'm also allergic to some of the customs of my adopted country. Once they are removed my happiness will be as complete as my health."

At that moment the Emir himself came hurrying into the room. In his hand he carried a *flacon* of La Bacchante. He sprinkled some of the perfume on the silken quilt that covered his wife. The doctor moved forward anxiously and felt her pulse. Then he nodded with approval at the Emir.

"Thanks be to Allah," the Emir murmured. He turned to Fuad Pasha. "You will issue a statement that the Sultana is completely well."

Fuad Pasha left the room in despair. But as he walked down the broad marble steps of the palace, deep in thought, suddenly he felt happy again. . . .

It had taken several weeks, much effort and a very great deal of money to bring Fuad Pasha's plan to fruition. But now Dr. Gallagher had been back in New York for over a month—quite long enough, Fuad Pasha figured, for an infatuation between the doctor and Jane Wilson to have solidified. Proof that such an infatuation existed was, as a matter of fact, in his hands at this moment. There was a Photostat of a letter of transmittal depositing $500,000 into the account of Jane Wilson and Dr. Michael Gallagher in a big New York bank, typed on Jane Wilson's machine and signed with her name, and a letter from the New York bank to Jane Wilson, confirming the deposit. It had been difficult to raise so many dollars, but the Cabinet members had helped.

Next came the paper Fuad Pasha liked best of all: a passionate love letter from Jane Wilson to Dr. Gallagher, outlining her plans to join him in America. The forgery was perfect. A world-famous expert had certified the handwriting was genuine.

Truly, Fuad Pasha thought, the whole dossier was a masterpiece. The simple death of Jane Wilson might only spur the Emir on to carry out her ideas. This way, thinking himself basely betrayed, he would oppose everything she had stood for.

Fuad Pasha picked up the dossier and went to the palace. On the way to the Emir's reception room he passed the open door of the royal bedchamber. The scent of La Bacchante was wafted to his nostrils. Fuad Pasha sprinted lightly to the dressing table, unstoppered the *flacon* and sprinkled several drops on the love letter to Dr. Gallagher. The final precise and incriminating detail!

A few minutes later he stood watching the Emir read the letters. The ruler's face was set in an expression of savage intensity.

"When we intercepted the letters, I prayed to Allah they were forgeries, some sort of plot." Fuad Pasha shook his head sadly. "But the world's greatest handwriting expert has authenticated them."

"Call the Sultana," ordered the Emir.

Jane Wilson returned the Emir's frozen expression with one of tender bewilderment. He thrust the dossier at her. "Look at these interesting documents which the Prime Minister has brought me."

WHEN JANE WILSON FINISHED reading she turned to the Emir. "Ridiculous," she said, and raised her eyebrows at the Prime Minister. "Where did you get these forgeries?" she demanded coolly.

"An expert has sworn they are genuine," Fuad Pasha said.

The Emir's lips were compressed into a thin cruel line. Jane Wilson's blue eyes clouded with fear. She knows she is finished, the Prime Minister thought with satisfaction.

The next instant Jane Wilson picked up the love letter again and seemed to be slowly rereading it. She sneezed. She began to clutch at her throat. She reeled toward a chair and collapsed, her face white.

The Emir rushed to her and snatched the letter from her hand. When he turned to Fuad Pasha his face was illuminated with joy. "The papers are forgeries," he announced. "The perfume on this letter is La Bacchante—but not my wife's."

Fuad Pasha frowned. "But, Your Excellency—"

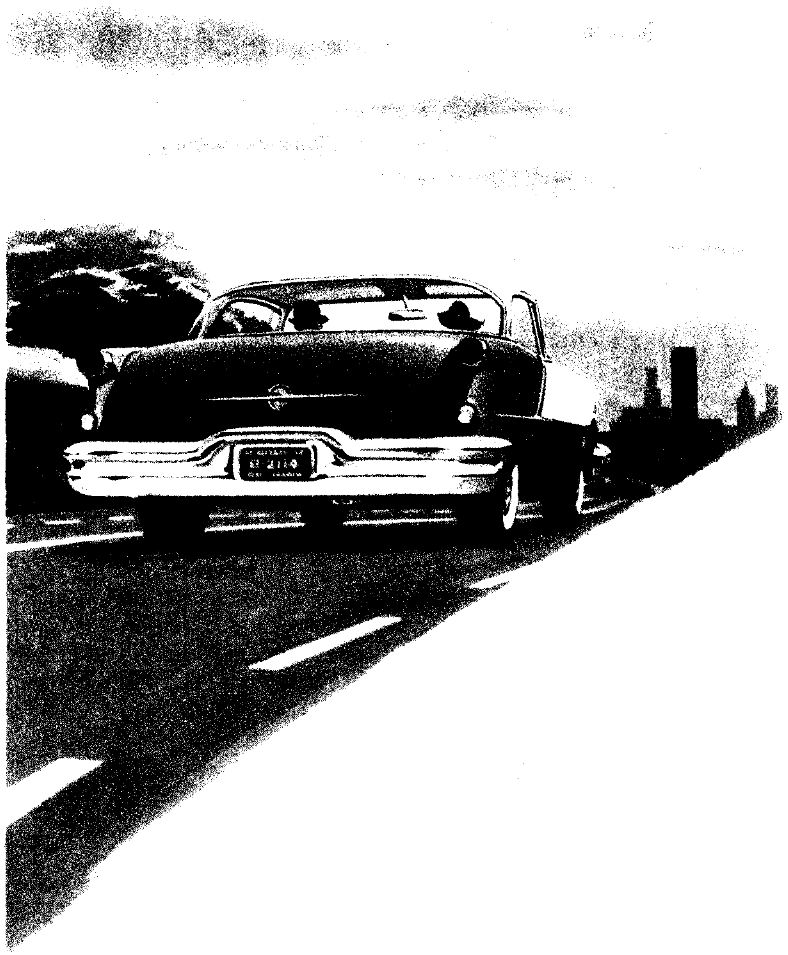
"Dr. Gallagher discovered that the Sultana was allergic to the ambergris in La Bacchante. I mixed a *flacon* for her using Tonquin musk as a substitute. The perfume of the old formula was given away." The Emir's fingers looked like steel claws as they crumpled the letter. He turned to his wife. "One question remains. To whom, my darling, did you give the old *flacon* of La Bacchante, the one that made you sick?"

"To Bayan Melehat," Jane Wilson choked, "the wife of your eminent Prime Minister, Fuad Pasha."

Fuad Pasha gasped. How could this be? The perfume on the letter was from the bottle he had found on Jane Wilson's dressing table only a few minutes before. He stared at her and saw a half-smile on her lips as she pretended to choke and sneeze. The light of victory was in her eyes.

Fuad Pasha made a quick dive for the door. He felt his arm clutched by fingers of steel.

THE END



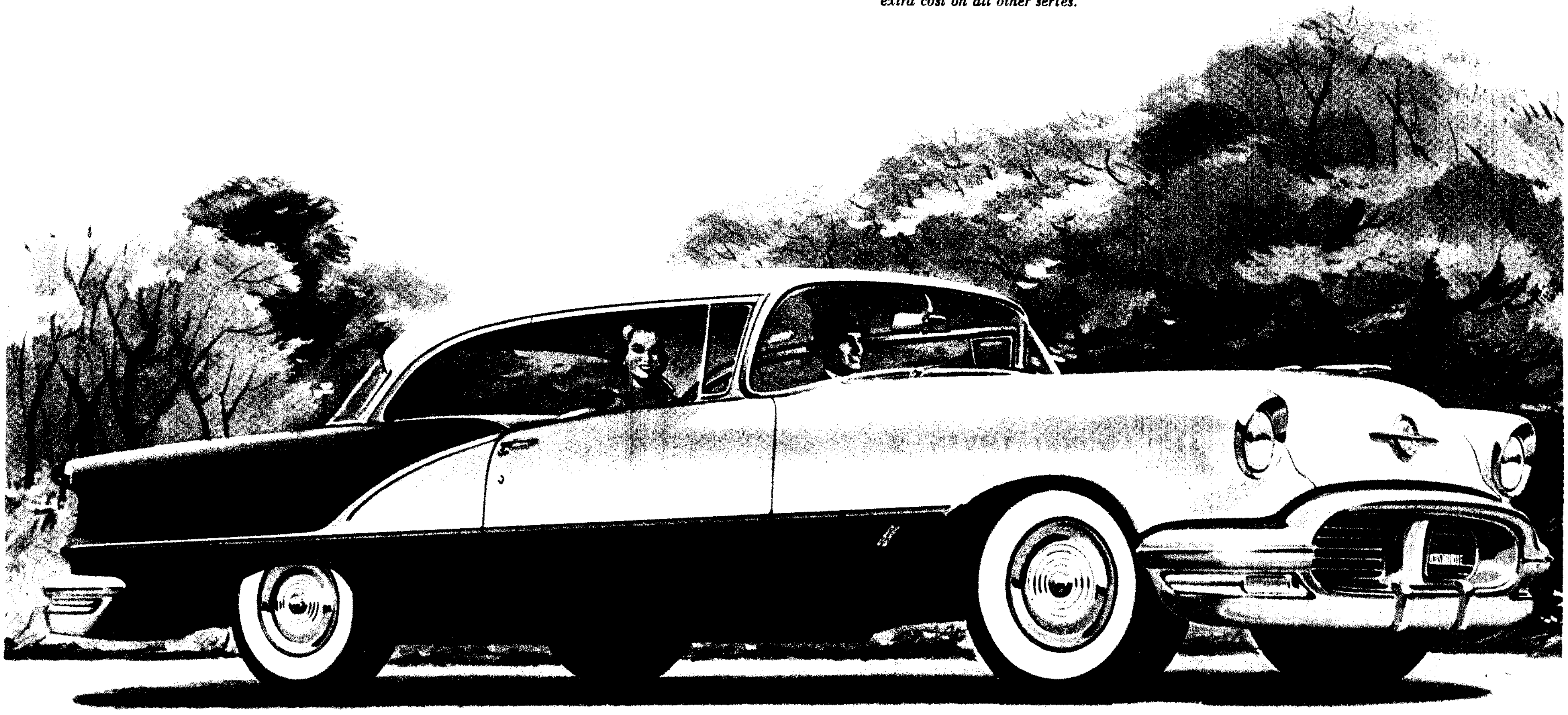
88

Rocket Action!

Budget Price!

A few minutes in this one can give you new ideas! It's Oldsmobile's low-priced "88"—always ready with the surging power of the Rocket Engine! Always glamorous with Starfire styling! And it is ready now with smooth new Jetaway Hydra-Matic*! For *everything* you could ask for in your next car, just try an Olds "88". The price is sweet music, too! See your Oldsmobile dealer . . . make it *today!*

**Standard on Series Ninety-Eight; optional at extra cost on all other series.*



88 HOLIDAY COUPÉ

OLDSMOBILE

THE CAR WITH THE POWER PERSONALITY!

NEW 1956 ZENITH PORTABLES

Smaller, lighter than ever!

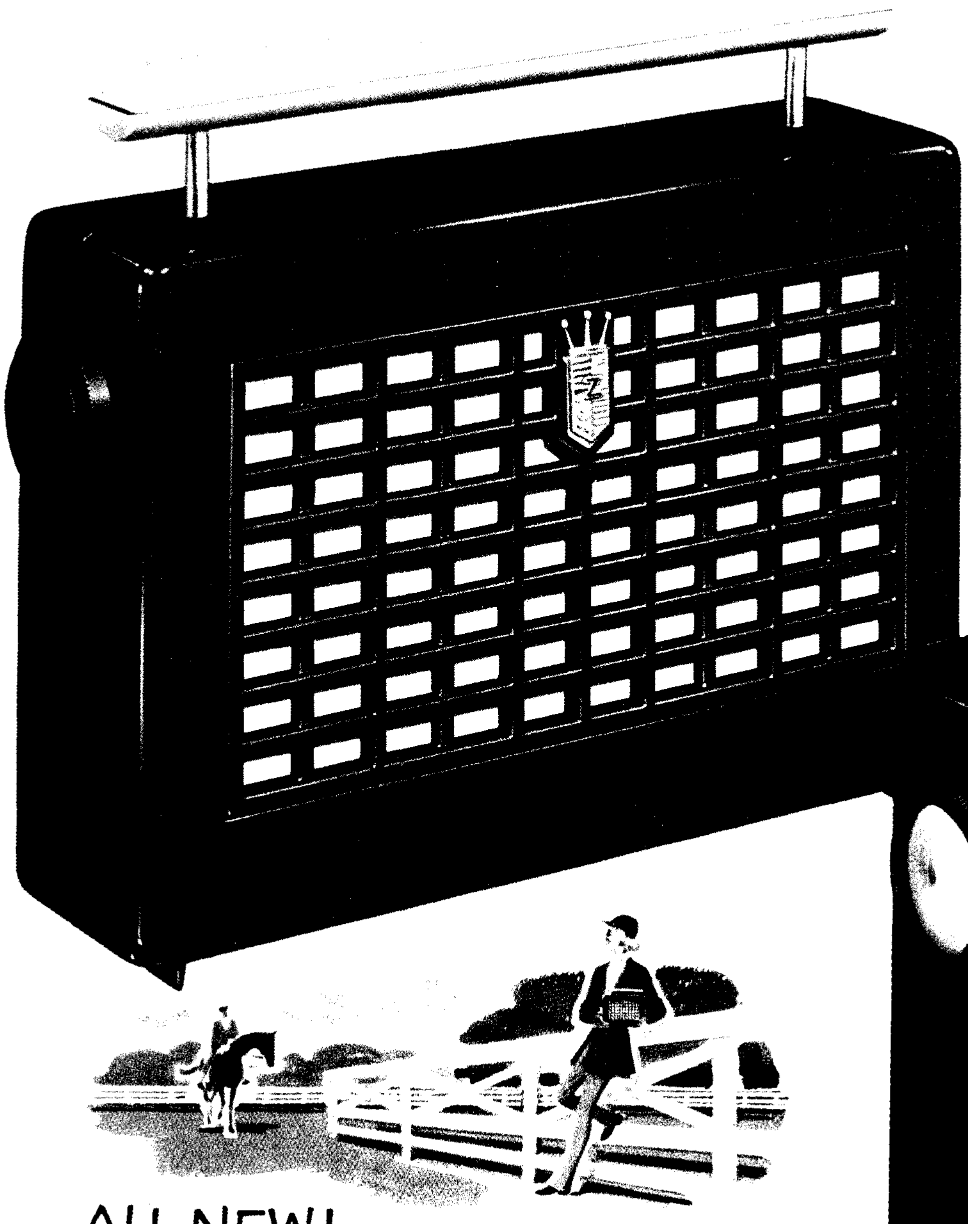
These new 1956 Zenith Trim-Line Portables make a powerful difference...anywhere you go

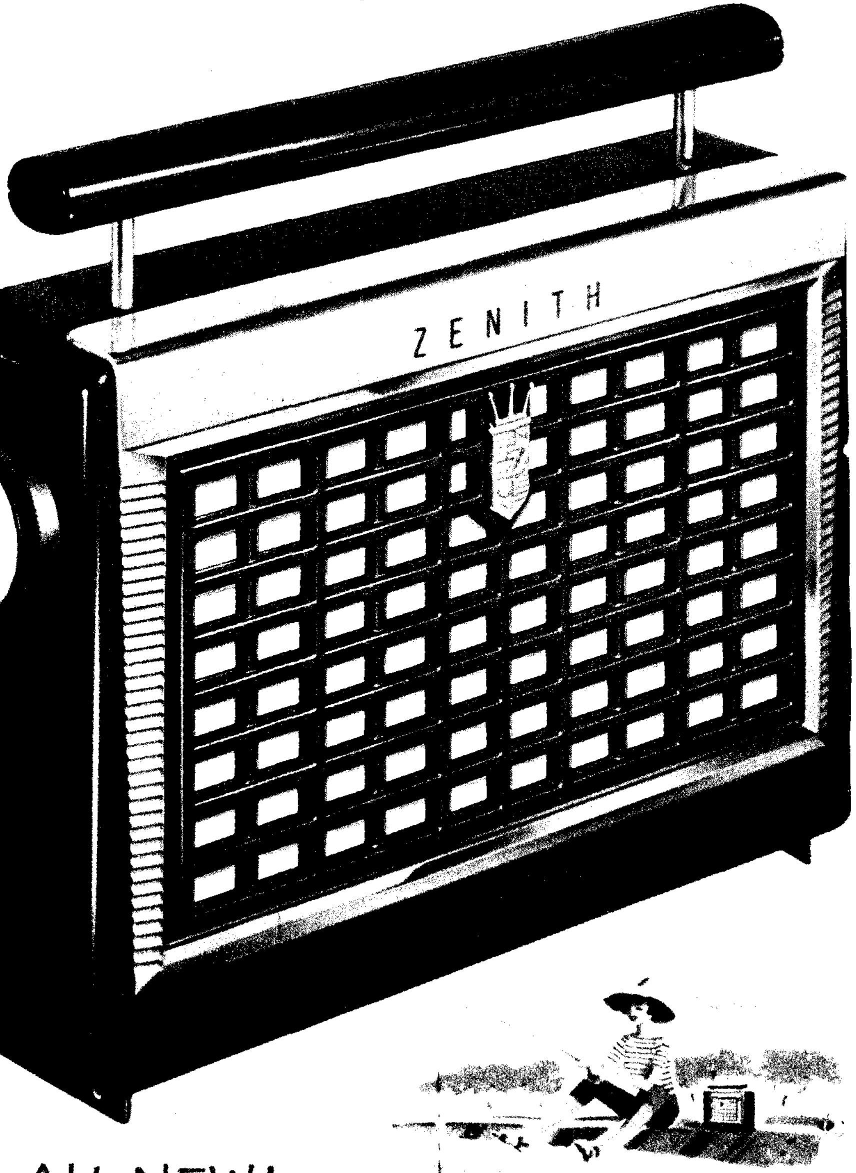
With their built-in *extra* power, these brilliant new Zenitl Presidential Line portables give a performance you'd neve think possible in radios this size!

Inside every smartly styled case is Zenith's super-sensitiv Long Distance AM Chassis, which brings in even distant sta tions with extraordinary sharpness and clarity. Every set ha Zenith's own Wavemagnet® Antenna built into it for bette performance and for increased signal reception sensitivity u to 25 per cent.

Indoors or out, you get a full, rich tone because every Zenitl has Zenith quality speakers with heavier Alnico-5 magnets fo richer tone and greater sound output. Every speaker is buil to Zenith's own specifications to get the quality we want—t give you radio's finest listening in this exciting election year

Whether you're going fishing, picnicking or to the ball park make your first stop your Zenith dealer's!





ALL NEW!

TERRIFIC IN TONE AND LOOKS! THREE DAZZLING COLORS! COMPACT, POWERFUL!

You can be sure of a thoroughbred performance from this brilliant new Zenith portable! Speaker has heavier Alnico-5 magnet for extra tone power. Priced amazingly low for such a powerful radio. Compare its performance with others! Cabinet has one-year warranty against breakage.

The Frolic, Model Z400, AC-DC or battery. Colors: Tangerine, Cuban Sand, Charcoal Blue. 8¾"high, 11⅛"wide, 2¾"deep. Weight 5 lbs. $29.95*.

Just Look at These Features in the New Zenith Portables!

Wavemagnet Antenna in handle on Models Z400, Z402—away from metal parts for increased sensitivity.

Quick, simple battery change—takes only seconds.

Battery-saver switch disconnects battery during AC or DC operation.

Automatic volume control—smooths out different signal strengths while tuning station to station.

Tiny, 7-Transistor, Tubeless Pocket Radio plays where others won't!

New Zenith Royal "500" has seven transistors, not just 4 or 5, but *seven!* Up to *30 times more sensitivity* than radios of equivalent size. Up to 400 hours of battery life from *one* set of mercury batteries, or over 100 hours when you use regular penlite batteries at normal volume levels. No special hard-to-get battery packs required. Use it as a car radio, too.

The Royal"500". In black (500Y) or maroon (500R), both with Roman Gold trim, $75.00*.

ALL NEW!

BUILT FOR BETTER PERFORMANCE! BUILT TO TAKE IT! IT'S RUGGED AND POWERFUL!

No matter how your luck is running, you're sure to catch plenty of compliments with this slim new Zenith portable—the Carnival. Even distant stations come in loud and clear. Reception covers entire range of standard broadcast. Cabinet has one-year warranty against breakage.

The Carnival, Model Z402; 3-way portable; AC-DC or battery operated. Colors: Garnet Red, Ebony, Sorrento Green. 8¾" high, 11⅛" wide, 3" deep. Weight: 5¾ lbs. $34.95.*

A battery operated portable is as necessary in your home as a flashlight in case of power failure caused by air raid or other emergency. Civil Defense frequencies are clearly marked on the tuning dial of all Zenith portables.

TRIM! TOUGH! POWERFUL!

Trim-Line Styling!

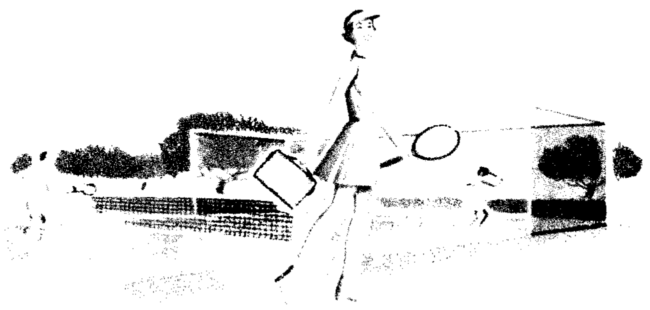
New Trim-Line styling gives a dashing look to these exciting new easy-to-carry Zenith portables!

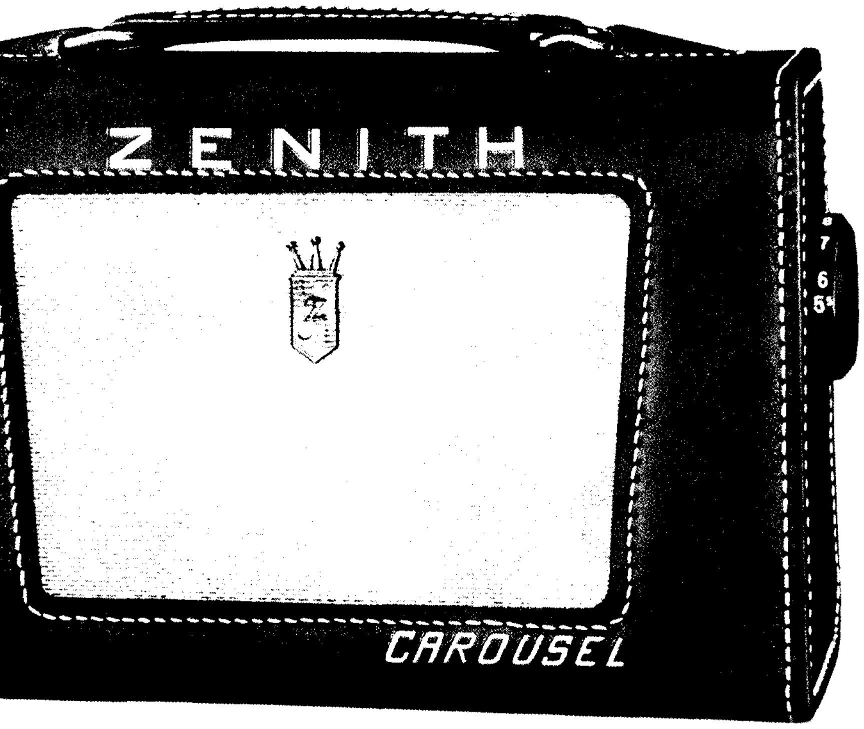
Superior Performance!

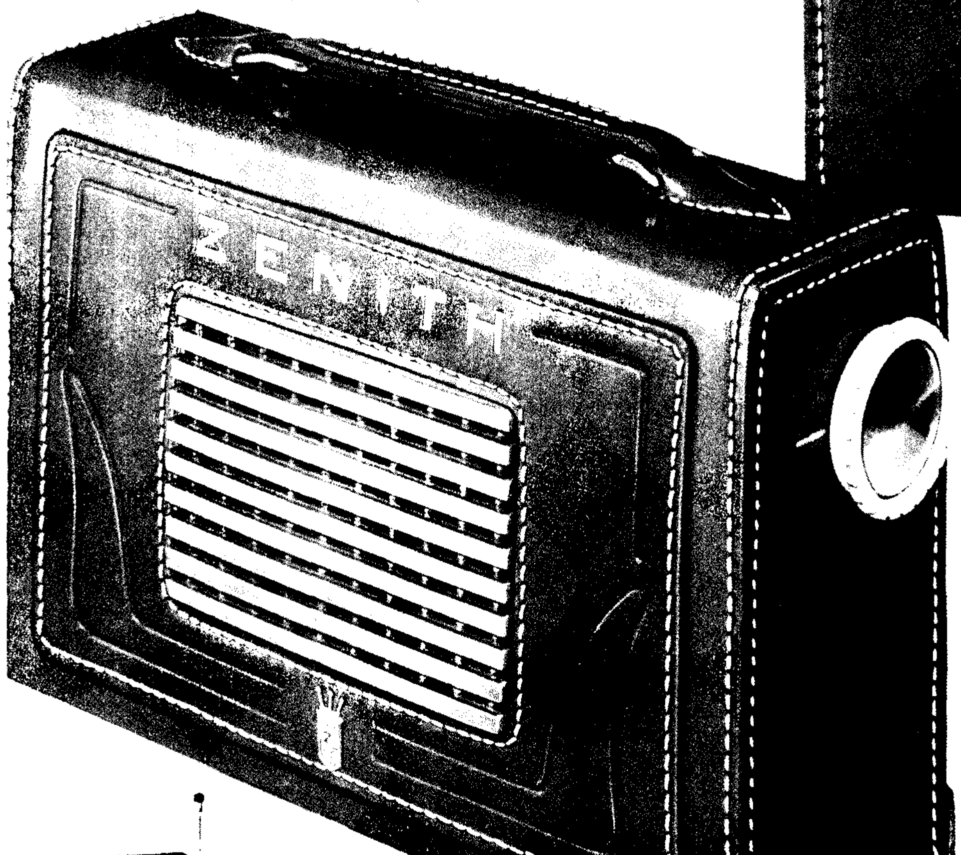
A full, rich tone indoors or out! Powered to bring in even weak, distant stations with amazing clarity!

Unbreakable Cases!

These beautiful new Zenith portable radio cases are built for rugged, outdoor life.







ALL NEW!

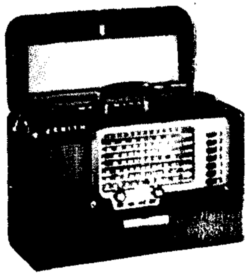
BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE IN TOUGH CASE!

You'll find yourself in a love match with Zenith's powerful new Carousel—for *superior* selectivity and *superior* reception are built right into it with Zenith's own Wavemagnet® Antenna. Zenith speaker with Alnico-5 magnet assures richer, fuller tone. Covers entire range of standard broadcast.

The Carousel, Model Z404L, AC-DC or battery. Genuine top-grain cowhide case. 7½″ high, 11″ wide, 4″ deep. $39.95*.

ALL NEW!

A LOT MORE PERFORMANCE FOR A LITTLE MORE COST. GENUINE TOP-GRAIN COWHIDE LEATHER CASE!



Zenith Trans-Oceanic® Portable, Black Stag, Y600, $139.95*; top-grain cowhide, Y600L, $159.95*.

Internationally Famous Short-Wave Portable

Proved the world over for 15 years! International shortwave bands plus standard broadcast. Brings in ship-to-shore, ship-to-ship, marine, amateur and weather reports. Treated against humidity. Plays on trains, planes, steel buildings. AC-DC or battery.

When you are miles away from the nearest radio station and you hear the full, rich tone of the all-new Zenith Holiday®, you'll want to shout its praises from a mountaintop. It has extra circuitry to give you the *finest* reception in standard broadcast portables. Zenith's famous Long Distance AM Chassis brings in weak, distant stations. It's Zenith's *most powerful* standard broadcast model in a portable this size.

The Holiday®, Model Y506L, AC-DC or battery. Beautiful, hand-tooled cowhide case. 5 tubes, 7$\frac{3}{16}$″ high, 11⅛″ wide, 3$\frac{11}{16}$″ deep. Weight: 6 lbs., 5 oz. $49.95*.

ZENITH®

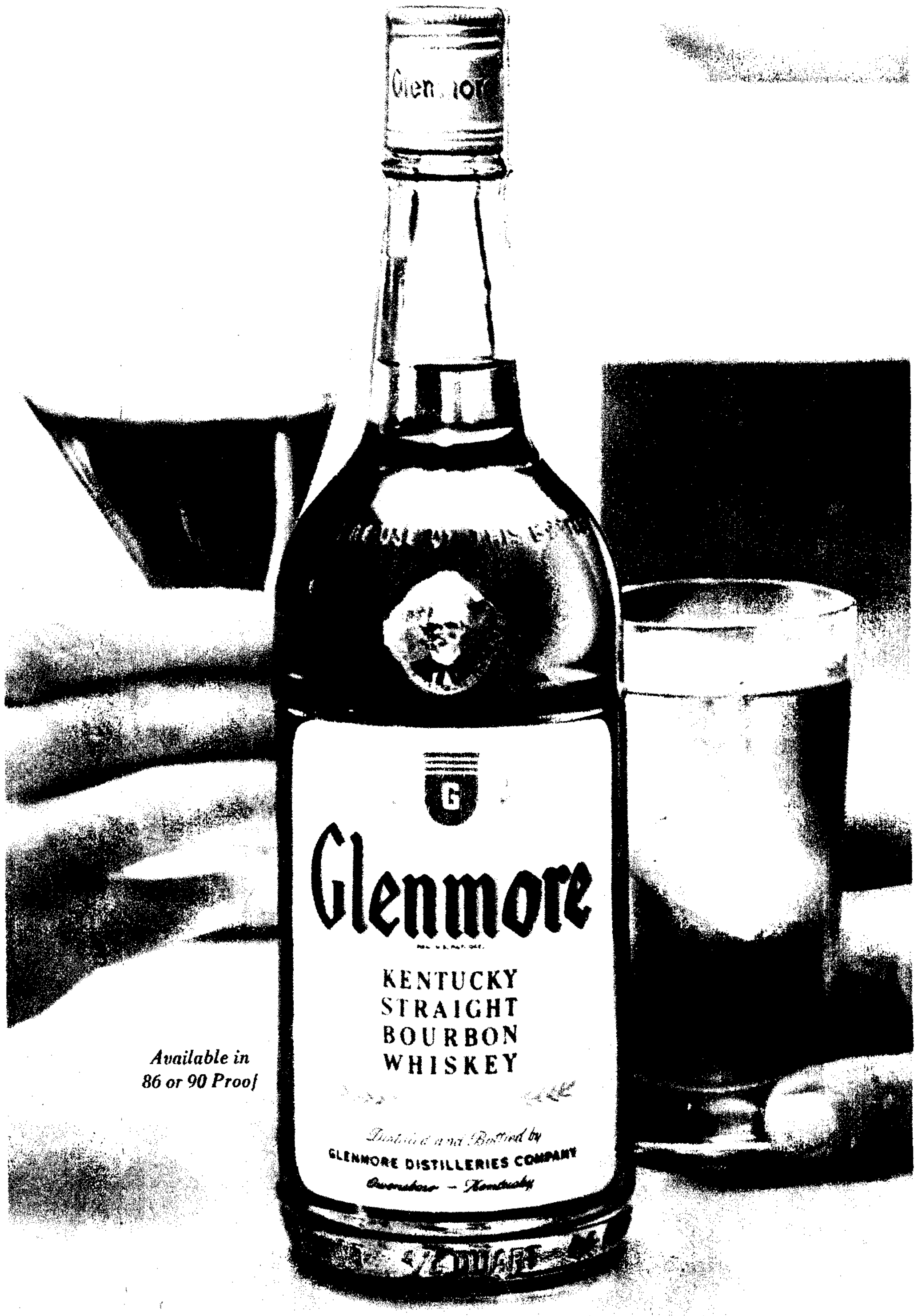
THE QUALITY GOES IN BEFORE THE NAME GOES ON

The Royalty of RADIO, TELEVISION and PHONOGRAPHS
Backed by 37 years of leadership in radionics exclusively
ALSO MAKERS OF FINE HEARING AIDS
Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Illinois

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price, not including batteries. Slightly higher in Far West and South. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.*

Enjoy MORE

MORE taste
MORE quality
MORE character



get GLENMORE
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

For People of Inherent Good Taste

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES Company
"Where Perfection of Product is Tradition"
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

48 states of mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

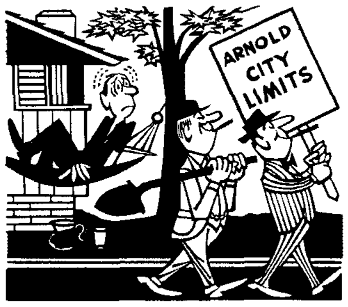
We've just been notified by a Detroit, Michigan, lady—Mrs. Bernard Oestracher—that presently we shall receive a valuable brochure warning against overeating, a practice that, Mrs. Oestracher says, "tends to make one dissatisfied with life." Meantime we shall continue to stick to our own old-fashioned belief that a shortage of vittles isn't a morale builder either.

You may not have "a perfect grasp" of the international situation but Mr. Jacob Finchlaw has, and he has taken time to write all the way from Billings, Montana, to say so. "In fact," says Mr. Finchlaw, "after reading you columnists and listening intently to all the radio and TV commentators, I have a brand-new and completely different perfect grasp every day."

Reports on the astonishments one runs into on American highways are already arriving, although the tourist season is still a bit young. A Newark, New Jersey, gentleman named Mr. George Scotti wants it known there's a drive-in restaurant near Denver, Colorado, advertising "No Jukebox. Come On In." However, Mr. Scotti says the place falls short of perfection. "Owing to the absence of the jukebox," says he, "you can hear the conversation."

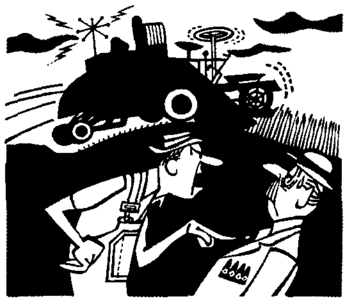
One of the many benefits in a job like this is the occasional helpful advice arriving by mail. How to prevent tire blowouts, for example. In the Hill City (Kansas) Times, Harold Dwyer, who has driven 71,000 miles without a flat, throws his secret into the public domain. If the wind is from the south, he removes the valve caps on that side and lets the fresh, invigorating air whistle in. If it blows from the north, off come the caps on that side. "Fresh air that's never been used before," says Mr. Dwyer, "wears a lot longer and isn't nearly as lumpy as the commercial stuff they put in at the filling station."

Suddenly Arnold, Nebraska, hadn't any mayor. Nobody to write to about the garbage. His Honor, Mr. Crawford Pool, who incidentally runs a clothing store, had moved into his new home. His new home was just outside the city limits. Law says the mayor has to live inside them. Mr. Pool had to resign. But the council rushed to the rescue, incorporated the mayor's suburb into Greater Arnold, thus making the mayor mayor again. And some people are always trying to tell us politicians lead dreamy lives.



IRWIN CAPLAN

Coming is the day when the fields of America's farms will be tilled, cultivated and reaped by self-guiding, self-regulating, remote-controlled, wholly self-operating tractor machines. This on the word of a gentleman who should know, Dr. Harry B. Walker, professor emeritus of agricultural engineering, University of California. This will also give the nation's farmers more and more time to scare the tonsils out of more and more candidates for more and more public offices.



It was inevitable. This is the year when there will be more harrowing stories about the farmer than about the farmer's daughter. For example, there's a farmer in Grindstone, South Dakota, who has a Land Bunk Plan. It calls for throwing away every third employee of the Department of Agriculture. Stuff like this insists on creeping into this column regardless of our vigilance.

Did you know that among the numerous hardships of a congressman's life is the law that limits his long-distance telephone chats to a mere 2,700 minutes a year? Of course the government (that's you) pays for it, but holding a statesman down to a trifling 45 hours of L.D. chatter is apt to discourage even the most devoted public servant. Succor is in the offing, however. Congress is about to raise the limit to 3,000 minutes or 50 hours a year. Southern members still dissatisfied. They say it gives the faster-talking Yankees a distinct advantage.

A trifle of domestic strife in Akron, Ohio, is reported to us by Mr. Tully Welsh, who says things like this happen all the time in Akron: the lady asked her husband how he liked her new hat. She told him it was an exclusive model; no other hat just like it. "Well," said this husband, "it's good to know there's somebody who hasn't made the same mistake twice."

Just what paste wax needed – a built-in cleaner!

Once around with J-WAX cleans and waxes your car!
J-wax

Johnson's J-Wax new Paste Wax Discovery does the cleaning work for you!

LONG-LASTING WAX KEEPS FRESH AND EASY TO APPLY IN THIS NEW KEY-OPENING CAN
J-wax
NEW! from Johnson's Wax®
J-wax

Start right in waxing! No extra cleaner needed—nothing else to buy!

Here's what you've been waiting for—a paste wax with a cleaner built right in! Johnson's new J-Wax saves you hours of pre-cleaning. J-Wax takes the dirt off for you—replaces grime with a crystal-clear coating of wax. Even the dirt you can't wash off loosens instantly and disappears as you rub on this new self-cleaning paste wax.

Then watch the high brilliant luster that comes as you buff. The imported wax in J-Wax sets smooth and hard—bonds itself into a long-lasting wax-tight seal. Gives your car the tough wax protection it needs for any weather. And look! The colors are far brighter, truer—even the chrome glistens.

Get your car ready now for the months ahead. And let J-Wax do the cleaning work for you. It's the easiest, fastest way to all-weather wax protection—*genuine paste wax protection!*

©Carling Brewing Company, Cleveland, O., Belleville, Ill., St. Louis, Mo.

...and you'll drink

Red Cap

FIRST, think of the lightest, driest *beer* you ever tasted.

NEXT, think of the extra flavor and "heart" that only *fine ale* can give.

NOW, think of them both together. That's RED CAP, the *light-hearted* ale! Next time you're thirsty, think—and drink RED CAP, Carling's Red Cap Ale.

I am thinking . . .
so now I'm drinking
Red Cap . . .
Carling's
RED CAP *Ale*

CARLING
RED CAP
Ale
CARLING
RED CAP
Ale

THE BEST BREWS IN THE WORLD COME FROM CARLING'S

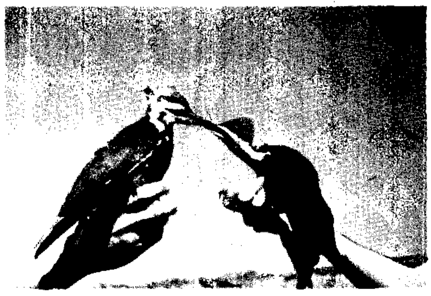
SEE NATION'S TOP PROFESSIONAL GOLFERS AT THE CARLING OPEN GOLF TOURNAMENT, SUNSET COUNTRY CLUB, ST. LOUIS, MO., MAY 10—13.

LETTERS

A Peck of Trouble

EDITOR: Having just finished reading James Poling's article on A Peck of Trouble (Mar. 16th), I am moved to make a suggestion. If the pileated woodpecker is as destructive to telephone poles as claimed, why can't a motion be made before the National Audubon Society to have migratory bird legislation amended to allow the birds to be put on the hunting list for one or maybe two years? In that time, surely we could even up the score a little. . . . MRS. VERNON CAMERON, JR., Mansfield, Ohio

. . . New York pileated woodpeckers are just too well-bred to become unnecessarily destructive. If some arrangement for crossbreeding can be effected, Pileatus should receive a clean bill in all areas within a very few generations.
ROBERT M. BURLAND, Oneonta, N.Y.


JACK MANNING

Real woodpecker (right) beaks photographer's dummy

. . . Has it occurred to anybody trying to solve the problem that the poles could be wrapped with wire mesh charged with sufficient electricity to scare off the bird? . . .
ROBERT G. MENASIAN, Hartford, Conn.

. . . I suggest that they cover the poles with tin. . . . ROBERT D. RICKETSON, Willacoochee, Ga.

. . . Suppose the pole were draped in a version of old-fashioned bead curtaining consisting of long, straight wires loosely hung from a suitable support and spaced, say, a half inch apart. P. Woodpecker would have difficulty in grasping these wires; if he did grasp them, they would swing as he worked. He should and might be frustrated. It would be like trying to chop down a tree while standing in a hammock. . . .
G. E. JOHNSON, Greensboro, N.C.

No Wolf Bait?

EDITOR: Where, oh, where is the disguised sex called woman going to wind up? First, the waistline disappears somewhere between shoulder and hem, and the bosom is flattened to an apologetically flat nothing. Then someone gets the bright idea of a mannish haircut, so off go the soft feminine curls. I console myself that this lovely creature at least has her lovely face left, but when I pick up your March 30th issue and read Hide-and-Seek Hats, I see to my horror that even the face is to be obscured!

What am I gonna do with my wolf whistle when there's nothing in sight but odd-looking sack-figured apparitions with lamp shades on top and nothing showing but their ankles?
ROBERT N. CARVETH, Yerington, Nev.

ICBM

EDITOR: Please accept my most sincere congratulations for one of the finest, most stirring editorials I have ever read —ICBM (Collier's Comment, Mar. 16th). In view of the pronounced effect the editorial had upon me, I was astounded, as a matter of fact shocked, that I have not yet come across any urgency on the part of our newspapers, radio or television regarding the increasing vulnerability of the U.S. and our cherished way of life. . . .
ROBERT BARETZ, Farmingdale, N.Y.

Earthquake!

EDITOR: Robert O'Brien's article on the San Francisco Earthquake in your March 30th issue gives rise to the question, "How much for a lifetime subscription to Collier's?" My hat's in the air! EDWARD HILL, New York, N.Y.

. . . It is a type of article, semidocumentary and nostalgia-provoking, that is seen too seldom in our leading publications.
COOPER SMITH, Waycross, Ga.

. . . I lived every word of it as I was then a boy of twelve in San Francisco, and I proved to be a great rat catcher at 10 cents per tail; the rodents were considered a possible source of bubonic plague. . . . HANS OHRT, Beverly Hills, Cal.

. . . Masterful is the word for O'Brien's description. . . .
C. W. SPOFFORD, Evanston, Ill.

. . . Vivid history, excellent geology, terrific paintings. . . .
JOSEPH L. BARNA, Dravosburg, Pa.

. . . I was a freshman at Bates College at the time, and I recall the dismay that spread throughout the nation at the news. Some religious persons, nervous

The Cover

Howard Zieff

Comedian Phil Silvers—or Sergeant Ernest Bilko, as he's known to television viewers—is shown on the cover with four members of the mythical (and hilarious) motor-pool platoon that he leads to fresh disasters each week in his prize-winning CBS program. From the left, clockwise, are Harvey Lembeck, who plays Corporal Rocco Barbella; Allan Melvin (Corporal Henshaw); Herbie Faye (Private Fender) and Maurice Gosfield (Private Duane Doberman). On page 40 is Michael Drury's day-by-day report on how The Phil Silvers Show is put together for its weekly TV appearance

IS YOUR G. I. INSURANCE BIG ENOUGH TO FIT YOU TODAY?

Read how little it costs to add a MONY Life Insurance policy and bring your protection up to date.

No doubt about it—your G.I. insurance is one of the best buys you ever made. But let's face it. Is the policy that fit you so well then, *still* the right size today? Shouldn't you add to it?

Chances are you have a growing family. Maybe you have a house now. And you're probably earning more. It all adds up to one thing—you've got more to protect! And that's where the new MONY "Executive" policy comes in. Designed as an *economy-size package*, the MONY "Executive" is sold only in amounts of $10,000 or more—one reason why it's available at a surprisingly low premium. Example: for a man age 35, who qualifies, the annual premium rate for each $1,000 comes to slightly more than 6¢ a day for the first three years, and about 7¢ a day thereafter. Further, at the end of the third year, dividends are expected to begin. As they're declared, they may be used to *reduce* the already modest premium.

Let a MONY Underwriter show you how neatly the size and cost of the MONY "Executive" policy fits in with your G.I. insurance. They are *two* of the best life insurance buys available.

MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

Life Insurance—Accident and Sickness—Hospitalization—Retirement Plans . . . FOR INDIVIDUALS AND EMPLOYEE GROUPS

MONY offices are located throughout the United States and in Canada.

MONY TODAY MEANS MONEY TOMORROW!

FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION, MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Mutual Of New York, Dept. C-46
Broadway at 55th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

I would like FREE information about a MONY policy to help meet my needs as follows: (please check)

☐ *Income for my Family*
☐ *Income for my Retirement*
☐ *Money for College*
☐ *Mortgage Protection*
☐ *Insurance on my Wife or Children*
☐ *Disability Income*
☐ *Hospital, Surgical Protection*

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City __________ County or Zone ______ State ______

Occupation __________ Date of Birth __________

and superstitious, expressed the conviction that a wrathful God was inflicting His displeasure upon a sinful city! . . .
Prof. Dorrance S. White, Emeritus, State University of Iowa, Iowa City, Ia.

That Older Gang

Editor: The names of Benny Goodman's best sidemen in That Old Gang of Mine (Jan. 20th) reflect his 1937-'38 band which brought him his greatest commercial success, and not the earlier band which made him the King of Swing. Bunny Berigan on trumpet should have been listed. My Goodman records of the late-1935, early-1936 period show Bunny played terrific solo parts, especially on Victor releases Sometimes I'm Happy, King Porter Stomp and Goodbye. The band of this period had more drive and "swang" more and better than in later releases. Going back even earlier, Jack Teagarden's work on trombone is second to none. . . .
Robert S. Coburn, St. Louis, Mo.

A Measure of Error

Editor: In your March 2d issue, Howell Conant, in the story on Grace Kelly, refers to 45 meters being about 115 feet. Isn't it closer to 146 feet? I have tried for years to find a mistake in Collier's and this is the first one. Now I finally am able to write to your Letters column. . . .
Andrew H. Olson, Van Nuys, Cal.

It's closer to 147.6375 feet.

God and Freedom

Editor: I feel safe in saying that Arnold Toynbee's "Man Owes His Freedom to God" (Mar. 30th) is the greatest article you have ever published. This little résumé of religious history bears reading and rereading—slowly—by all thinking persons. . . .
David J. Carrigan, Worthington, Ohio

. . . The esteemed Mr. Toynbee certainly piled up a lot of words and managed to make only one concrete impression. He is not a Christian—in fact, he doesn't even know the definition of Christianity.

In that entire article I find not one mention of Christ. To leave Christ out of the Christian belief is truly inane. . . .
Mrs. Charles Jennings, Toledo, Ohio

. . . I think Toynbee is in over his head. If man ever finds his freedom, it will be through intelligence, which to date he hasn't acquired. . . .
Byron T. Allbaugh, Homeland, Cal.

. . . It is certainly a welcome change from much of the arrant nonsense that is being written today in the name of religion and Christianity. Although we are now witnessing what appears to be a religious revival, one need not look far in order to discover that much of our renascent religiousness is not without its ulterior motives. Though we may consider ourselves a "chosen people," our external religiousness is no criterion of interior righteousness. We are not religious because we have put God on our postage stamps, in the pledge to the flag and in political oratory. . . .
Frederick C. Hoger, Allatoona Universalist Church, Allatoona, Ga.

Mr. B's Miracles

Editor: Melvin Durslag's profile of Bobby Bragan (Mar. 2d) brought back fond recollections of my husband's baseball-playing days. He was on the mound for Hollywood in that game against Los Angeles when Bobby staged the lay-down strike pictured in your article. We won't be surprised if Bragan stages "impossible miracles" with the Pirates. I doubt if anything is impossible to the peppery, popular Mr. B.
Mrs. Richard Ray Smith, Pomona, Cal.

WILBURN DAVIS

"Impossible miracle man"

Nehru

Editor: Although I do not fully agree with your editorial Nehru and the People of India (Collier's Comment, Feb. 17th), as a citizen of India, I congratulate you on your realistic approach to Indian mentality as reflected in the internal as well as foreign policy of our prime minister, Mr. Nehru. I am glad you have brought out the fact that "in his (Nehru's) opposition to the Communist party within his own borders he has been vigorous and relentless." This might help in removing the false idea that Mr. Nehru is either a pro- or philo-Communist. As you have stated, "not only has he earnestly fostered the form and the practice of democracy in government; he has brought Western democratic ideals and ideas into education and everyday life." . . .
Reverend A. J. Rozario, Cleveland, Ohio

Ain't Necessarily So

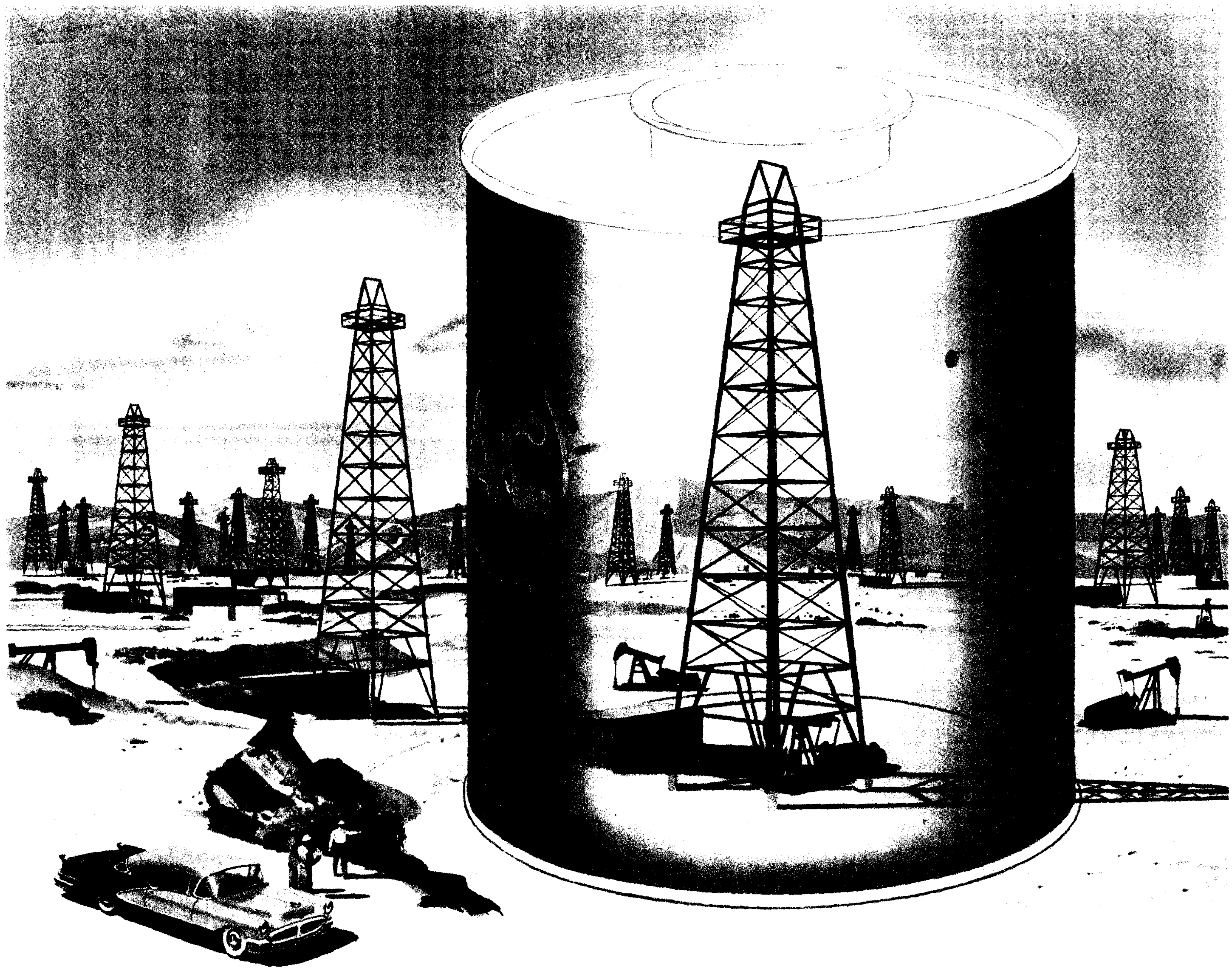
Editor: You missed the boat in your editorial in the March 2d issue. The propaganda machine in Russia must have been overjoyed when Porgy and Bess arrived to tour that country. We couldn't have found a better way to prove we are low-down gamblers, drug addicts and worse. . . .
Helen LaPaugh, Springfield, Ohio

CURTISS
Baby Ruth
Baby Ruth
CURTISS CO-SPONSORS TALES OF THE TEXAS RANGERS CBS-TV

IT'S B-I-G-G-E-R *Softer*
THE MOST DEE-LICIOUS
CANDY BAR YOU EVER TASTED

CURTISS

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY Otto Schnering, Founder
makers of Butterfinger, Coconut Grove, Caramel Nougat, Dip
candy bars, Saf-T-Pops, Fruit Drops *and* Mints



144,000 quarts of oil gush through your every 5,000 miles!

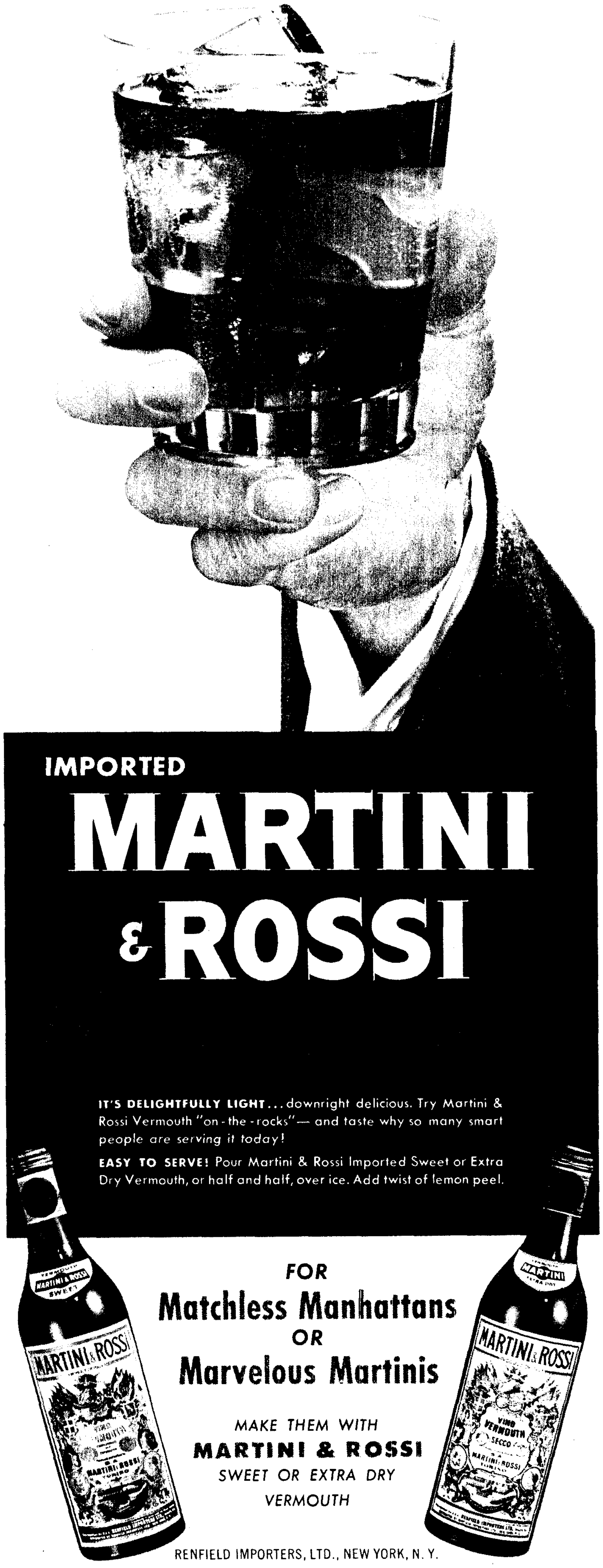
If the filter in your car is a full-flow AC Oil Filter, it cleans every ounce of oil in the crankcase every 30 seconds while the engine is running. It takes an outstanding filter to keep on cleaning out harmful dust, dirt, grit, carbon and bits of metal for a full 5,000 miles. AC Oil Filters do this—capturing impurities and abrasives, even when they're microscopic in size.

There are many square feet of filtering area packed into an AC Oil Filter, and they're packed so precisely parallel that the filtered-out sludge deposits evenly over the entire area. That's why an AC Oil Filter works at a three-gallon-a-minute pace and maintains its full filtering efficiency throughout the recommended 5,000-mile period. Your AC Oil Filter doesn't remove an ounce of useful detergent from all those gallons of oil, either. So—always say AC when you change.

Watch BIG TOWN and WIDE WIDE WORLD on NBC-TV

PLEASE!
change your...
AC
OIL FILTER
every miles!

AC SPARK PLUG THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS


IMPORTED
MARTINI & ROSSI

IT'S DELIGHTFULLY LIGHT...downright delicious. Try Martini & Rossi Vermouth "on-the-rocks"— and taste why so many smart people are serving it today!

EASY TO SERVE! Pour Martini & Rossi Imported Sweet or Extra Dry Vermouth, or half and half, over ice. Add twist of lemon peel.

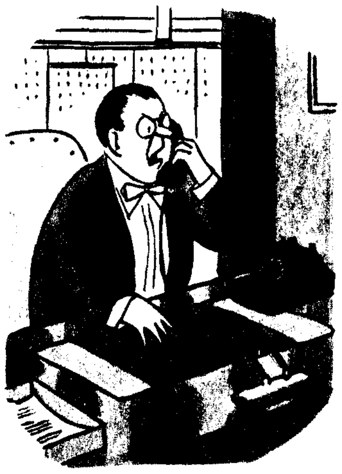
FOR
Matchless Manhattans
OR
Marvelous Martinis

MAKE THEM WITH
MARTINI & ROSSI
SWEET OR EXTRA DRY
VERMOUTH

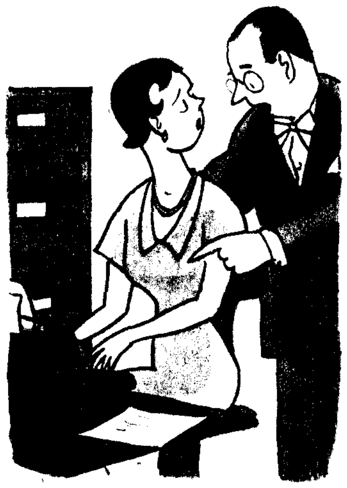
RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE SECRETARY

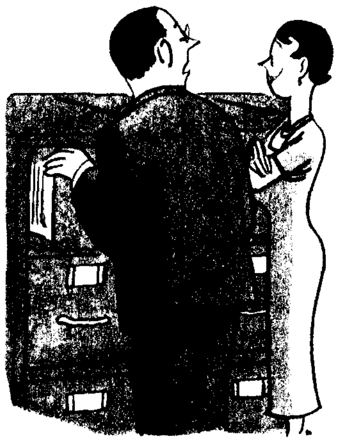
By TED KEY



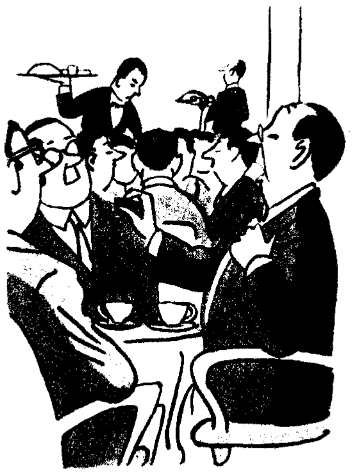
"Inexperienced or not, send her over. I need a secretary."



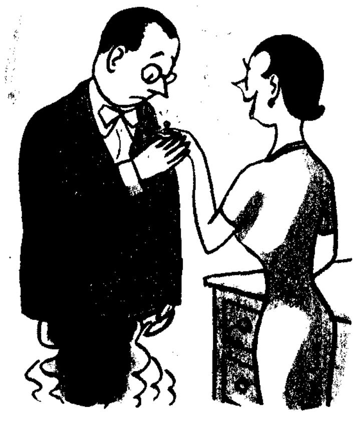
"No, no, no! You indent ten spaces, then . . ."



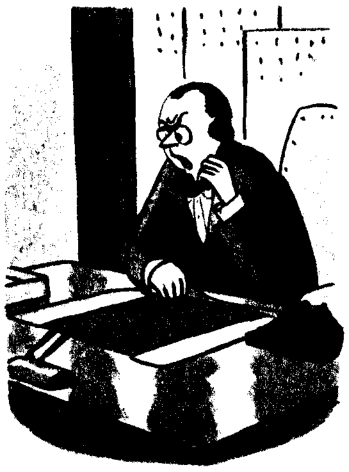
"Are you following me? You file letters alphabetically. Now I'll give you an example . . ."



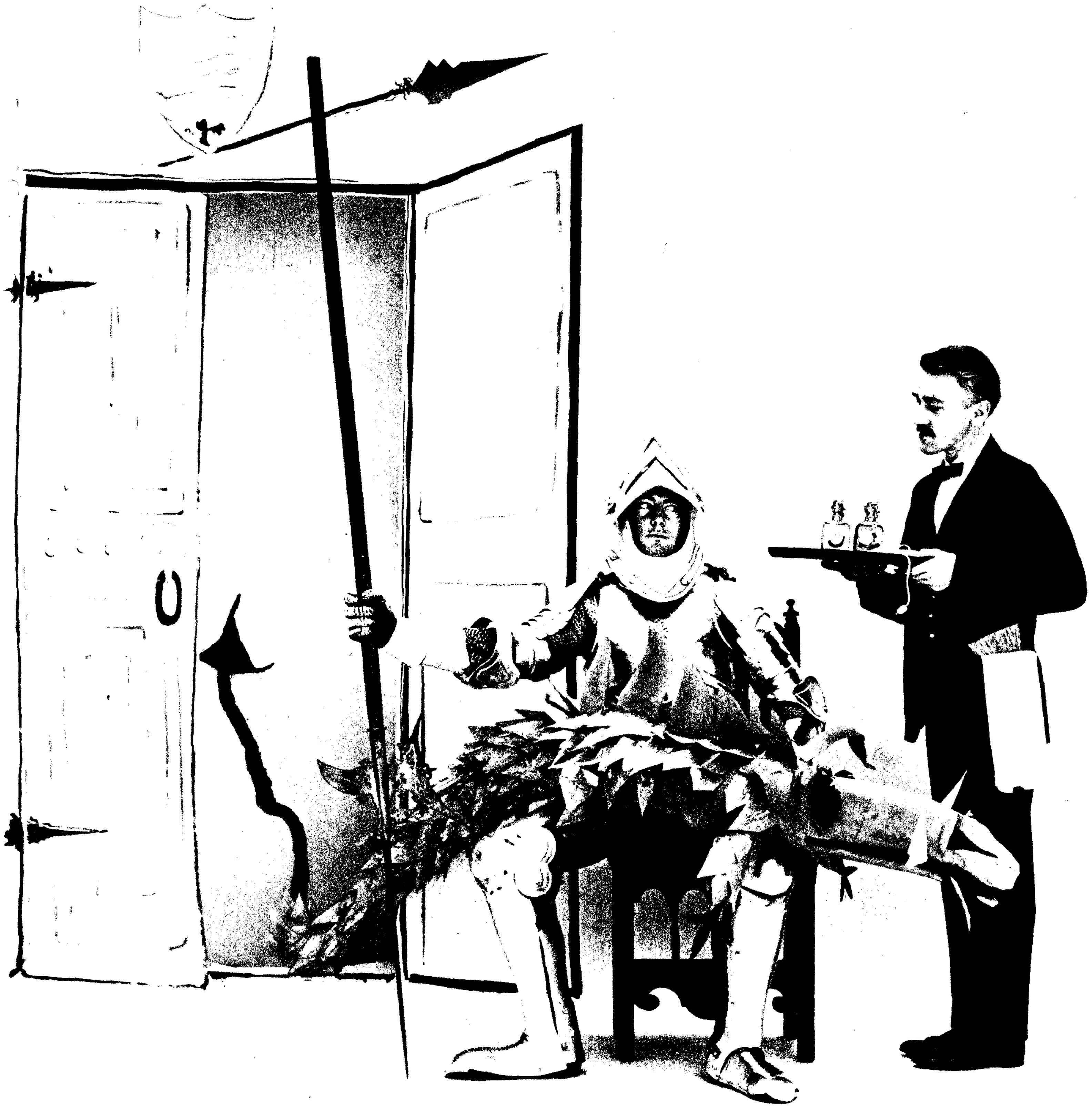
"Yes sir, it took me a year to train her, but, do *I* have a secretary!"



"You'll adore him. His folks found us a house, near their place, in North Dakota. Right after the honeymoon . . ."



"Inexperienced or not, send her over. I need a . . ."



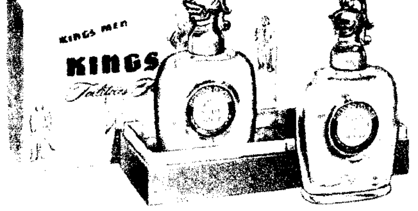
After a dragon-slaying day at the office

. . . or *whenever* you shave, KINGS MEN PRE-ELECTRIC SHAVE helps you save face with a special formula that removes oil and perspiration . . . stands each whisker at attention so your electric shaver can remove it faster and cleaner than is possible with any ordinary preparation. Ask for KINGS MEN PRE-ELECTRIC SHAVE, 3½-oz. flagon $1

After any shave, wet or dry, KINGS MEN AFTER SHAVE LOTION alerts your face with a cooling tingle and a pleasant fragrance that lingers. 3½-oz. flagon $1*

Kings Men
Pre-electric shave lotion
Kings Men
after shave lotion

© 1956



KINGS MEN TWOSOME
*After Shave Lotion and Thistle & Plaid Cologne. 2-pc. set in the Golden Gift Box . . . $2.10**

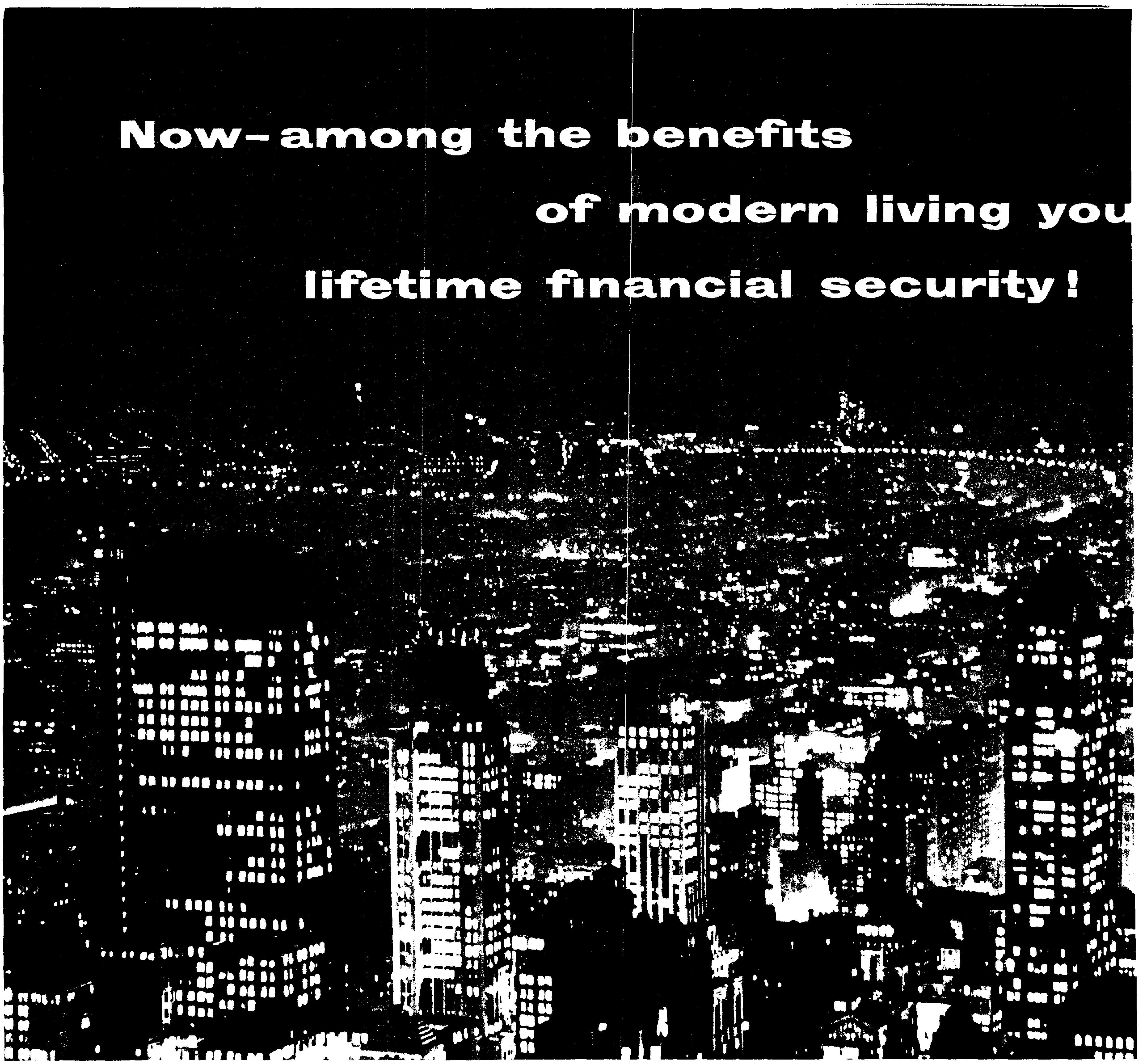
Kings men®

Traditionally the finest in masculine grooming

also in Knight's Head packages:
*Man's Spray Deodorant (plastic squeeze bottle) 3¼-oz. $1.25**
*Thistle & Plaid Cologne, 3½-oz. $1.10**
Luxury Shave (aerosol) 6-oz. $1.00

**plus federal tax*

Now–among the benefits of modern living you lifetime financial security!



New York Life's WHOLE LIFE insurance offers your family protection of at least $10,000 today—can pay you a monthly income at retirement—all at budget cost!

Today, many young men are finding it increasingly difficult to give their families all the important advantages progress has made possible—and at the same time build a vital backlog of financial security.

New York Life's Whole Life policy was designed to meet this problem. Its minimum face amount of $10,000 permits economies which are passed on to you in lower premium rates. These low rates make it possible for you to take more than the minimum coverage and still have enough left in your budget to enjoy the other good things of modern living. Yet, from the start, your family is substantially protected in case you should die unexpectedly.

Cash values build fast. At the beginning of the third year a growing fund is available for emergencies. At retirement, these substantial cash values can pay you a monthly income *for the rest of your life.*

Can you think of any simpler, surer way to provide for tomorrow while you're getting the most out of life today? See your New York Life agent about Whole Life—or mail the coupon now.

can include

$10,000 MINIMUM FACE AMOUNT!

Serves as a solid foundation for family protection. Issued to age 70, Whole Life is usually available at higher rates to those who cannot qualify for insurance at standard rates due to health or occupation.

LOW PREMIUM RATES!

Annual premium per $1,000 for standard Whole Life insurance is only $17.59 issued at age 25; $23.59 at 35; $33.64 at 45. Policies with waiver of premium and double indemnity benefits are available at most ages at slightly higher premium rates. Dividends can be used to reduce premium payments.

BUILDS CASH VALUES FAST!

Cash and loan values accumulate rapidly—equal to the full reserve at the end of the seventh year; i. e.: Seventh year cash value per $1,000 taken out at age 25 is $92; at 35, $123; at 45, $164.

NEW YORK LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

New York Life Insurance Company, Dept. CR-17
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.
(In Canada: 320 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario)

Nylic

Please furnish me, without any obligation, your booklet, "Measuring Your Family Security."

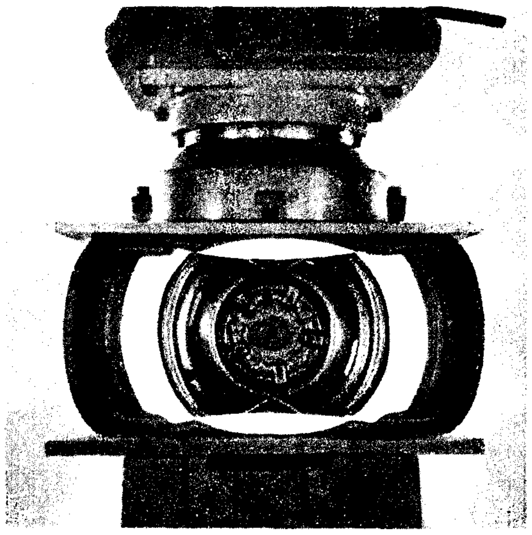
NAME____________________AGE______

ADDRESS____________________

CITY____________________ZONE______

STATE____________________

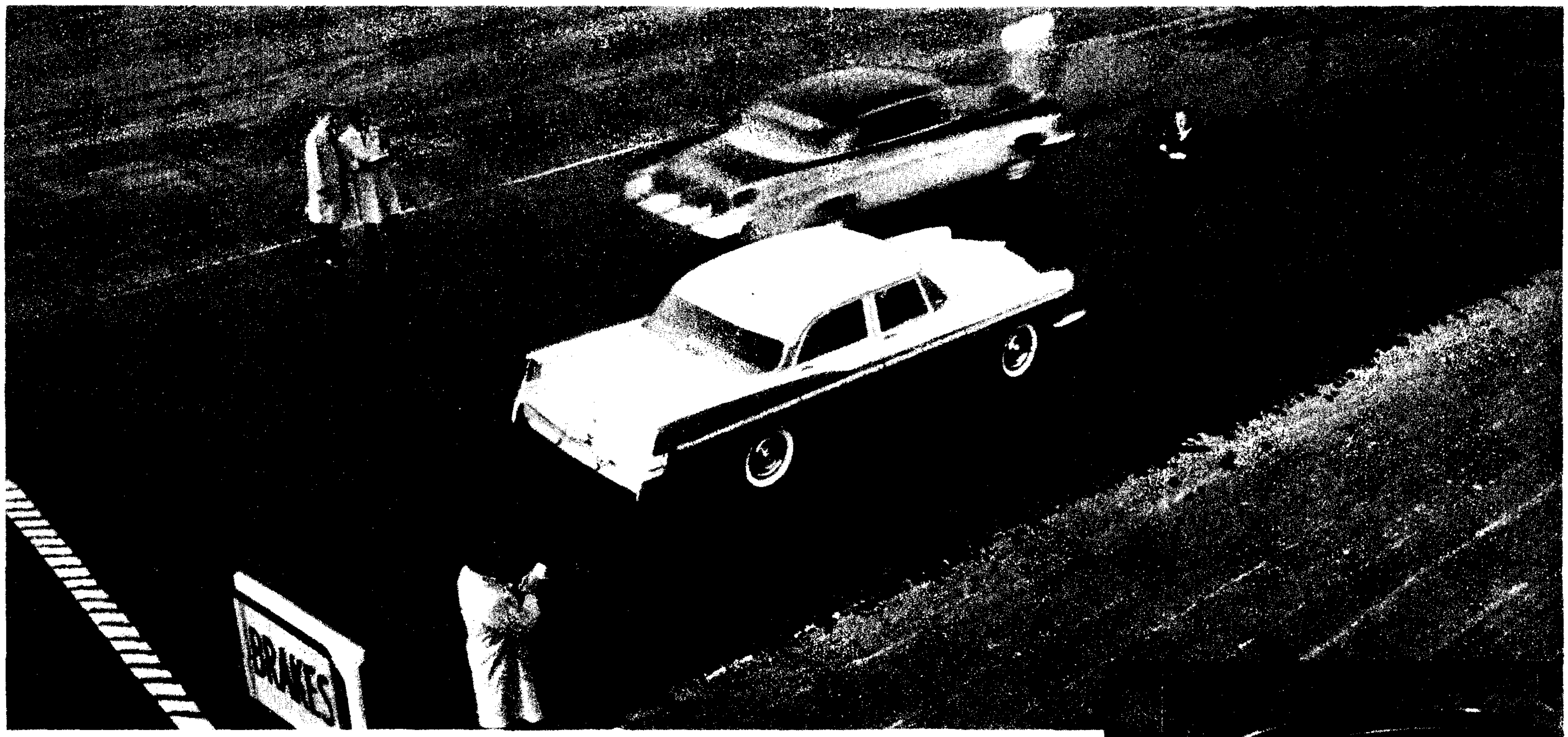
The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know



. . . More than 32,000 crushing pounds of pressure crumple the steel wheel—yet not one single 3-T Nylon Cord is broken. Goodyear 3-T Nylon Cord protects you against dangerous blowouts.

NEW 3-T NYLON TUBELESS TIRE BY GOODYEAR

gives you the extra safety of 3-T Nylon and a new tread that stops 24% quicker at 40 miles an hour!



Safe on the outside! Goodyear's new Twin-Grip tread gives you up to 24% more stopping ability. You can see how this improved traction kept Goodyear Engineer Mel Wilson from harm; while the car equipped with new tubeless tires having ordinary-type treads crashed into the dummy set up in its path. New 3-T Nylon Custom Super-Cushions give you an extra margin of safety that can save a life! That's a margin of safety you need on today's crowded highways.

GOODYEAR TIRES

There's a Goodyear dealer near you. See him for better tire values . . . better tire care . . . convenient credit terms.

We suggest you take to the road in a set of tubeless Nylon Custom Super-Cushions. You get the extra safety of 3-T Nylon and the extra safety of a new tread design with up to 24% more traction.

And this safety-built 3-T Nylon tire costs only a few dollars more than a standard tubeless tire. Your nearby Goodyear dealer will buy all the unused mileage in your present tires. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

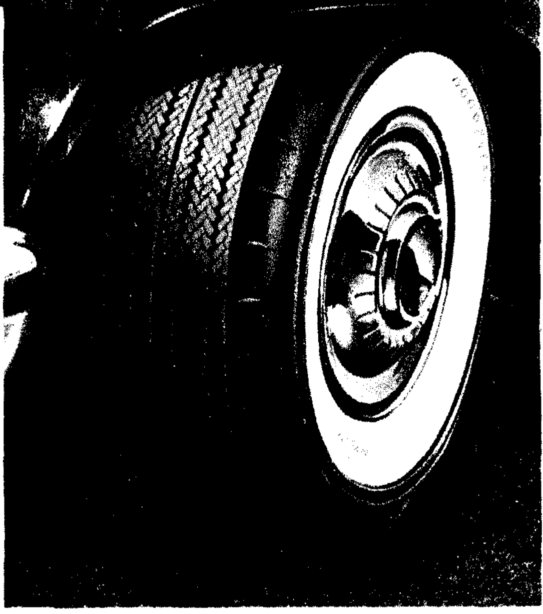
This new Twin-Grip tread design is also available in a tube-type Nylon Custom Super-Cushion.

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ANY OTHER KIND!

3-T NYLON CUSTOM TUBELESS SUPER-CUSHION

by GOODYEAR

Super-Cushion, T. M., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio



Styled for today's fine cars—The new Nylon Custom Tubeless Super-Cushion—standard equipment on some of America's finest new cars—has a modern, clean-lined, smart design—complementing the functional beauty of the car itself.

Collier's, May 11, 1956

Kefa

The lone ranger of the grass roots is upsetting Democratic primaries for a second time in four years. Politicians scorn him. Senators belittle him. Do voters warm to him just for his handshake? An on-the-spot look at the enigma of Estes Kefauver . . .

By THEODORE H. WHITE

RAY SHORR

"The Kefauver magic is the feeling he communicates that politics is you, that your vote counts"

The road-model Kefauver has been ambling down the main streets and byways of America, pausing every time the chance presents itself for a little friendly politicking. The Tennessee senator stunned the experts when he parlayed March primary victories over Stevenson in New Hampshire and Minnesota. In Wisconsin, where he was not opposed, Kefauver's total was, however, topped by Eisenhower's showing in the G.O.P. primary. Key tests lie ahead when he meets Stevenson head on in Florida on May 29th and in California June 5th. If Kefauver wins these, he must still survive a "Stop Kefauver" movement which might be sparked by leaders who blocked him in 1952

KEFAUVER
REED
LOWEST P

MINNEAPOLIS STAR

Minnesota

AT ABOUT A QUARTER OF NINE one Monday night six weeks ago, the doors of the little Hotel Cadillac in Manchester, New Hampshire, opened to disgorge a sad file of people bunched about a tall, gaunt man in a dirty tan topcoat and battered gray fedora.

It was Estes Kefauver. He had been up at five forty-five that morning after four hours' sleep, visited six factories, made a radio-TV appearance, given two press conferences, pumped an estimated 3,500 hands in five towns, was off at this moment over the icy roads to address another rally in Nashua (15 miles away), thence to Boston (45 miles away), there to catch a night plane to arrive in Minnesota at five forty-eight in the morning to start all over again in the cold of the wheat belt. As he stood there, towering like a giant above the melancholy group of his supporters, his ambition seemed as preposterous as the two-room little headquarters back in the bowels of the hotel, stuffed with rented folding chairs and battered easy chairs. Worry plowed the faces of his friends—tomorrow would come the vote, Kefauver would be gone, they would be alone. One of them tugged him by the elbow, and slowly, serenely, he let himself be led away to an old sedan. As the car lurched away in the dark, spattering them with slush, someone muttered, "There goes Don Quixote from Tennessee."

Eight days later, I watched Estes Kefauver again. High on the tenth floor of the Hotel Nicollet, in Minneapolis, Minnesota, nursing a well-earned touch of Scotch, Estes Kefauver had become, within the hour the central figure of the Democratic party. From every bar, parlor, office and crevice in the city, it seemed, men and women were crowding to grab a seat on the rolling band wagon of the Presidential contender. A cocky, dark little fellow swaggered along the corridor saying he'd been for Kefauver right along, what a beating he'd taken from the fellows in the Central Labor Union, tomorrow he'd give them hell. Two Minneapolis city councilmen rushed in to shake the hand that had shaken so many hands. Governor Orville Freeman, who with Senator Hubert Humphrey had led the fight for Adlai Stevenson, materialized out of the elevators, to concede graciously and congratulate bravely. "That's mighty generous of you, Orville," said the senator, "Ah've always liked you, Ah've always liked your friends; tell Hubert that for me, will you?" Out of nowhere appeared a State Department official leading a bewildered German—Herr Kraske, an official of Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's government in Bonn, invited to see American democracy in operation. "You just stick around and see how it works," said the beaming senator. A reporter edged up. "Senator," he said, "will it be as easy for us to see you in the White House after November as it is now?" The senator wrapped a big arm around the puny reporter and said, "Why, you just come right up and knock on the door and walk right in—I'll be there." Above the gaiety and happy noise, his figure rose huge, burly, still serene. In a period of eight days he had confounded American politics, dethroned the leader of his party, raised once again in Democratic politics the mystery of Estes Kefauver—the man party leaders had thought safely buried in the memories and debris of 1952.

How had he done it? What was the magic that had paralyzed the power opposing him? Could he carry this magic through the next two months into the climactic struggles with Stevenson in Florida and California as May turned the corner into June? Above all, what manner of man was this Estes Kefauver? And why did powerful leaders of the Democratic party so deprecate or loathe, now as in 1952, this proven vote getter?

* * *

The answer, perhaps, is to be found in the three strange personalities who inhabit the body and spirit of the senator from Tennessee.

The first of these, of course, is the Estes Kefauver whose jet-propelled streak across the political skies this spring has so bewildered the experts.

This Kefauver—the road-model or outdoors Kefauver—is all-time champion of popular American electioneering. Huge, virile, blessed with inexhaustible animal strength at fifty-two (wholesome in appearance and simple in speech), the core of his magic is the ability to make almost anyone—in overalls, miner's hat or housedress—feel that politics is you. Out of his enormous zest and enjoyment for politics, he communicates the idea that politics is fun; that you, the individual he is talking to, have a role to play in it; that, specifically, this year as he seeks the grand office of the Presidency, he needs you; you count.

This technique is simple, deceptive—and explosive.

At ten thirty in the morning, Monday, March 12th, a lone sound truck blaring Sousa marches, hillbilly music and the Ballad of Davy Crockett pulled into the little factory town of Dover, New Hampshire, and Estes Kefauver stepped out into the snow and began to work. First call was at the office of Foster's Daily Democrat—a minute shaking hands with the telephone girls, a minute in the back room with the boys on the desk, then into the barbershop next door. Here he shook hands, told the barber he was Estes Kefauver, hoped the barber would "he'p him out on Tuesday," borrowed a comb to part his hair, refused some hair oil, laughing, because nothing would make his hair grow again, pushed on up Main Street. "I'm Senator Kefauver," he said to the first man sitting on a hydrant, "I hope you're going to he'p us out." "Yuh look okay to me, Senator," was the gruff rejoinder and the senator ambled on, stopping women pushing baby carriages, passing words with strollers. He visited a toy store, a newsstand, a ladies' specialty shop ("Business ain't so good; it's slow," reported the lady owner). He stopped next at a coffee shop, pushed to the counter ("I'm Senator Kefauver, I hope you're going to he'p us out," he said to the waitress), chatted, finished his coffee. Across the street he saw a shoe store, dropped in, shook hands ("This is a mighty fine shoe store you have here," he said and the owner glowed in companionship. It *was* a fine shoe store, too).

UNITED PRESS

[illegible]

WIDE WORLD

New Hampshire

"Say," said the senator, "have you got any rubbers that would fit me? I came away without any rubbers, I'm size eleven." The shoeman said yes, he did, and the senator said he'd like a pair of brown ones, these were his best brown alligator shoes, he'd hate to spoil them in the snow. The rubbers were just the right size and color and the senator shuffled off, shaking hands.

In 25 minutes, Kefauver had coursed Central Avenue from Foster's Daily Democrat at one end to American House at the other end and had shaken perhaps a hundred hands before he was off to visit a shoe factory. The party organization was for Stevenson; it had carried Dover for Truman in 1952; it was running as top delegate Edward Charpentier, mayor of nearby Somersworth, most potent Democrat in the area. The next day, however, Dover's Democrats reversed their leaders, chose Kefauver's delegate Tom McIntyre, by 255 to 172. It had taken less than half an hour of Kefauver technique to rewire Dover's loyalties and explode the charge.

One week later and half a continent away, I watched the road-model Kefauver again—on an indoor variation of the technique. It was a tricky audience, half farmers, half students, in a college auditorium in Winona, Minnesota, rich farming country, Republican since time out of mind. Again, Kefauver was talking directly to them, charging them with a personal share in his campaign against the impersonal, distant machinery of government. All his life, from the season when he first challenged "Boss" Crump in his native Tennessee, 18 years ago, Estes Kefauver has talked this way. ("I've seen that guy," said a Stevenson supporter later, "stand in the snow in Bemidji, Minnesota, at 20 below zero—and he was still running against Boss Crump of Memphis, Tennessee.")

Earnestly, he explained that he thought every man ought to have his "say-so," every candidate should be heard, he'd come all this way to make sure they had their say-so, too. Reminded him of a story he'd heard back in Tennessee where he came from. Seems it'd been raining real hard, the water'd come up to the front porch and Brother asked Sister, "What's that hat bobbing up and down in the water?" Sister answered: "I guess that must be Grandfather; he said he was going to mow that lawn come hell or high water, and it's sure high water now." The audience chuckled and Kefauver said he'd tell them his position, too, come hell or high water.

He'd been in Congress 17½ years, said the senator, he had a voting record; nobody had to interpret what he said. We had a good Constitution to go by, and he was going to support it. Simple, straightforward talk followed, neither brilliant nor fuzzy. Though this was the heart of the Midwest isolation belt, Kefauver ran up his little flag. ("Ever since the days of Woodrow Wilson, I've always had a conviction we should play our part in world affairs.") He was foursquare for the United Nations as the best way of avoiding war. Now the farm problem—and the farmers leaned forward. He was for 100 per cent parity for small family farmers earning up to $7,000 a year, for parity dropping to 75 per cent for large factory-type farms. No other promises except, "Nobody will try with a heart more full of devotion to accomplish these things than I. I hope you vote for me and if you can't I hope you remember me in your hearts and prayers."

Questions followed, some sharp and barbed. How did he feel about the D.A.R.? "Fine women," said the senator, "excellent women. I see them every year at their conventions—I just don't go along with most of their resolutions." How did he feel about desegregation? "I want the law of the land carried out. I don't know how you can secede from the Supreme Court." An irascible voice asked how he felt about those closed-shop unions that wouldn't let new members in. Kefauver fielded it deftly: "If they're going to have a closed shop, they ought to have an open membership." The meeting was over; Kefauver shook hands all around, joined them for a leisurely coffee, took off.

* * *

This folksy, open-road, handshaking Estes Kefauver might be dismissed easily from politics as simply a master of a native American art form. Except that behind this Estes Kefauver rises the stubborn, almost inflexible profile of the second Kefauver whose record has been written beyond erasure in Washington. This is the record of a strange man, a prosperous Southern lawyer from Chattanooga, Tennessee, son of a small-town mayor, arriving in Congress to examine its workings and criticize it restlessly. He thinks of Congress as being so custom-encrusted as to everlastingly thwart the will of the people. Eight years after his arrival he coauthored a book calling for major overhaul to make Congress work more effectively.

Hundreds of votes cast in nearly two decades profile Estes Kefauver as a New Deal–Fair Dealer of almost total dedication. On every major issue associated with the New Deal–Fair Deal—widening social security, control of monopolies and utilities, firm farm supports, advanced labor legislation, foreign aid and international co-operation—Kefauver has voted an unqualified "aye."

(Kefauver has wobbled in only one area of New Deal Faith—civil rights. He first voted against the discriminatory poll tax in 1942, thereby incurring the relentless enmity of other Southerners. But later (in 1950) he voted for the filibuster that killed Federal FEPC and against integration in the armed forces. Since then his stand has been forthright in support of racial equality. He campaigned in Tennessee in 1954 to uphold the Supreme Court decision on desegregation against a Southern extremist and won.)

Usually, on these issues and over these decades, Kefauver has been with the Democratic majority. But his ability to stand in the minority, or alone if necessary, is unquestioned. He was one of six (opposing 76) to vote against confirmation of Harold Talbott as Secretary of Air (to be vindicated later when Talbott left office clouded by the conflict of his business interests and government job). He was one of only 15 (opposing 67) to vote to

JOHN SWOPE

MINNEAPOLIS STAR-CROSS

The "new" Adlai Stevenson—handshaker, folksy—moves into Los Angeles to fight for California's 68 convention votes in June 5th primary. Stevenson's early reverses were blamed on formal style (right) and moderate promises

make the Union of Europe a major goal of American foreign policy overseas. He was one of six (opposing 65) to vote against the defense treaty with Chiang Kai-shek's regime on Formosa.

Perhaps the most spectacular demonstration of Kefauver's ability to resist a stampede came on the night of August 17, 1954. That evening the Subversive Activities Control Act was under debate, and the Senate Democrats, goaded to blind fury by Republican charges that they were soft on Communism, brought in an amendment flatly outlawing the Communist party. It was midnight, hot, and tempers were short. Kefauver had just come through a bitter Tennessee primary in which he had been assailed as "soft on Communism," was facing a tough fight in the election. Yet, on reflection, as he explained, it seemed that the fuzzy wording of the amendment "made it possible to put a fellow in jail just for what he was thinking." Certainly at that moment in American history, nothing any politician could see made it advantageous to vote such an old-fashioned constitutional conviction against the temper of the times. Only Estes Kefauver did. That night, the vote on the Senate floor stood 81 to 1 for the amendment, Kefauver the lone dissenter. (Later, in the cool of morning, Congress reversed itself in conference, struck out the offensive wording.)

Solemn and slow in speech, incapable of rhetorical fancies or rousing eloquence, Kefauver, the lawmaker, rarely appears to his fellow lawmakers as a crusader. Yet the popular image of Kefauver, first etched by his easy drawling exposure of the kingpin racketeers of the underworld, is probably more true than false. Kefauver enjoys being alone, enjoys breaking a lance over the head of the great and powerful; and when he does so it is not a chance passage but an action that springs from long, firm philosophy.

* * *

It is the third Kefauver who is by all odds the most mysterious.

This Kefauver is a lonesome man, elusive, abstracted, wrapped in his own thoughts. Adlai Stevenson is a man surrounded by dedicated friends, people instantly hooped into his intimacy by the charm and concentration of his personality. Estes Kefauver, by contrast, has no intimates. The two men closest to him—his aides, Charles Alldredge and Dick Wallace, both ex-newspapermen from the South—are ten years his junior. They serve rather than comfort him. All others in his swelling entourage perform service functions, are recent partisans, or zealots casually acquired in his rovings across the country. These recruits to his standard span the range from dewy-eyed, country-style idealists, to hard-faced, calculating band-wagon jumpers. These men advise him; but he overrules them consistently.

Charlie Alldredge tells of Kefauver's decision to enter the Minnesota primary. Kefauver had been advised against entering the seemingly hopeless race there by all his Minnesota friends, by his campaign manager F. Joseph (Jiggs) Donohue, by Alldredge. "We were sitting there in a hotel in La Crosse, Wisconsin," says Alldredge now, "and I was pleading with him not to enter. I knew we'd get licked. He just looked at me and said, 'I don't know—we might just win, and if we do, we've changed the entire pattern of the campaign.' "

It is this lonesome Kefauver who is the greatest obstacle to a Kefauver nomination. For Presidential nominations are not won by primaries alone—they are won by winning the allegiance of responsible masters of convention blocs. And the third Kefauver has alienated most of the leaders who now, it appears, will hold two thirds of the convention in their hands.

The most important of these are his senatorial colleagues for, by and large, the Senate of the United States distrusts and dislikes Estes Kefauver. Some of this antagonism comes from Southern senators and can be explained by their view of him as a traitor to the South on civil rights. Some comes from Republicans who fear him as a New Deal radical. Most perplexing is the attitude of Northern senators of his own political philosophy—for these, with few exceptions, dislike him, too.

Senators criticize him for his absenteeism, his reluctance to perform the committee drudgery—the hard, unglamorous back-room conference work where the laws, decisions and frequently American destiny are shaped. More often, though, criticism reduces itself to the personality of Estes Kefauver. For as approachable and folksy as Kefauver appears on the road, among equals he is quite different. "Austere," "Just not there when I talk to him," "Not looking at me when I'm with him," "Eaten by ambition" are just a few of the more bitter remarks I have heard from senators discussing him. The most balanced view I got of Kefauver, from one of the few senators friendly to him, ran like this, "Estes has total courage. He's not afraid of anything or anybody. He's got damned good judgment on issues—but his choice of people sometimes bothers me. He runs as the only good man in a band of outlaws. He's lost contact with us. He's got Presidentialitis. He barges up, shakes my hand, then while I'm talking to him, he's got his mind on something else."

This feeling of distrust of Kefauver is not a distrust in terms of honesty or ethics—it is a distrust in terms of the code of politics. For it takes dedicated men, both in and out of office, to keep the machinery of American democracy operating as it does. To scorn all the machinery, to regard both good and bad among its human components as enemies of the people is both ignorant and dangerous. The leaders of the big-city machines, with their huge blocs of votes, are particularly sensitive to this Kefauver characteristic. They have never forgiven the manner or timing of his 1951 crime investigation. One of these men said to me this summer, "Kefauver? Look, let me explain him in terms of my own governor. When I decided to nominate him, I called him in and said, 'Today, I'm the boss. But when I nominate you and you're elected, you'll be the boss because you're governor. I'm putting a gun in your hand and you can shoot me with it.' Now, you see, with Kefauver, you could never be sure he wouldn't take that gun, turn around, and shoot you."

If this self-wrapped Kefauver is the greatest obstacle to his nomination, this side of him might possibly also be the man who wins it. For Kefauver, deep down, is not a man who makes decisions by the elaborate staff work of an Eisenhower, or the intense ratiocination of a Stevenson. An omnivorous reader, but not a scholar, Kefauver operates basically on instinct alone. As the somber spectacle of increasingly ugly race tensions shadows the country, the Democrats are faced with such a crisis as they have not known since 1860. A Southerner born and bred, divorced from the mechanics of politics, Kefauver's instinct alone can guide him in persuading black and white of the South to face the future, together, in peace. If he succeeds in Florida at the end of May and repeats in California a week later, it will be because of what comes out of the inner man far more than from the handshaking or legislative record.

* * *

At the moment, still stunned by the blow of the Minnesota primary, awaiting the next Stevenson-Kefauver clash in Florida (May 29th), the leaders of the Democratic party can rally, as they have been rallying, to Adlai Stevenson, hoping the game and battling ex-governor of Illinois can fan the flames of his cause alive.

For it is much too early to measure Adlai Stevenson for his shroud. Adlai Stevenson's candidacy has been the result of need, as well as merit. He has been the only senior Democrat of the nation able to persuade both big-city leaders in the North and Southern governors that he could give the nation a responsible administration, humane, nonviolent yet progressive. He has, however, up to now, been conspicuously unable to persuade voters of this; and so, realistically but with melancholy, his old friends and rivals are surveying his candidacy as an enterprise that soon may be forced into liquidation. (This, it should be stressed, is emphatically not the feeling of Stevenson's Chicago headquarters where his loyalists plan to battle for their chieftain to the last, bloody end.)

Kefauver headquarters in Washington expect to claim their share of the spoils if Stevenson collapses. At present, they believe their roving candidate will sew up the primaries of Florida and California (as well as Indiana, Maryland, Nebraska, in all of which he is uncontested) to arrive at the convention with a first-ballot bloc of 270 to 300 convention votes. The political professionals at Kefauver's headquarters know this total must be more than doubled to win the nomination, and their feeling is that all that this requires is a lot of good, old-fashioned "politicking."

Several alternate strategies are under discussion. One is to concentrate the politicking down South, making as many quick friends there as possible to forestall the charge that Kefauver's advanced civil rights stand will force a Southern "third party" bolt. (Already, since Minnesota, two Southern governors have made first friendly contact with Kefauver's Washington man. One called the day after the Minnesota primary asking that "Estes" be reminded "I'm still uncommitted." To which the reply was, "So is Kefauver—he hasn't even named a Second Deputy United States Marshal yet.") A second strategy is to accept the South as hostile and concentrate on the big-city leaders up North who need a strong civil rights candidate to keep the Negro voter in line for the Democrats. In the North, Kefauver people are particularly optimistic about inheriting Stevenson strength in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and eastern Pennsylvania.

Kefauver people know they must soon expect a "Stop Kefauver" movement. Two reasons give them confidence they can outface it.

Technically, they point out this convention cannot be controlled from the White House as it was in 1952 when an openly hostile Truman put Kefauver in his place. (Truman's attitude toward Kefauver, incidentally, is slowly changing. "His friendship is developing," said one of Kefauver's aides, "with the speed of a retreating glacier.") The leaders who gather in Chicago will come seeking a winner and a vote getter. Kefauver, if he proves himself a heavy winner in Florida and California, will occupy a commanding height. So much so that some of his most responsible political lieutenants say privately that, if he is repudiated, Estes may run on a write-in in November just to "teach the party a lesson."

The second reason has more substance. It is that the Democratic party this year is face to face with tragedy. As America lurches forward on the broad front of civil rights, offering its Negro citizens full equality, the Democratic party is split as it has not been in a century. Whoever opposes Kefauver at the convention must prove that he will not permanently and irrevocably divide the party. This was, and remains, Adlai Stevenson's greatest claim on the nomination. If not Stevenson, then who?

Averell Harriman's potential big-city support and his experience in world affairs make him the most formidable alternative. Yet Harriman planners do not propose to present their candidate unless the party's civil rights program is so clear-cut as, it would seem, to alienate the South. Senator Stuart Symington of Missouri would be acceptable to the South—but his sex appeal in the North is nil. Truman has repeatedly declared himself out of consideration. Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson of Texas has been ill—and is anathema in the Northern cities.

Kefauver, say his friends, has carried the factory towns of New Hampshire, the farmers of Minnesota. If he wins Southern support in Florida, and carries the big cities of California, Democratic leadership, they reason, must accept him. Big and alone, they insist, this man can carry the full burden that will fall on the President in these years of turmoil. And, as they reason thus, they can almost hear the music of the inaugural ball, and see themselves dancing about their new President. THE END

The Democratic front-runner must race the political field at the convention

Averell Harriman

New York's governor, 64, has up to now been laying off the pace, waiting for Kefauver and Stevenson to falter. His supporters then hope to pick up a bloc of votes from Northern delegates who favor a "liberal" nominee. Harriman's uncompromising position on civil rights, however, has alienated Southern wing

Lyndon Johnson

The Senate majority leader, 47, has tried to steer a middle path between liberal and conservative elements. A heart attack last year slowed down a Presidential boom for the Texan. If he wins his home-state fight with Governor Shivers, Southern Democrats may rally around him as their convention leader

Frank Lausche

Ohio's governor, 60, is one Northern aspirant who could probably rally some Southern support at the convention. His lone-wolf statements in local elections, however, have antagonized both trade-union leaders and organization regulars. He is a Catholic, and not since Al Smith has a man of that faith won nomination

Stuart Symington

Missouri's senator, 54, is frequently mentioned as a dark horse who might well emerge as the compromise candidate of a deadlocked convention. The former Air Secretary is from a Border State. He has avoided open breaches with either liberal or conservative ranks. His vote appeal, however, is untested nationally

Harry Truman

The former President, 72, has urged an "open" contest on the convention floor. He is also known to favor an all-out campaign like the one he waged against the Republicans in 1948. His will be an influential voice at Chicago. His name, despite his disclaimers and age, could be offered to "unify" the party

Gesell on YOUTH

Now, from America's leading expert on childhood behavior, comes a sensitive, thoughtful study of a badly misunderstood group—our adolescents

BY JACK HARRISON POLLACK

Dr. Arnold Gesell, whose work on child behavior has influenced parents and educators for more than 40 years, interviews a sixteen-year-old girl and a fifteen-year-old boy to gather material for the forthcoming book on adolescence

PART 1: *The years from 10 to 12*

MILLIONS OF PARENTS, teachers, psychologists, social workers and others coming in contact with youth have long been bewildered by adolescent behavior. Countless words have been printed and spoken, both denouncing and defending teen-agers. Much of this discussion has been based on misinformation. Now at last, scientific light is being thrown on the subject by some of America's leading authorities on children. On May 9th, the long-awaited Gesell study of adolescent behavior, Youth: The Years from Ten to Sixteen, will be released by Harper & Brothers. Collier's feels privileged to preview this book in this and the next issue.

Written by the famed Dr. Arnold Gesell and his collaborators Drs. Frances L. Ilg and Louise Bates Ames, this detailed, 250,000-word volume is full of new and surprising information. As a portrait of the youth who will someday help determine America's future, the book undoubtedly will have a tremendous long-range influence on parent-child, educator-adolescent and society–teen-ager relations in the United States.

Perhaps most important, it offers reassurance and concrete assistance to harassed parents in guiding and understanding their growing ten- to sixteen-year-olds. If they know what type of behavior to expect, needless anxieties can be replaced by constructive measures.

The miracle of growth—of the adolescent's mind and personality—is the theme of Dr. Gesell's new book. It completes a trilogy which began with Infant and Child in the Culture of Today and The Child from Five to Ten. Those books charted the child's behavior characteristics and maturity traits from birth through ten years of age. But it has been popularly assumed that youngsters over ten were unpredictable—that they were "crazy, mixed-up kids" who behaved without rhyme or reason.

Now the Gesell Institute report has supplied a new frame of reference, which indicates that ten- to sixteen-year-olds show regular age-to-age and stage-to-stage growth patterns similar to those of younger children.

Of course, there are individual differences, as wide as humanity itself. Some adolescents are slower, some faster in developing. But in general a typical adolescent tends to go through a basic sequence of developmental trends, just as at earlier ages.

For example, Gesell investigators found that ten (like two and five) is a pleasant age of relative equilibrium. But this usually breaks up at eleven (just as it did at two-and-a-half and five-and-a-half). Twelve's behavior is generally well adjusted (as was Three and Six-and-a-Half). Thirteen withdraws. And so on. Fourteen enjoys life; Fifteen is moody; at sweet sixteen, the child returns to equilibrium again.

Several thousand adolescent behavior patterns were identified and codified for the new book. Forty areas of behavior were intensively studied. Many of the adolescent boys and girls who were interviewed were from the same group of children who were examined for Dr. Gesell's earlier studies. "We grew up with many of the children," recently explained Dr. Ilg, the pediatrician director of the Gesell Institute.

Instead of superficially sampling a large number of children at random, the Gesell team focused on a select group of 83 boys and 82 girls. Taken alone into a quiet room, the youngster was casually given a series of simple written tests by the examiner who sat nearby—like writing a series of numbers, writing with the opposite hand, drawing of geometric forms, or completing an unfinished drawing of a man. During all this, the examiner observed the youth's body attitudes, hand postures, facial expressions, spontaneous speech and so forth. Because these tests were repeated from year to year, they gave the investigators cumulative, objective evidence of developmental change. More difficult tests were also given, including word association, pictorial materials and mosaic designs. Without disturbing the youngsters, the Gesell Institute staff observed these examinations through a one-way-vision screen.

But to assure complete privacy and mutual confidence, the adolescent's personal interview was conducted separately, and without observers, by Dr. Ames, the Institute's director of research. In this frank, informal chat, lasting one to two hours, questions were kept at a minimum; often a simple query like "How's school?" released a flow of responses.

As they grew older, the adolescents often asked psychologist Ames *her* opinions. "Are other girls as mean to their mothers as I am?" one fifteen-year-old girl asked. An eleven-year-old boy inquired, "How do *you* get along with *your* mother?" When told that Dr. Ames's mother was in her eighties, the lad gallantly replied, "I wish her many happy years!"

Because the study was geared to a guidance service, parents likewise were interviewed annually, by Dr. Ilg.

"The parents made a considerable contribution to our study through their constructive insight," says Dr. Ilg. "They weren't on the defensive. Our research wasn't handicapped by undue reserve or lack of candor."

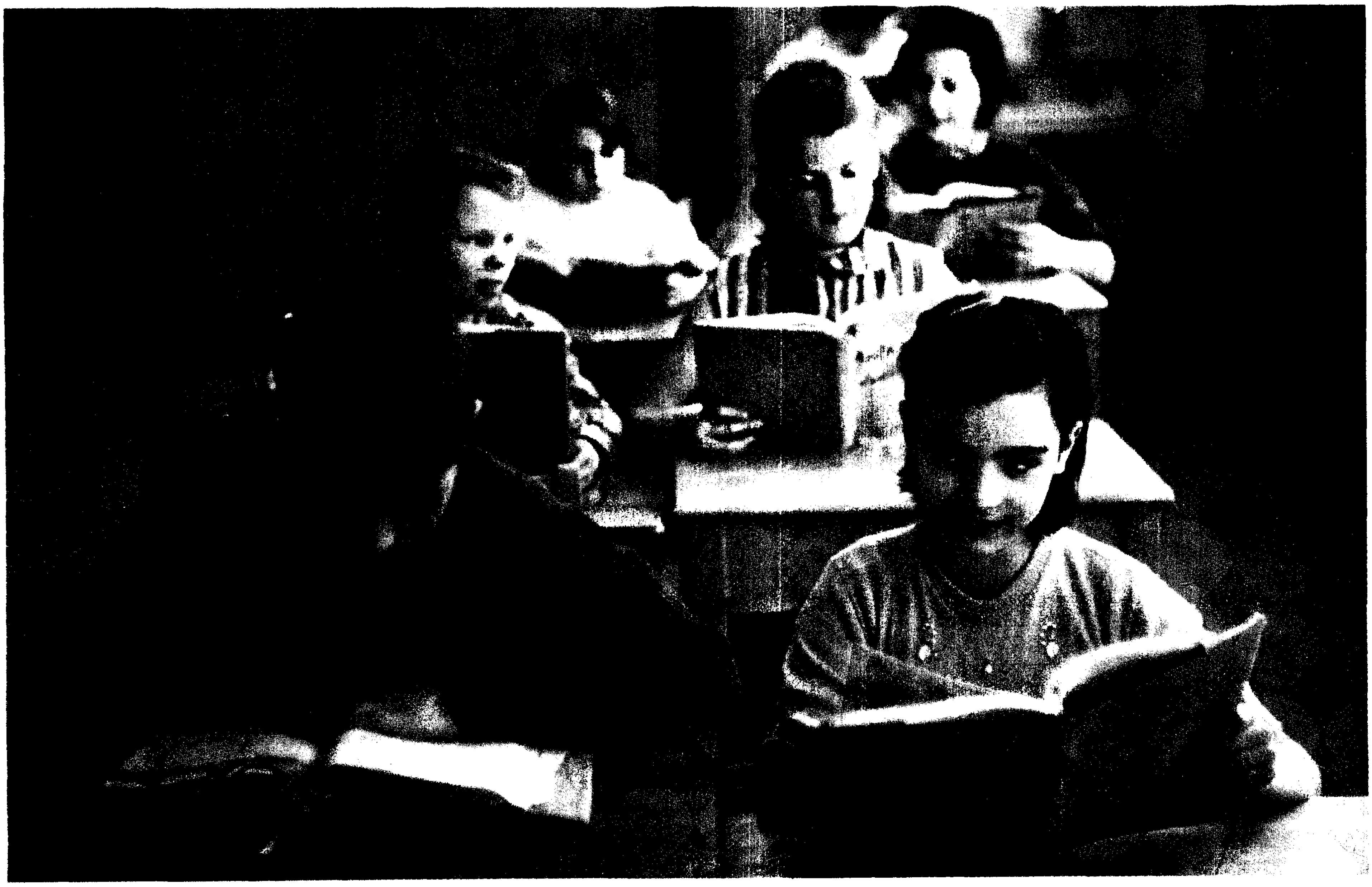
After collecting this mountainous material, the Gesell Institute investigators faced the painstaking challenge of fitting and reducing it all to a meaningful pattern. Their notebooks contained over a half-million words.

In presenting their new findings—just as in all their previous studies—the Gesell group offers an important word of caution to parents: when reading the book, don't take your child's exact chronological age too literally. When the Gesell experts say that a representative twelve-year-old is "enthusiastic," they do not mean that *every* child of twelve is enthusiastic all of the time. Your youngster may have reached this stage earlier or may not reach it until later—or may only show a mild degree of it.

Make allowances for individual differences also. No two adolescents (just as no two grownups) are exactly alike. "Every child has his own individual pattern of growth which is unique to him," reminds Dr. Gesell.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY EVE ARNOLD

"the joyful, golden age"



"Ten likes school and hates to miss a day"

"Active play is sheer delight"

years

TEN PLEASANTLY SETS THE STAGE for the adolescent decade. The ten-year-old gets along exceptionally well with his parents as a rule, showing sudden bursts of affection for them. A boy obeys his mother more cheerfully. A girl confides in her and accepts her guidance.

Father's companionship is now eagerly welcomed, too, especially on picnics and auto trips. A busy father will do well to enjoy his youngster now and not wait until he is older and more interesting. By then, the child may not have time for him.

Boys love to hike, attend sporting events and play ball with their fathers. Intensely active, they delight in running, sliding, climbing, jumping, skating and bicycling. Girls frolic at jacks, hopscotch, jump-rope (now "double-dutch") and roller skating. Many are now developing a passion for horseback riding and daydream about marrying farmers to have a stable of horses someday.

Parents complain less about how Ten gets along with brothers and sisters and report that he is especially good about caring for those under five.

But friends are even more desirable. The ten-year-old wants to bring one home from school every day, and also enjoys playing with them in the neighborhood.

When joining clubs, this age prefers comradeship to competition. A boy tends to be tolerant rather than exclusive in his joining. A girl, however, prefers smaller and more intimate groups. Besides being an enthusiastic scout, Ten makes up his own clubs, such as mystery clubs patterned after the FBI. Some have such noble mottoes as "Have Will Power," "Share Hardships Together" and "No Sulking." The club password may be "potatoes." Eating may turn out to be the club's strongest motive. The ten-year-old has an endless appetite, which after-school snacks rarely spoil for dinner.

Ten ordinarily likes school, too. He hates to miss a day because he is afraid he may have trouble catching up. Some accidentally call their teachers "mommy" without realizing that they have done so. The child accepts a reasonable amount of homework without resentment. At this age he may love to memorize a long poem like Paul Revere's Ride and to identify states, rivers, mountains, cities and oceans on a map. Toward the end of the fifth grade, he enjoys the challenge of oral arithmetic, too. But some ten-year-olds don't like to be singled out for praise at school: "It makes me feel funny if I'm the best."

Ten loves to read biographies and adventure, especially if the word "secret," "mystery" or "horse" is in the title. The youngster also enjoys listening and looking. "I memorize all the television programs," some ten-year-olds say. Ten is one of the best ages for educational TV. But, surprisingly, there is a low level of interest in movies. The front page of a newspaper gets only a glance. The ten-year-old picks up an occasional headline, and looks for accidents or war photographs. Comics no longer have a life-and-death hold on him.

Intensely moral, this age is more concerned about what is wrong than what is right. The child (girls especially) strongly opposes cheating and swearing. Truthful about big things, he is less so about smaller ones.

Though Ten cries or explodes when angry, the anger is short-lived. The female tendency toward tears becomes evident at ten. Yet this relaxed age doesn't harbor grudges or nurse hurt feelings. Cherished possessions are now given up more easily—boys their play guns and girls their paper dolls. It isn't a dogmatic age. When asked to state a preference, Ten shrugs his shoulders and says: "Sometimes yes, sometimes no." Or: "It could be better; it could be worse." Or: "Well, it depends—"

"He's especially good with infants"

Ten is also more or less neutral in the war of the sexes. Boys are uninterested in girls of their age. On the other hand, girls insist: "Boys can be plenty mean"—especially when they pull hair, act rough or throw food at parties. Girls are much more sex-aware than boys, though less outspoken about it. Ten-year-old boys take sex information more casually, liking (for example) to read simple literature describing the birth of a baby.

Sleep is a problem for many ten-year-olds. They need to be reminded that they are tired and ready for bed. Boys retire more easily (usually around eight thirty) and fall asleep faster than girls. They like to be tucked in by their mothers. Girls tend to lie awake, listening to the radio or thinking, but most are asleep by nine thirty.

Bathing is the big problem at ten. "There is something about soap and water and being a ten-year-old that does not mix," reports the new Gesell book. A wise parent will anticipate any possible objections at this point by making certain the bath time does not conflict with the child's TV programs or any other special activities. The book suggests that some parents might well consider a return to the old-fashioned Saturday-night bath or a twice-a-week schedule. Though resisting it, a ten-year-old enjoys his bath once in it and may even play in the tub for an hour. Many girls prefer a shower, where they can shampoo and rinse their hair.

Clothes also need parental checking. If let alone, boys would often wear the same garments for days on end. New clothes are hated; old ones are loved. A ten-year-old boy may refuse to go to church because he has to wear a white shirt! This age doesn't wish to draw attention to himself with dress-up clothes or loud colors. Quiet blue and yellow are the most popular colors of both sexes. Girls enjoy shopping with their mothers far more than boys. But whether or not a youngster goes along, the mother should consult his tastes.

Ten's room is usually a mess, too. "If it was neat, I couldn't tell where anything was," is the alibi. They never seem to have enough room for hoarding all their boxes, books, post cards, stamps, horseshoes, coins, shells, stones, airplane models, toy soldiers, birds' nests, snakeskins, or just candy and gum wrappers. The ten-year-old may leave his bed unmade but hang his pennant at a precise angle. Many boys now need room in the basement for their tool benches or chemistry sets.

Ten dabbles at such household tasks as mowing the lawn, shoveling snow, making fires, burning papers or baby sitting. Allowances vary from 15 cents to $1.25 a week, with 35 cents par. Parents should be flexible in their demands: Ten functions best working with a friendly adult.

The ten-year-old has a stock of "corny" jokes (especially April-fool ones) which aren't funny to adults. In telling a joke, he may tell the punch line too soon, miss the point, or have no point at all. Yet this doesn't stop him from hopefully asking: "Get it?"

Neither death nor God absorbs this happy age of equilibrium. Most ten-year-olds believe that *now* is the best time of life "because you're not too young and not too old." Ten is a joyful, golden age.

THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST DIFFICULT ages—for parents. Many puzzled mothers and fathers now sigh, "Where has our wonderful ten-year-old gone?" Some husbands and wives start blaming each other's families for the unpleasant traits their eleven-year-olds begin displaying! But once you learn the Gesell interpretation of the laws of child growth, you understand that a stage of turmoil often follows one of calm.

The typical eleven-year-old is at times an untamed lion who tries to cut loose from the established home, school and church authorities. He argues about everything. His vituperative attitude is expressed in such remarks as: "Oh, he stinks!" or "She's a real dope!" At his worst, Eleven is a rude, rebellious, irrepressible bundle of misdirected energy. Yet there is a potentially good side to his abounding energy. He can often behave divinely—away from home! For instance, Gesell interviewers have found him co-operative in attitude when he visits the institute, though even there the eleven-year-old can hardly sit still during his interview. "You almost get seasick watching him," report researchers.

Older brothers and sisters call turbulent Eleven "a stubborn mule" or "snip." The child at this age is jealous of younger brothers and sisters; no other age gets along so badly with them. But Mother is now the butt of the child's severest criticism, even if she is an angel. Eleven will often be against something merely because Mother is for it.

In the home, this age level tries to alibi himself out of household chores. If Eleven is ashamed of something he has done, he may deny it—but tries to protect himself by crossing his fingers as he lies. Though girls still frown on swearing, they may do so themselves to rebuke parents who swear. Some girls swear "because it sounds real grown-up." But boys swear when they get mad—or hungry!

The eleven-year-old seems to be endlessly opening and closing the family refrigerator. "Talking and eating" is the way one mother summed up her daughter's hobbies. A lad may devour five bananas before dinner, though a girl may refuse eggs after learning that a baby chick grows from the yolk. Parents are advised to respect some of this irrational food thinking until the child can work out new relationships. Giving an eleven-year-old dinner early, and alone, restores peace in some households.

Though nine o'clock may now be the child's theoretical bedtime, nine thirty is usually the actual one. The eleven-year-old is ready to fight for his bedtime rights, citing evidence about when "other kids" go to bed. He can be allowed certain latitude on weekends and vacations but parents should crack down at other times.

Eleven is now bored with many of the TV programs he once devoured. He often turns on radio (especially sports and news) while doing his homework. But he has a new interest in phonograph records, especially in jazz and popular albums from the latest musical comedies. In books, he more avidly prefers animal, insect and nature stories. Year Eleven is also beginning to thumb through popular magazines. Movies are now attended more frequently (once every week or two weeks) provided there are good pictures—which to girls means those without murder or fighting.

Boys love to scrap, though. They get into fist fights over the most trivial things. But quarreling is only half the pattern—making truces is the other. Girls also get intensely "mad" at each other but in due course patch up the feud, especially when they spend the night at each other's house.

Though boys fight and cheat more, girls are more apt to steal—especially merchandise on store counters. Sometimes these excitement seekers go in groups of three or four to shoplift. Getting caught usually cures them of stealing for the rest of their lives. The new Gesell book sounds this note of warning: "If only stores, schools and parents realized the prevalence of shoplifting at eleven or twelve, they could help nip it in the bud . . . The parents should be notified, the law should be brought in. Children should experience the fright that comes when one is close to the edge of something far more terrible and yet within the protection of those who love them and wish to help them. But at the same time they must learn the necessity of becoming responsible . . ."

Teachers know a great deal about the complex eleven-year-old. Though this age dislikes a dictatorial teacher who yells, it does want a tough, challenging one who won't "treat us like babies." The most endearing teacher is one who cracks jokes—like "Horses have sense because they don't bet on men!" This throws Eleven into stitches of laughter.

Eleven is now so competitive he will "work his head off to beat his best friend." A favorite method of competition is pitting boys against girls in spelling, arithmetic and history games.

Eleven understands best if the teachers instruct through a story. Pupils who scoff "I disagree with school" shouldn't be taken too lightly by teachers or principals. "Eleven should be heard and more fully understood," advises the new book. "It is only then that a school can answer his needs and know what it can ask of him."

Because Eleven fatigues easily, illness keeps him out of school more than ever before. The child's temperature ranges from hot to cold, which explains why many eleven-year-olds keep opening and shutting windows.

When finally let loose in late afternoon, the eleven-year-old pupil is apt to run wild. This prompts the authors to ask whether half-day school

11 years

"a time of turmoil"

attendance might not be considered for this age, with an optional afternoon program restricted to extracurricular activities: "The teacher, working at such a high pitch, is quite as fatigued as the children, and would also profit greatly."

By now, the average eleven-year-old girl has reached 90 per cent of her adult size and is very conscious of her physical development. Many girls are pleased by these signs of growth but some embarrassedly hunch their shoulders to hide the evidence. The typical boy at eleven weighs less than half of what he will at twenty-one and shows far fewer outward signs of puberty than a girl at that age. Some boys have a "fat, blown-up" look.

The sixth grade (when these youngsters are approaching twelve) is a good stage at which to help them understand sex through well-tried films, the Gesell experts believe. "Boys and girls are still able to watch a movie about sex together and discuss it afterward," they say. "It is wise for parents of these children to view the same movie, either with the children or separately, so that they will know the source of the child's information."

It was surprising to the New Haven researchers "how many Elevens believe in God but do not feel that He influences their lives." Many youngsters would like church more if it didn't last so long. "They want the religious experience that they often feel is lacking in Sunday school."

So it is obvious that the child of eleven, now at the foothills of adolescence, is passing through a stage of transitional development—which may help explain his exasperating antics.

In some areas, definite improvements are noticeable. The eleven-year-old doesn't resist bathing as much as he did a year earlier. The youngster now carefully hangs up a best dress or best pants. Though girls now want a closetful of beautiful clothes, boys want money—lots of it! Allowances are often saved to buy a violin, bicycle or a present for a loved one. People are beginning to become more important than play. Friendships aren't as casual as at ten.

Though it may be hard to believe, Eleven isn't really anti-family; he's just starting to judge grownups critically as individuals. The child is rebelling against the complexity of his own inner depths. Grownups will merely stir up these inner depths by pointing out the rebellion too much; instead they should work out ways to bridge the difficulties.

Wise parents now make few but firm demands. Some parents get eleven-year-old co-operation by making deals: "You help me wash the dishes and I'll help you with your homework."

It's a difficult age, but there's this consolation for exasperated parents: a more relaxed phase of the child's development lies just ahead.

"Eleven loves to spite Mother"

"He eats incessantly"

"Girls become aware of themselves"

"Boys start to fight over trivial things"

"warm, bubbling, uninhibited"

12 years

TWELVE IS A HAPPY AGE for both children and parents. The youngster is now generally more responsible and a far pleasanter companion than he was a year ago.

If one word describes Twelve, it is "enthusiasm." Warm, bubbling, uninhibited, the child good-naturedly "loves" everything. A girl's favorite expressions include: "I can't wait till tomorrow!", "Wonderful!", "Oh, joy!" An exuberant girl may sign letters to her mother: "Love, love, love (multiplied by 10,000)." But her opposite feelings are often equally wholehearted. She may *love* tomato juice, but *hate* stewed tomatoes.

The child's wholesome zeal is often refreshing. Interviewed at the Gesell Institute, twelve-year-olds frequently exclaim: "Quite a nice place you have here!", "Gee, this is fun!", "Is it interesting working with children?"

Of course, this enthusiasm needs channeling, firmness and control. The child will often reach a saturation point and then collapse—only to build up energy again for new enthusiasms. When parents or teachers goad them, it often delays the return to energetic pursuits. "We tend to demand too much action, especially in city life," the new book warns. "We need to realize that an individual's control of relaxation can be just as important as his control of action."

Now a confident, more self-reliant personality, Twelve likes to take the initiative. He will now often arrange a picnic, cook a meal, organize a school project, or start a juvenile newspaper. Back in 1860, a twelve-year-old girl wrote candidate Abraham Lincoln a letter persuading him to grow a beard.

Boys' enthusiasms often go into sports. Not as competitive as at eleven, they are starting to enjoy sport for its own sake, even though some stop to chat during the game and need to be jostled back into line.

Girls like softball, dodge ball and volleyball. Horseback riding also is a favorite among many. Both sexes may roller-skate and play tennis. Most Twelves enjoy swimming. Their extra weight makes them buoyant.

Less athletic boys spend more time indoors making puppets and radios, or model cars, planes or trains. Girls, now learning to sew, make hooked rugs and knitted scarves. Both sexes enjoy collecting picture post cards, especially of other countries. Many also draw, paint or write. Girls usually write long, creative stories. Boys are more reportorial, especially when writing letters to pen pals in foreign lands, as many do.

Yet Twelve also enjoys group activity, which explains why summer camps are so popular with this age group. Still, some boys may drop out of scout troops with the complaint: "It's because they don't do anything."

Though he enjoys his favorite TV and radio programs, Twelve can now take them or leave them. This age often listens to his radio in bed, not so much for the program as for the sociability.

Before going to a movie, Twelve first wants to know who is in it and what it's all about, and if it's well done.

Most twelve-year-olds read one to two books weekly and now use the library regularly. Adventure stories and narrative poems—even Homer's Iliad—are enjoyed. Girls generally scorn science fiction, which boys devour. And boys scoff at romances about seventeen-year-olds which girls have now started to read. Both sexes enjoy light adult books with family themes—books like Cheaper by the Dozen and Life with Father.

Allowances are now generally one dollar a week, even though many twelve-year-olds have given them up. Some children are handed money as they need it, or earn it themselves. Boys take on paper routes and sell subscriptions to magazines. Girls start baby-sitting outside the home. Some children at this age squander their money recklessly.

Though Twelve doesn't volunteer to do household chores, he doesn't resist them as at eleven. He realizes that he must help and often does his best work when Mother is busy or away. Girls dust, cook and iron. Boys clean the garage, do odd carpentry jobs and wash the car.

Buying clothes isn't the problem it was last year. They are still purchased with Mother, though. Twelve likes to wear what playmates do. If scarves are stylish, girls will want them. If corduroy pants are in fashion, boys will demand them. Anxious to look "sharp," boys wear bright plaid shirts and colorful neckties. Yet they may show up in church all dandied up—and wearing sneakers!

But care of clothes is still a problem. Besides clothes, many new possessions clutter up a twelve-year-old's room. They may include pictures of school teams, dogs, horses or movie stars, clippings and ticket stubs.

Now enjoying his room, the child has usually given up his eleven-year-old battle against bedtime. He likes his slow preparation for bed as he reads or finishes his homework. Bedtime is now 9:30 to 10:00 P.M., and even 11:00 P.M. on special occasions or weekends. Though fewer nightmares occur, many dream about being heroes.

Bathing improvement, which started at eleven, continues through twelve. Yet boys' ears still need to be checked by Mother. And many girls who have set their hair in a beautiful coiffure may, strangely enough, still have to be sent from the table for having unclean hands.

But in many ways, sprawling, wavering Twelve is surprisingly mature. The child now has greater self-control. Instead of squabbling or becoming enraged as at eleven, he will usually accept just disciplines or criticisms more gracefully. Twelve can be remarkably objective and understanding of other people's problems. If he must step on others' toes, he does so tactfully. The twelve-year-old is also beginning to understand the meaning of abstract words like "justice," "law," "loyalty" and "life." Perhaps most grown-up of all, the youngster can now laugh at himself.

No wonder Twelve gets along better with parents. This age demands less of adults than Eleven did. Girls wish their fathers to be successful, healthy and not have to work so hard. Instead of criticizing a father for being overweight a son will humorously twit him: "What a physique!"

Twelve is less jealous of brothers and sisters. An older one (over fifteen) is often idolized.

This age loves to hang around the kitchen watching Mother cook. Boys and girls are both skillful in cooking hot dogs and hamburgers and making fancy double- or triple-decker sandwiches. Twelve's ideal meal includes mashed potatoes and gravy. Root vegetables, fish and creamed dishes are generally refused—or camouflaged with bread or washed down with milk.

Many girls and some boys who eat a light breakfast are so starved by

"Twelve enjoys group activity"

"Boys' ears still need to be checked by Mother"

"They have a good time at school"

11:00 A.M. that they would welcome a snack break then. "Educators might be amazed by the change in atmosphere and rise in energy in a seventh grade when Twelve's hunger pangs are quelled," says the book.

The twelve-year-old can have a wonderful time in school but should be allowed to move around, rise to sharpen a pencil, get books or paper. This freedom of movement reduces note passing.

However, the child needs classroom discipline. Twelve likes firm, well-informed teachers. If a teacher is too "soft," pupils may take advantage of her. Many inexperienced substitute teachers are tormented dreadfully —as, for example, when a class conspires to cough in unison.

Pupils will ask for homework when it isn't assigned. But if it interferes with their social lives, Twelve will rebel, and may hate school. Twelve's biggest worry is over exams, report cards and not being promoted.

Girls are now more interested in boys than vice versa. Referring to some as "okay" or "darn' nice," girls often try to sit near them in class. Between classes, they may primp or comb their hair before a mirror. Before long, boys are hiding girls' pencil cases or wallets. Though this normal boy-girl interest should be kept within bounds, it needn't be considered wicked and teachers shouldn't rush off to report it to parents or the principal, advise Gesell authorities.

At parties, both sexes enjoy playing kissing games, especially with the lights out. But a girl often leaves a party unhappy because a boy didn't ask her to dance or helped spoil everything by throwing food or breaking glasses. Parents should provide the necessary control at parties.

At twelve, a girl usually takes her biggest physical step toward womanhood—and she accepts it more naturally than at eleven.

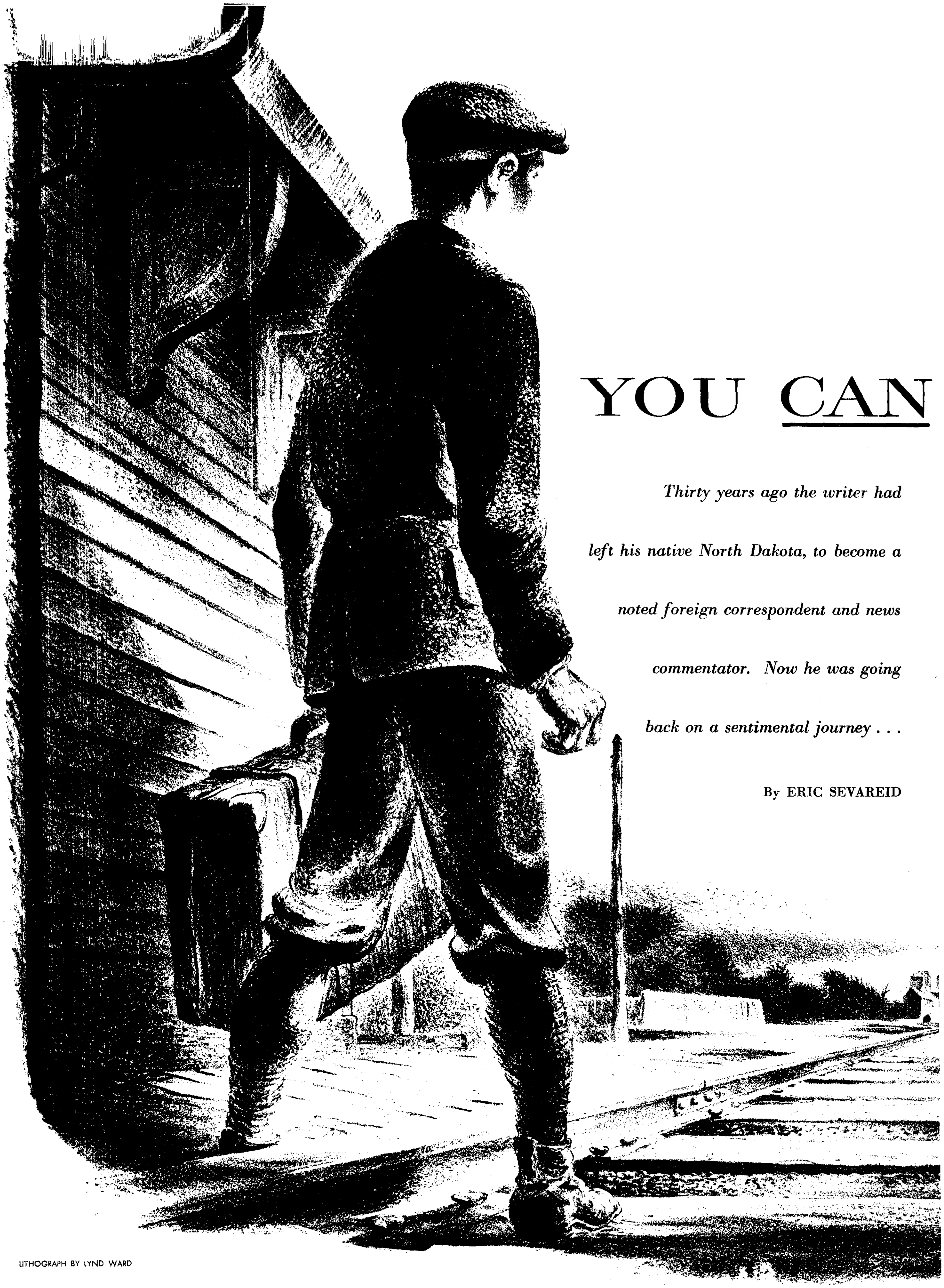
Boys show much greater differences in individual physical development. A twelve-year-old boy usually would rather get sex information from a friendly counselor than from his parents. Lacking a counselor or an understanding parent, a boy will secure his information (or misinformation) from playmates or dictionaries—which don't help him much.

Many twelve-year-olds now have a deeper religious concern. Belief in God is more important to this age than attending Sunday school or church. Many feel there is strong relationship between how you act when alive and what will happen to you after you are dead. Yet a minority consider the idea of heaven "sort of silly." Some believe that prayer helps "when you're in a mess"—like at report-card time or in finding a lost ball.

It's an adventurous, enthusiastic age—a prelude to the moodiness of the earliest teens.

In the next issue: Ages 13 to 16

In Part II of Youth: The Years from 10 to 16, Collier's will conclude the Gesell Institute study of American adolescence. The long-awaited report is being published in book form by Harper & Brothers, May 9



LITHOGRAPH BY LYND WARD

YOU CAN

Thirty years ago the writer had left his native North Dakota, to become a noted foreign correspondent and news commentator. Now he was going back on a sentimental journey . . .

By ERIC SEVAREID

ROSS MADDEN

Eric Sevareid, chief Washington correspondent for the Columbia Broadcasting System, looks back to the days when these railroad tracks spelled escape from hardships of prairie life for him. "It was a trial of the human spirit just to live there," he recalls

GO HOME AGAIN

THE Great Northern's Empire Builder train was just pulling away from the depot in Minot this warm Saturday night of the best Indian-summer October that North Dakota has known in many years. The old folks said it was surely the best; the hunters up from Minneapolis and Omaha were not very happy, since the mallards and the Canadas fly high and flare quickly when the dawn sky upon the prairie is blue and transparent.

I had time to get seated in the club car, turn to the window and wave quickly as they all lifted their hands in the pool of light under the street lamp by the parking place: Bill Francis, who sold the Velva Journal six years ago to take it easy; "Aunt Jessey," his "new" wife, who had been Mrs. Beebe in the drayage office on Main Street; Jim Morley and Hazel, his wife, who had been my mother's "hired girl" in those days so long ago; John Kramer, proprietor of the Texaco station on U.S. 52, the Minot-Velva highway, who had stayed when I had moved away, and had grown up to marry Helen, angel of blue and silver, who had somehow, incomprehensibly, grown up too. That morning we had been lying in the weeds near a slough, John and I, waiting for the ducks. His son, Mike, was sitting close by, fingering his 20 gauge, whistling a song, his grave, little-boy's face framed in a sheepskin parka. His face was Helen's face precisely as memory had always insisted.

I had been watching Mike all that week in Velva. He appeared and reappeared on his dusty bicycle; he knew all the same short cuts on foot; he, too, rejoiced in the juice of the cactus berries on the way home from the afternoon hills; he, too, haunted the town library—"a book a day this summer—most of them kids, they don't read!" A fleeting sensation had come over me that this boy was I, that I had never really gone away. Mike is twelve. When we had moved away, I was twelve. That was 30 years ago.

(I would never dare advise you, Mike, whether or not to move away when you are older. I understand too little of the bearing of place and time on human happiness or discontent, and now that I have been back and watched and listened and talked with all of you, my certainties number less than ever.)

The eastbound Empire Builder pulled away and the faces under the street lamp vanished at once. I knew in my heart I would never see them again. I asked the steward for a drink. My ears adjusted to a conversation behind me. This is what I heard:

"Why, I'm on my way to my old home town in northern Wisconsin. Haven't seen the place in forty-eight years. I wanta see the old place and I wanta see what Agnes looks like now."

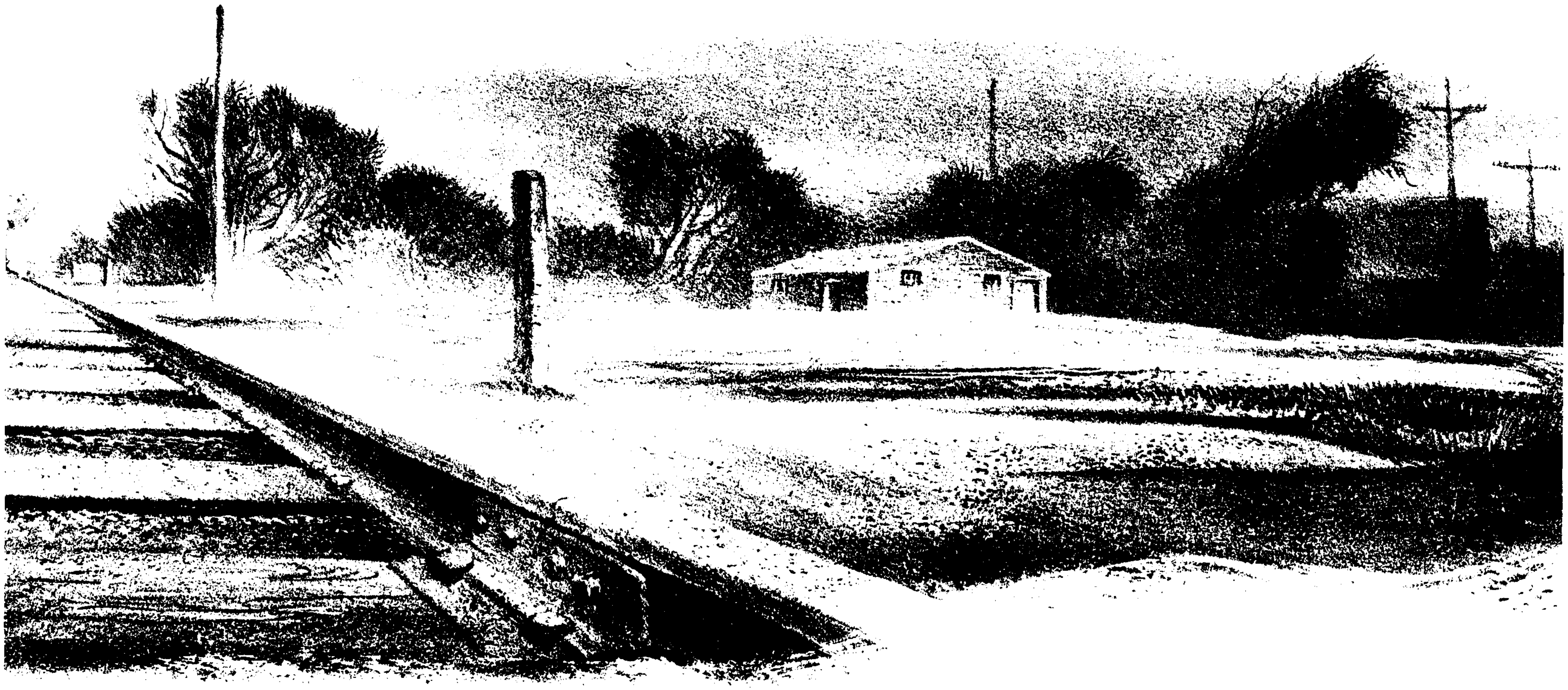
It was a heavy, businessman type in a gaudy sport shirt, embellished with one of those bright cords, instead of a necktie, fastened in front with a gadget clasp. He was talking to a middle-aged couple he had obviously just met that moment at the bar.

He went on, "My wife wouldn't come along. She said she didn't know what had got in me. She said she wasn't going to go and try to beat on a dead horse."

The woman by the bar said, "Well, I imagine you'll find it pretty changed."

The man said, "Yeah, I guess so, I guess I will."

I had an impulse to say something to him, thought better of it and went back to my duplex roomette. The Great Northern roadbed is smooth, over those prairies, but sleep did not come until I got up and swallowed a sedative. Then I blanked out and awakened Sunday *(Continued on page 58)*



How is a top television comedy show put together? It's a tough grind, but with a great comedian it's also a big frolic. Here's a day-to-day account of a typical week in the lives of the larcenous but lovable Sergeant Ernest Bilko and his zany bunch. Hi-yar-up!

Backstage with Phil Silvers

By MICHAEL DRURY

For one show, Sergeant Bilko and a group of recruits ride a painter's scaffold to a rooftop—looking for a bookie. This is how the scene looked to audience

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARVIN KONER

MONDAY . . . At 10:00 A.M. an alarm clock rang in the tower suite of a Park Avenue hotel and a bald-headed man named Phil Silvers rolled over in a double bed and shut it off. He picked up the phone and called room service, then reached for his spectacles. While he waited for breakfast he got out of bed, put a robe over his brown-and-white cotton pajamas, and padded around in his bare feet. He flipped on a small radio to listen to the news and thought about telephoning his friend song writer Sammy Cahn in Los Angeles, but abandoned the notion because it was 7:00 A.M. in California.

A waiter in a white coat wheeled in a breakfast of orange juice, a hot Danish pastry and coffee. Silvers sat down to eat it in his living room, with a clear view down the middle lane of the Queensborough Bridge out one window and the plumb-line strip of Park Avenue out the other.

There was nobody to talk to; Silvers lives alone.

He showered, shaved, dressed, examined his mail, made a dozen phone calls—he likes phones and has three of them in his two-room suite. Then he went off to lunch at Lindy's Restaurant on Broadway with a Canadian newspaperman who wanted an interview. Promptly at three minutes to two Silvers left the restaurant and walked 50 feet north to a rehearsal studio.

At that studio and elsewhere during the next five days, Silvers would, by a dizzy and difficult process even he doesn't entirely understand, transform himself into a character known to 27,000,000 television viewers as Sergeant Ernest Bilko, a U.S. Army top kick with a taste for larceny and an irrepressible love for his fellow man.

"I'm kind of a louse," Silvers once said, explaining Sergeant Bilko, "but I'm a lovable louse. This I like to be."

The rehearsal hall was a big bare box, smelling faintly like a locker room, with walls the color of cold coffee and sprinkler pipes running overhead. The furniture was scanty; marked out on the floor in red, white and blue masking tape were general outlines of the sets for that week's show.

"Hi," Silvers said to a little knot of actors just inside the door. He started to hang up his coat and stopped. "We gotta cut down the cast on this show," he said in his sheet-metal voice; "there's not enough hangers."

"Hello, Phil," said Nat Hiken, the producer.

Silvers took the script Hiken handed him, walked around in a big semicircle and got a drink of water at a cooler in the far end of the room.

Then he sat down with the rest of the cast and the production crew to read the script aloud and block out camera moves. The script was complete and the cast had a good time reading it, but it was not yet the one that would be filmed the following Friday. That show existed in thin air somewhere between Hiken and Silvers.

The basic written version was only a groundwork from which they would take off like jazz musicians, cutting, shifting, embellishing, buffing, finding laughs in a sigh, a look, a drawn-out word as plaintive as a blue horn.

Silvers and Hiken are two of the smoothest craftsmen in their peculiar line of work—and comedy is work, hard, exacting, repetitive, at times almost drudgery. Between this first reading and show time on Friday, the cast would go over the script roughly 25 times. The astonishing thing is that they can bring so much laughter to it when they finally go before the cameras. But it's exciting, too, and because Silvers is a master comic there is magic and hilarity along with the hard work.

As their first reading began, Hiken roughed out the action so that the actors would know what was going on. An outsider listening to their quiet, orderly voices would never know that this was the beginning of one of Bilko's madcap adventures, although often a line paid off in laughter from the cast. When it did, Silvers would chirp, "Funnee. Funnee."

Reading from the script, Paul Ford, who plays Colonel Hall, said, "Let's face it, Bilko, at your age a 20-mile hike may be too much."

"Now," Hiken explained to Silvers, "in the next scene you're in the colonel's outer office and Joan is there." Joan is WAC Sergeant Hogan, the colonel's secretary—in real life, Elizabeth Fraser.

"The colonel thinks I'm too old for the Army," Silvers (alias Bilko) read. "I'll show him who's old. I'll go to the gym, get some exercise, play ball. That's what I need."

"You go out," Hiken explained, "with a kind of a skip."

Silvers didn't skip—yet. But a few minutes later

Getting a haircut. Silvers hasn't any favorite barber—just any one who's near

Before filming, the cast goes over each script up to 25 times

The actor's best girl is the television actress Evelyn Patrick, shown here meeting him in a small restaurant

Automat is a frequent coffee stop for Silvers—though not as frequent as before he was easily recognizable

they reached the end of the script, and Hiken said: "Basically, that's it. Let's get it on its feet."

They stood up, arranged themselves on the sketchy sets and began to read again, walking it out, acting a little, grown men playing at a children's game of make-believe, gradually transforming it into consequence. In a free moment Silvers, very dead-pan, tried to teach Maurice Gosfield (alias Private Doberman) to do a shuffle-off-to-Buffalo dance step. Gosfield, a purehearted fall guy for both Bilko and Silvers, is so pudgy he cannot see his feet when he stands up straight, and the dance wasn't going well. Three others got into the act; they looked like a chorus line of Seabees in a GI jungle show.

Hiken, frowning at Silvers, admonished, "Hey, don't monkey around with talent."

Silvers chuckled.

In one corner Walter Cartier (Private Dillingham) and P. Jay Sidney (Private Palmer) bent their heads over a floating chess game that had been going on for weeks. Cartier is a middleweight fighter with more than 60 bouts to his credit and his presence in the cast illustrates Hiken's tendency to hire unexpected people. (It was Hiken who was responsible for casting middleweight Rocky Graziano as Martha Raye's boy friend, and the Silvers show includes former lightweight Maxie Shapiro as well as Jack Healy, Graziano's fight manager.) Hiken and Silvers have been known to bring people in off the streets for a bit of special casting. Tony Corrado, a manufacturer of steel cable, is also a regular member of Bilko's platoon whenever he can get away from his company's board of directors.

During a break in the rehearsal, Silvers walked around muttering to himself, "Imperceptibly, imperceptibly," a word assigned to him that he found troublesome.

Hiken looked at him. "I think I'll cut that line. D'you mind?"

"It'll be a blessing," Silvers said happily. Like many people in show business, Silvers neglected to finish school, and language sometimes gives him trouble. He talks a kind of wacky and refreshing English, uninhibited by formalities. He once told a friend he was "indickted" to beautiful women and he is fond of referring to evil as "insiduous." One of his favorite expressions is "Relax to it," a loony but wise piece of advice he never follows himself.

Watching the actors as they walked out the scenes, Hiken said suddenly, "Phil, right here do your—you know—the marching thing. It'll look more real."

"Don't get Army on me, huh, Nat?" Silvers pleaded. "We been gettin' along good without authenticity."

Hiken grinned. "Well, you do it good."

Pleased, Silvers snarled, "Huh-bout—face! Hi-yar-up!" and the platoon began to march smartly.

At five o'clock the session broke up and Silvers sat down with Hiken and a photo directory of actors to consider additions to the cast for a show two weeks away.

"Let's see," Silvers began, "this guy's great."

"Can he act, though?" Hiken asked.

"Anything. Write this down," Silvers said to Hiken's secretary who waited nearby.

"Hey, you know this fellow?"

"Is that a face? Write this down."

"I need some Uriah Heep sort of guys," said Hiken.

"Here's one—he's funny. Write this down."

The phone rang. Silvers answered it. "We're alone here, cousin. Everybody's gone. Silvers left the building. You're welcome."

TUESDAY . . . At three minutes to two, Silvers walked into the rehearsal hall.

"Hi, Phil," Hiken said.

"Don't grouse at me. I had three hours' sleep."

Hiken silently handed him a revised script and Silvers thumbed through it gloomily. "Whoooo. All those words." He walked across the room and encountered Herbie Faye, who plays Private Fender on the show and whom he has known since his vaudeville and burlesque days 20 years ago.

"Hiya, Murphy," Faye said.

Silvers immediately executed a 180-degree turn, saying, "I'll go get him." Then he turned back and sat down. He and Faye chuckled nostalgically. It was what is known as a "crossover," a burlesque stunt in which players rush in from opposite sides of the stage, deliver a fast, nonsensical gag and go off.

Mickey Freeman (Private Zimmerman) said to Allan Melvin, who plays Corporal Henshaw, one of Bilko's two side-kicks, "I'm planning a TV program for you all your own. Very big. It takes place in Kansas. In a wheatfield. And the wheat is nine feet high." He paused dramatically. "The first four programs they can't find you."

Melvin snapped his teeth at him. "Yeah? I eat my way out?"

"All right," Hiken said, "let's take it from the top."

"El toppo," Silvers agreed.

"Stand by. Time. In you come."

"We're in," Silvers said.

"Take it again, will you? I want to get this line in. It's a funny one for you, you know? Maybe we need a short— Can you give me some kind of a joke here? Just a little—"

Silvers pondered a split second and came up with a story about a baseball game where the bases were loaded and there were three singles in a row but not a man scored. Reason: it was a girls' baseball game. He delivered two more in rapid succession before Hiken could stop him. They settled for the baseball joke.

The phone rang. The call was for Silvers. As he left the platoon on the set to answer it, somebody called, "It's the Chase National Bank, Phil. They need more dough."

Silvers paced around at the end of the phone cord for two minutes and then said restlessly, "Honey, I got to get back to work. I got 50 parolees waiting for me."

They went to work on the scene where the colonel told Sergeant Bilko he might be too old to go on a long hike.

"I'll show him who's old," Silvers said, bending over Elizabeth Fraser's desk. "I'll go to the gym, get exercise—"

"Phil," Hiken cut in, walking around, "right here—you say—uh—'I'll *go* on that 20-mile hike. That's just what I need.' "

"Okay," Silvers said. He put out a hand and somebody put a pencil in it and he marked the extra line in his script.

"Then do the skip-and-jump thing," Hiken reminded.

After a while Hiken called one of his rare five-minute breaks and after sitting quietly on a chair for a few minutes, Silvers suddenly grabbed the nearest actor and yelled, "Charades!" Then he held two fingers in the air.

"Two words!" the actor said.

Silvers nodded, waving his arms wildly.

"You're acting it out!"

He nodded again. He held his two palms in front of his face and scanned them from side to side.

"Reading—"

He scowled and kept scanning.

"Uh—book!"

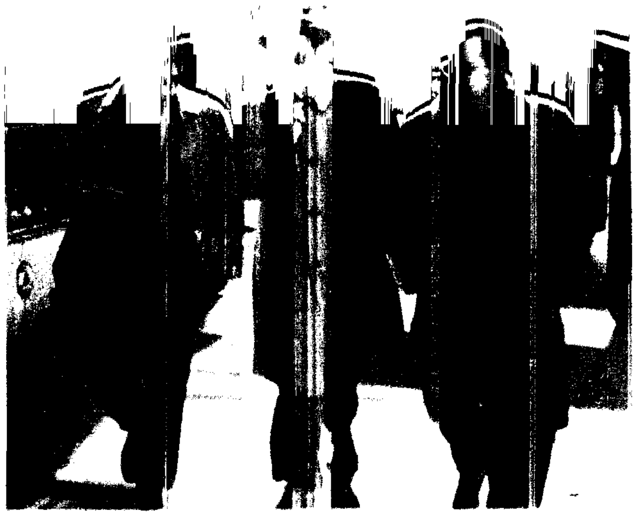
Silvers beamed. Then he grabbed a green plastic bowl and a spoon—props for the show—and held them above his head, banging them together.

"Dickens!" the actor cried, snapping his fingers. "Oliver Twist!"

"Ri-i-i-ght," Silvers purred, relaxing.

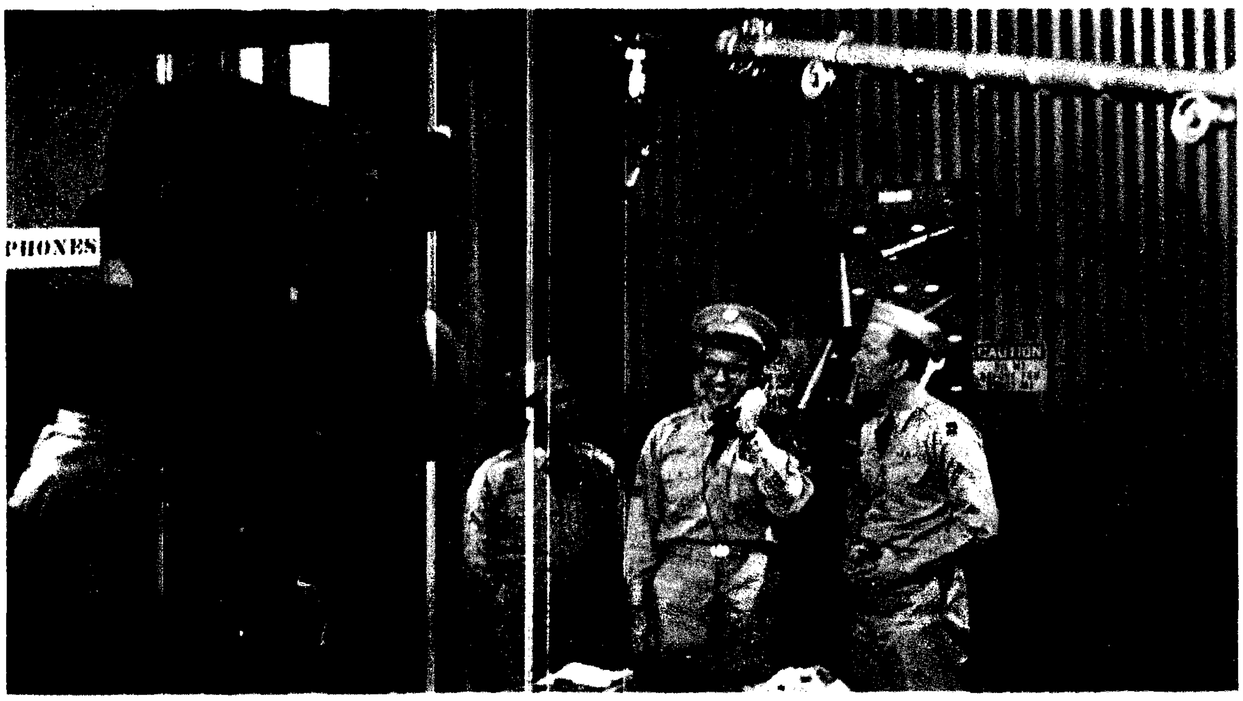
About six o'clock, Hiken told everybody to go home. Silvers walked to his hotel alone through the spring twilight, a distance of about a mile. He's a demon walker. As he crossed an intersection, a taxi made a left turn behind him, and the driver said, "Hiya, Sarge," almost in his ear.

The comedian turned, touched his gray Hom-



Coming from a midweek rehearsal. Left to right, CBS publicist Sid Garfield; comedian Silvers; Nat Hiken, who writes, directs and produces Phil Silvers Show

The star takes a call at rehearsal. He likes to use telephones—there are three of them in his apartment



On Friday afternoon, the show goes before the cameras. Here's Sergeant Bilko with his two closest henchmen, Cpls. Barbella (portrayed by Harvey Lembeck), left, and Henshaw (played by Allan Melvin)

burg in neat military salute, and grinned. ("There's one of two things you can do about fame," he once remarked astutely. "Go along with it a little bit and enjoy it a little bit, or resist it completely and be an unhappy man.")

WEDNESDAY . . . Rehearsals started at ten in the morning as they do each Wednesday for the convenience of actors who have matinee performances elsewhere, like Paul Ford, who not only plays Bilko's sorely tried Colonel Hall but for two and a half years also appeared as a colonel in the Broadway hit The Teahouse of the August Moon. Silvers appeared on time; his pet peeve is people who are late for anything.

All morning he and the others went over the script, acting it out, polishing. At one o'clock Silvers went off with a CBS publicity man to make a personal appearance in a department store.

In the store's executive offices, Silvers was presented to a well-combed young pianist who was to accompany him. "All that hair," Silvers murmured. "How unsanitary. You know the introduction to Cavalleria Rusticana?"

The man said no.

"Well, we open with that. You'll be able to do it; it's not hard. I'll hum it for you. Then we—do you know Stravinsky's fire dance?"

"Yes," said the musician.

"Good. We do that next and then we do that aria from Tosca that goes . . . Do you know Tosca?"

The flabbergasted pianist shook his head and Silvers burst out laughing. It was all a joke.

After leaving the store, Silvers and the CBS man stopped at Lindy's for lunch. While Silvers stood at the curb waiting for his companion to pay the cab fare, he heard the driver say, "Is that Sergeant Bilko?"

"Yes."

"Tell him to marry that blonde already."

"She's supposed to catch me," Silvers called. "I'm walking real slow." "That blonde" is, of course, WAC Sergeant Hogan—Elizabeth Fraser—the feminine interest in Bilko's life.

There's a feminine interest in Silvers' own life, but it's not so predictable. His best girl right now is Evelyn Patrick, a television actress whom he met at a party, but his friends say he's always in love with at least one girl. From 1945 to 1950 he was married to Jo Carroll Dennison, at that time a Hollywood starlet, but as Silvers says now, "We weren't ready for marriage, either of us. We didn't even know what marriage was." Their divorce was one of the most amicable on record; Silvers even stayed for a time with his ex-mother-in-law. Friends say Silvers would like to be married and have a home life but the process of getting there scares him. He is too fond of people, parties and bright lights.

At Lindy's, the comedian hailed a passing waiter. "Waiter, dear," he said, "Irish stew and a cream soda. Quickly. You know my rating."

"Ah-ah," cautioned the CBS man. "Don't get cocky. Somewhere in one of those cafeterias back there—" he gestured—"there's a little, unknown comedian, just waiting for his chance."

It was an old joke between them. "Lay off with that little guy," Silvers said. "He's making me nervous." Between mouthfuls of Irish stew, he made a disjointed speech about wishing just for a little while to get away from the public. In the middle of it a little girl about ten walked up and asked for his autograph.

Between scenes, the star watches from a camp chair as others rehearse—meanwhile chewing his fingernails

Silvers took the menu she handed him and asked patiently, "What's your name, sugar?"

"Sally."

Silvers wrote something that began "Dear Sally . . ."

"You're the first real celebrity I ever saw," the child said, plainly impressed.

Silvers looked at her in a kind of happy pain and gave her a straight, honest smile. She went away. The comedian looked at the CBS man and spread his hands. "Forget what I said."

Back in the rehearsal room, the noise of some rock-and-roll musicians seeped through the walls

One secret of Phil's success: superb timing

CBS PHOTO

Silvers with 1955 Emmy award. His show and its staff took six of these prizes

from a quintet warming up for a recording session down the hall. "Musicians have bad habits," Silvers said, eying the light fixtures. "They wear brown shoes with tuxedos.

Hiken began to bear down, taking the cast through the show, very businesslike, twice more that day. Finally he dismissed them and Silvers went out, whistling "Bill Bailey, won't you please come home . . ."

THURSDAY . . . At 9:00 A.M., Bilko's platoon mustered at the television studio on Sixty-seventh Street off Third Avenue. For the first time the show was to rehearse on real sets in front of real cameras. The studio is a vast, drafty, air-conditioned sound stage with a 40-foot ceiling hung with ropes and pulleys and batteries of lights. There are bleachers across one end where the audience sits the next day, and halfway up one wall is a split-level control booth occupied by cliff dwellers: the sound engineers, Dave Roth, associate director and, during the actual show, camera director Al DeCaprio and Hiken.

The cast arrived promptly, spilling from a self-service elevator that gives Silvers the bends, he insists. The star wore a scarlet shirt, black suède shoes, red socks, charcoal slacks and a soft gray velours hat. Whenever he was not in a scene he sat down behind the cameras in a camp chair marked with Bilko's name, and chewed his fingernails.

Sometimes Silvers talked with other members of the cast.

"I'm a *young* sixty-two, am I not?" inquired Mickey Freeman, who plays Zimmerman and is actually a young thirty-five or thereabouts.

"Nah, you couldn't even get insurance."

"I'm insured," Silvers said seriously, "for $780,000."

Everyone listened respectfully.

"It's a very unique policy," Silvers went on, knowing perfectly well he had them. "I have to get hit by an iceberg." His listeners let out a breath. "Of course, if it's a submerged iceberg, it's double indemnity."

Hiken walked over and asked Silvers if he could roller-skate, thinking ahead to a show for the future.

"Why are we getting so physical all of a sudden?" Silvers asked.

Hiken smiled. "Well, you don't want dialogue. What do you want?"

"Pantomime. I guess I can roller-skate."

"Okay," Hiken said and raised his voice. "One thirty!"

"Lunge!" yelled a stagehand.

"Lunge!" echoed a cameraman. The technicians streaked out to lunch.

The actors departed for a nearby fishhouse on Third Avenue. Silvers and Hiken ate at a table by themselves. "I don't know why I'm so happy," Silvers said. "This show's a wreck. I had three hours' sleep last night, and a week from Wednesday—that benefit."

During lunch they discussed the benefit. When Silvers was finished eating he went off for a walk by himself. He got as far as the door and came back without a word to stuff his pockets full of bread and oyster crackers for the pigeons. Later he reported to the cast that pigeons dislike salt; they ate the bread much faster than the crackers.

"But, Phil," somebody said, "there's no salt on oyster crackers."

Silvers looked pained, dropped into his Bilko chair and began biting his nails.

After a while, for some reason known only to him he began to sing Come Back to Sorrento in Italian: "*Guarda il mare com' è bello—*"

"You don't know what it means, though," an Italian actor said.

"Sure I do. 'Como'—that's Perry Como, a singer. 'Bello'—he should lose some weight." He stopped, stuck.

CBS PHOTO

Bilko gives a big smile to his love interest in The Phil Silvers Show, and gets one back just as big and just as enigmatic. She's WAC Sergeant Hogan, the commanding officer's secretary—in real life, actress Elizabeth Fraser

Finally the day ended and people were bidding one another good night. Silvers sat on his camp chair. Having gone Latin, he went all out.

"*Arrivederci,*" he said solemnly.

FRIDAY . . . It rained hard until midafternoon, and inside the windowless studio, where the show was actually to be filmed that day, people kept asking one another for bulletins from the outside.

The cast and crew sloshed out to an early lunch, and when they came back for dress rehearsal a damp handful of people were beginning to line up behind a wine-red velvet rope in the lobby, smelling of wet clothing.

The dress rehearsal ran smoothly. Silvers had one scene where he had to come down the stairs leading to the upper floor of the barracks. Since the set in reality had no upper floor, he could look over the top of the wall while he was waiting for his cue. He began throwing nails, little chips of wood and whatever else he could find down on the heads of his platoon.

"Who has the best timing in television?" he asked, and like a well-trained chorus they shouted, "Phil Silvers!"

Silvers sprinkled them with torn-up paper like confetti.

"Who makes you laugh the most?"

"Phil Silvers!"

More paper. When they tired of that game, Silvers scared them half to death by dropping a four-foot length of board among them with a loud crash.

When he wasn't on camera Silvers sat down in his camp chair and nibbled his nails. "Look at Nat," he confided to Ed Montagne, the network supervisor. "He hasn't got any problems and he doesn't know what to do with himself." Hiken, who had been wandering aimlessly, wandered in Silvers' direction and the comedian said, "Whatsa matter, baby? You forgot your tie? You got a cold? Whatsa matter?"

Hiken sat down in a chair next to him, somehow giving the impression that he didn't intend to stay more than a second, and sighed, "I got three hours' sleep last night."

Thunderstruck, Silvers gave him a long, unclassifiable look. Then he smiled beatifically and cried, "I got *two!* What're you complaining about?" Hiken said nothing, just sat there with a clipboard in his lap, folding a piece of green paper into tiny triangles.

"I remember a thing from burlesque," said Silvers suddenly, and delivered himself of a short, risqué poem, departing on the last line with a craftsman's timing to pick up his cue as Sergeant Bilko and enter the scene.

Silvers' talent for creating laughter hangs largely on timing—knowing when to talk and when not to. His present tie-up with CBS traces back, in part, to his brilliant demonstration of this knack at the Radio-TV Correspondents annual shindig for Washington bigwigs in 1954. With the President, the Vice-President, Supreme Court Justices and the whole Cabinet (except for John Foster Dulles, who was in Europe) watching him, Silvers waited almost a full minute to start his routine, while tension grew. Then, surveying the crowd of dignitaries, he said mildly, "My goodness. Who's minding the store?" It was a smash beginning. A little later, when a phone rang unexpectedly, distracting the audience completely from Silvers, the comedian staged a sharp recovery by instantly walking to the wings, picking up an imaginary phone and saying,

V-8
Cocktail
VEGETABLE JUICES
V-8

Delicious 8-juice masterpiece

Even livelier flavor than tomato juice!
Even fewer calories than fruit juice!

No single juice tastes so good as this master blend by Campbell. And isn't it wonderful that its refreshment is yours with so few, few calories?

A blend of 8 delicious vegetable juices, V-8*offers a lively, vibrant flavor no single juice can match . . . and a health-giving collection of vitamins and minerals.

Take this exciting new approach to juice enjoyment soon. Your first sip will be a delightful revelation. And from then on its goodness will grow on you with every glass.

V-8's magic blend: the juices of the Campbell Tomato, celery, carrots, spinach, lettuce, beets, watercress and parsley.

**V-8 is a trademark owned by the makers of Campbell Soups*

By Nature it's wholesome
. . . by Campbell's it's delicious!

He was under contract 16 months before going on the air; his mother thought he was unemployed

"Hello. What? *Who?*" Then, in an aside to the audience: "Long-distance from some fellow named Dulles. Says he'll talk to anyone." The President (and everyone else) roared. In the audience was Hubbell Robinson, Jr., CBS vice-president, laughing with all the rest—and somewhere in the background, with a gleeful grin on his face, was Sergeant Ernest Bilko, waiting.

NOW, AS PREPARATIONS for the Friday filming neared the final stage, Hiken assembled his actors for 10 minutes to give them cast notes—last-minute corrections and changes in their performances. A technician with a spray can went around dulling the finish on the company's dogtags so they wouldn't send blinding highlights into the camera lenses. Stagehands reassembled sets for the opening of the show, the actors dispersed to their dressing rooms, and the rain-wet audience unloaded in batches from the elevators and found seats in the bleachers.

An announcer welcomed them and briefed them on what was coming and then said, "Ladies and gentlemen, the star of our show—Phil Silvers!"

Silvers came through the door and walked to the microphone. He thanked the people for coming in all the rain, pitched a few packs of cigarettes to the servicemen in the audience and pocketed one pack, saying, "This I need because I get very nervous."

Then he introduced Nat Hiken, much to the producer's discomfort. Hiken usually deploys himself to the top level of the control booth—behind the audience and as near the ceiling as he can get—to avoid such a possibility. Silvers tossed him a pack of cigarettes, saying, "Here's your salary." Hiken caught the cigarettes and managed to melt silently into the stagehands around him.

With the aid of his property men, Silvers staged a 15-minute frolic, then dismissed them and said soberly, "Ladies and gentlemen, these are troubled times, but you can rest easy. Don't worry. This is your Army!" Facing the door, he whipped out his "Hi-yar-up!" and they came in, Bilko's bunch, a straggling, shuffling, gleeful string of ragpickers, most of them in fatigues, a few in summer uniforms, marching as if they all had two left feet.

Watching them with delight and dismay, Silvers shook his head and said to the audience, "It doesn't seem possible, does it?" One by one, he introduced his playfellows, saying something affectionate and crazy about each of them. Midway through it he broke off, saying, "Yes, Dave?"

On the loud-speaker came associate director Dave Roth's voice: "Tell Doberman his laundry came back."

Silvers looked down the line till his eyes fell on Maurice Gosfield's rotund shape. "You hear that, Dobie?"

"They wouldn't accept it," the loud-speaker added.

At last they settled down to the real business at hand. DeCaprio's voice said on the loud-speaker, "Stand by."

Roth made a loop in the air back of his head, indicating to the recording engineer to roll his tape.

DeCaprio said, "Roll 'em," to the cameramen.

The recording man said, "Rolling," meaning his tape was under way, and then after a second, added, "Speed," meaning he was ready to record.

On the floor someone called, "Sticks!" and a technician with a hinged slate marked with the name and important identification of the show said, "The Phil Silvers Show, number 34, scene A, take one," then cracked the two parts of the slate together and ducked out of camera range.

DeCaprio said, "Stand by. Action," and The Phil Silvers Show was under way.

By now the tentative air evident earlier in the week had vanished; as the cast went through the action the show seemed polished and professional. Before the cameras the workings of the cast and crew always are very businesslike, for what they accomplish in 45 minutes would be the equivalent of three days' shooting in Hollywood and they are justifiably proud of the fact.

During brief intervals when the cameras were reloaded, the audio men played music on the loud-speakers, and Silvers and Harvey Lembeck (Corporal Rocco Barbella) did a fast and funny jitterbug routine which enchanted the audience. When Silvers was not on camera he sat down in the first row of the audience, panting a little, watching the other actors intently, "helping" them by moving his lips constantly with their lines.

"Got a cigarette for your old Sarge?" he asked softly of a production assistant, and the man gave him one and lighted it.

Then Silvers was on again. When the scene came up where Bilko told WAC Sergeant Hogan he darned well *would* go on the 20-mile hike, Silvers got so exuberant with his skip-and-jump, his garrison cap bumped a green-shaded light hanging at the end of a cord. Surprised, he turned to look at it and quickly ad-libbed, "What's *that* doing there?" Then he socked it with his fist like a fighter jabbing a punching bag, and skipped out, leaving it swinging. The scene had developed during the week into something a great deal different from the original conception—and a great deal better.

While Silvers is doing the show, it's difficult to know what really goes on in his head. In filming, there is none of the tension, the do-or-die drive, that's found in a live television broadcast. No external wave of excitement helps carry the actors along; they have to create it all themselves. Sometimes Silvers lifts the show to a pitch by himself and the cast soars around him; other times it is the other way around. Somehow and in some way, without fail, they dredge up the spark they need.

WHEN IT WAS OVER, the audience swarmed down onto the floors like a football crowd about to tear down the goal posts and Silvers and company signed endless autograph books.

Finally the last of them left and the cast settled down to the business of close-ups which must be spliced in later and reshooting a portion of one scene where a sound effect had failed to work. No audience sounds were needed.

By five o'clock they were finished. In his dressing room—a routine cubicle like all the others with a hard leather couch and a stall shower—Silvers became a civilian again and removed the pancake make-up. Hiken came in.

"It went good today," Hiken said. "Are you sure you can roller-skate?"

"Enough," Silvers said. "Say, Nat, do me a favor, hunh? Think up a little gimlet for that benefit I'm in next week? I need some kind of a finish for my act."

Hiken, folding a candy-bar wrapper into inch squares, looked a little troubled and then said easily, "Okay. Sure. You going to the movies Sunday night?"

"I might," Silvers said. "I don't know."

"Maybe we'll go with you. Hunh?"

"Fine."

"I'll talk to you."

"All right. So long, Nat."

"Good night."

He went out. Silvers could hear the actors bidding each other good-by in the corridor. Now and then someone rapped on his door and yelled, "So long, Phil," or, "See you Monday."

THE STUDIO WAS QUIET by the time Silvers left. The skies were clearing and he walked to Park Avenue, then turned downtown toward the hotel he calls home, heading for dinner and a theater date with his best girl; a tall, faintly round-shouldered man in good clothes who might be a banker or a company president to the casual eye. On Saturday he could sleep late—but he wouldn't. "You get in a routine," he explains. "You keep on waking up." Saturday is his one free day but he doesn't really "relax to it." He would walk a little in Central Park, read a lot (he reads about three books a week, mostly best sellers) and watch the fights or basketball game on television.

At night he was invited to dinner at a friend's house. Actorlike, he was planning a little sketch to do with his friend's children—he adores kids, not so much for their cuteness as for their hoodlum candor; he knows where he stands with them.

Sunday he would have a combination breakfast-and-lunch at Lindy's—alone—then drive in a rented car to his mother's house in Brooklyn where he grew up, the youngest of eight children. Silvers was under contract to CBS for a year and a half before his program actually went on the air and all that time he kept saying, "Mom, I got a nice job in television." Mrs. Silver (the original family name did not have the final "s") watched but saw nothing. One Sunday when Silvers was visiting her she opened a drawer where she kept some money tucked between the sheets and handed him a hundred-dollar bill. "Here," she said, "you should eat while you're working in television." Silvers accepted it; there was no way he could explain to her that a company would pay him for work nobody could see. Today his personal paycheck is said to be $250,000 a year—plus what he makes from guest appearances and café dates.

He walked in front of a cab waiting at a red light and the driver said to his passenger, "See that fella? He's at the top now and boy, if anybody ever deserved it, it's him. Phil Silvers. I've watched him since he was a kid in the Palace. What a guy."

Silvers had no way of hearing that, of course. He walked on in the rain-washed air, wrapped in his own dissonant thoughts: part ruffian, part gentleman; part man about town, part homebody; part introvert, part laugh maker.

Not an easy man to live with, not even for Phil Silvers. A wonderful, foolish, shy, ribald, sentimental, nervous, lovable man with a fathomless longing to have somebody somewhere take him seriously. Maybe someday he'll find out that a great many people have, all along.

Hi-yar-up!

THE END

Gives you
more to enjoy

Tareyton's Quality Tobacco
Tareyton's Real Filtration
Full King Size
Full Measure

All the pleasure comes thru

the taste is great!

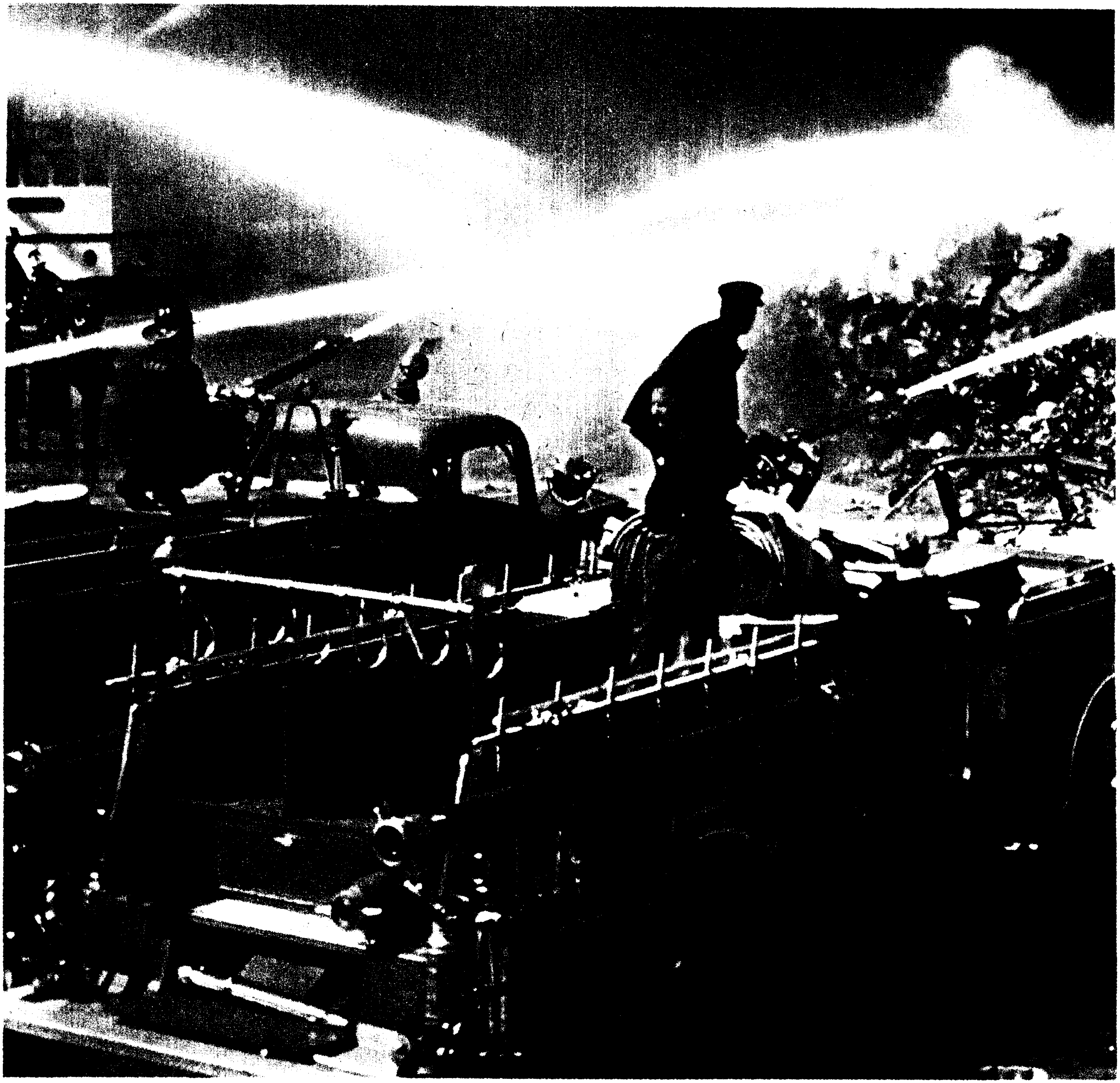
FILTER TIP TAREYTON

EVERY EASY PUFF A TREAT

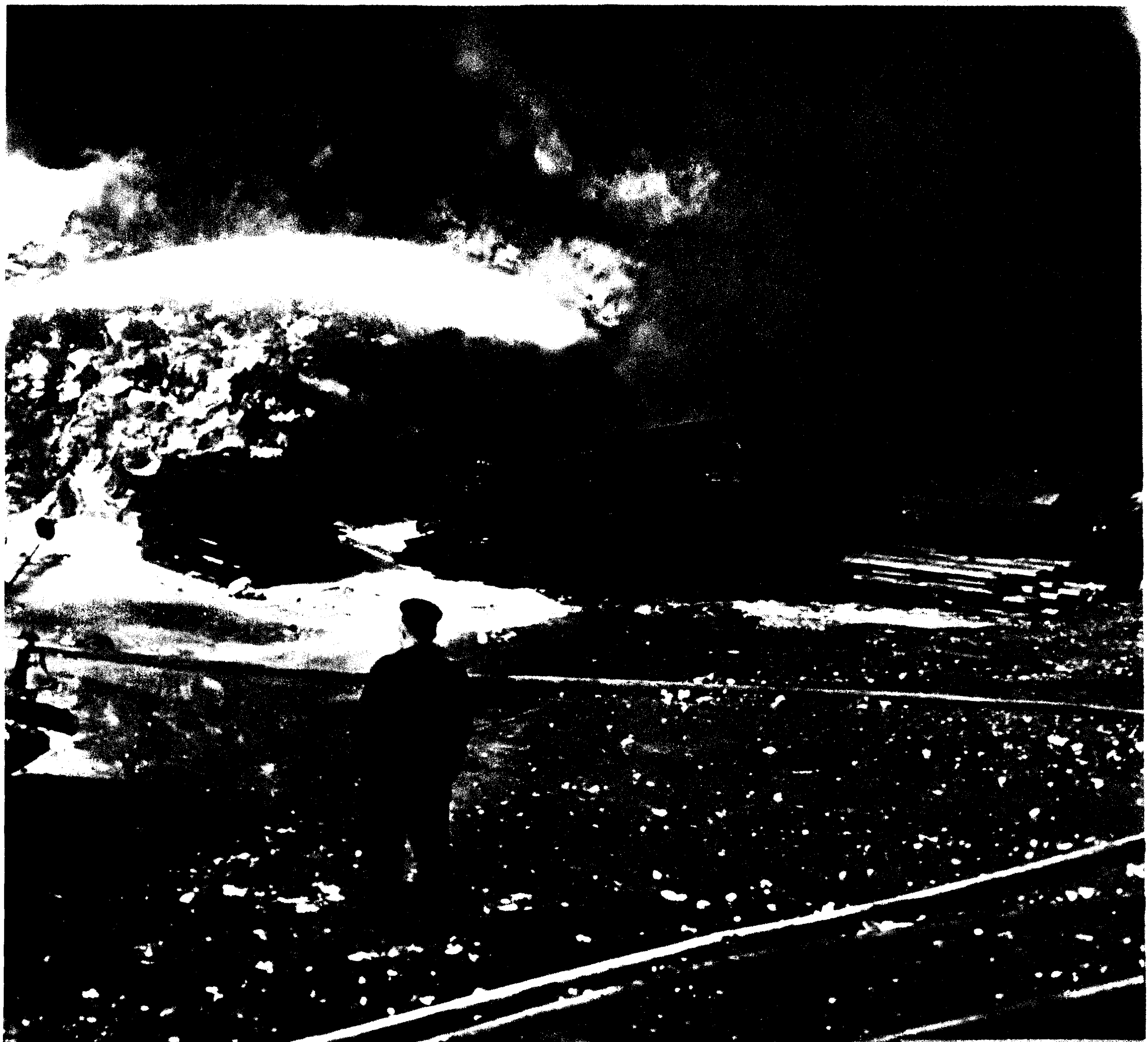
© A. T. CO.

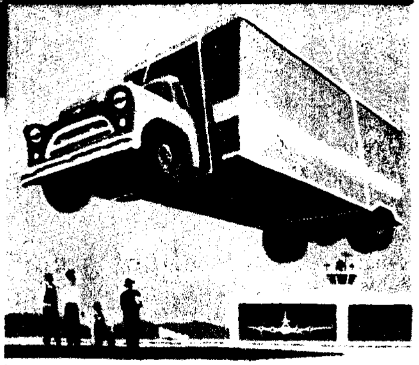
PRODUCT OF *The American Tobacco Company* AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES

FILTER TIP
TAREYTON
CIGARETTES
MODERN SIZE



For safety in emergencies... Rayon Hi-Test Tire Cord... *Nearly all fire trucks rely on rayon tires for hard, high-speed driving...proof that you can depend on rayon!*

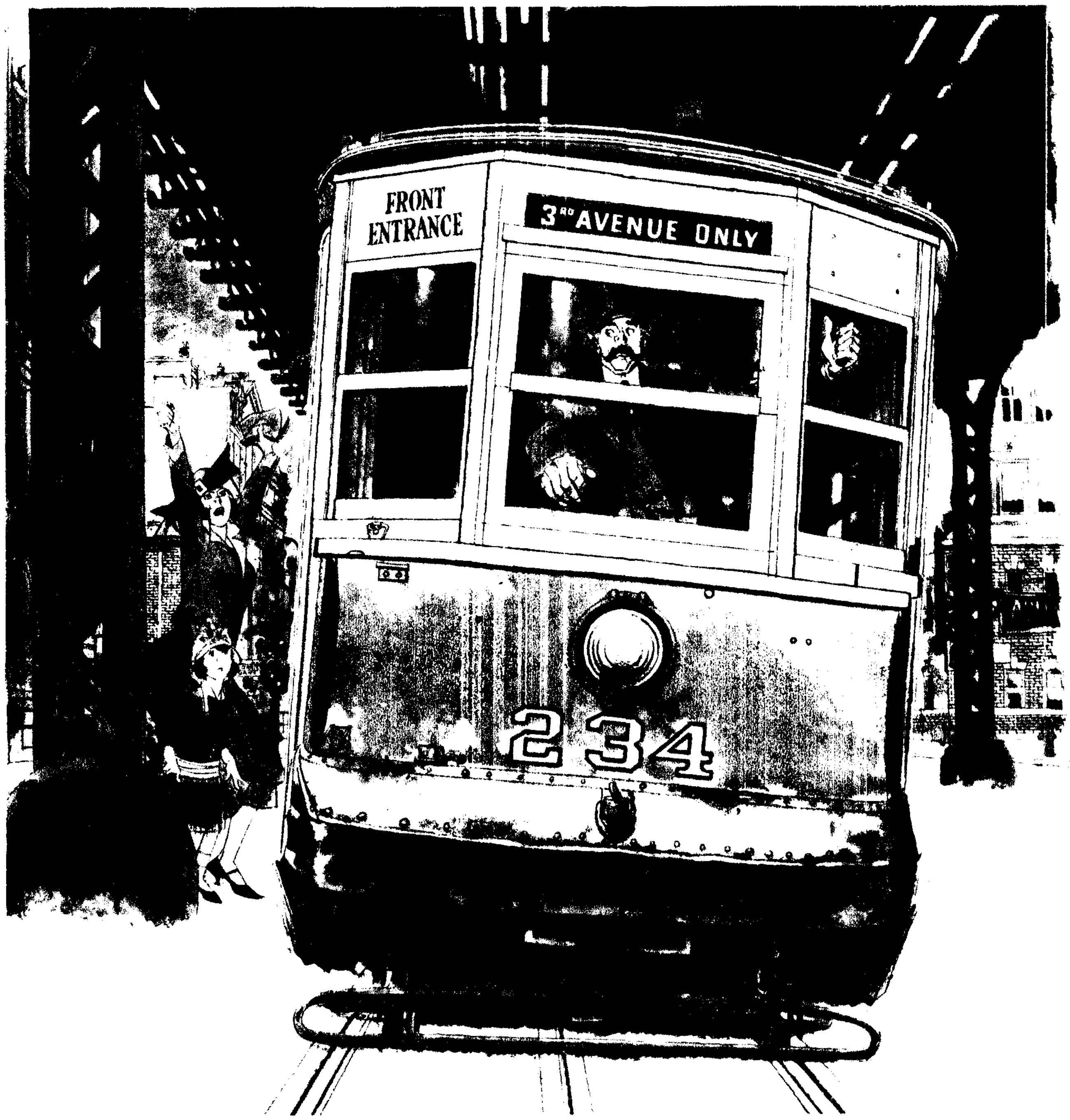




The Rayon Cord from only *one* tire is strong enough to lift this 12,000-pound truck . . . safely! Pound per pound, Rayon Tire Cord is as strong as steel.

Instant get-away . . . sudden bursts of speed . . . tire-punishing stops. If Rayon Hi-Test Tires are safe for fire trucks, you should know they're *safer* for you. Now 20% stronger than ever, Rayon is the only cord that actually gains in strength as tire heat builds up at high speeds. No wonder 9 out of 10 cars ride on Rayon. For premium safety at no premium in price, insist on RAYON HI-TEST Tires. They're standard equipment on every car manufacturer's new '56 models. American Rayon Institute, Inc., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

Be sure you ride on RAYON—world's leading tire cord



Mrs. Mull stood there holding their little daughter by the hand. When Mr. Mull went rattling past her, she screamed at him like a forsaken bride, shaking her fist

THE KISS AT CROTON FALLS

By IRWIN SHAW

An unusual and captivating story by the author of Lucy Crown . . . Mrs. Mull got great satisfaction from her marriage. She always knew precisely what her husband was up to—and it didn't matter in the slightest that she was wrong practically all of the time

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT DORNE

FREDERICK MULL was a huge rollicking man, with a russet mustache, but when they took the trolleys off Third Avenue and put him on a pension he sickened and died—he who had never missed a day of work in his life except for drunkenness or wounds incurred in the kind of arguments a man from time to time could not avoid in the company of high-spirited and honorable men. It was bad enough when they took away his conductor and made him make his own change in the front of the trolley, with all the traffic of New York charging and howling around him, but when they put the buses on and told him he'd have to learn how to drive if he wanted to stay with the company, he knew and the company knew he was finished.

All this shows how long ago it all was, when there was snow in the city every winter and the lakes froze over and all the comfortable brown buildings hadn't been torn down for brick and glass office slabs and it didn't take all day to go from the Bridge to Yorkville by surface transportation.

He had his faults. He drank whisky when he could afford it and beer when he couldn't, and they carried him home to his wife one night with a concussion, which lasted two days, that he got in a bar owned by a man named Mulloy near Fortieth Street, defending the hanging of Roger Casement. His father had fought in the Union Army, under McClellan, and he was an unswerving patriot. He was part everything, he said, because his father's family had come from the Midlands and his mother was one-eighth Indian. He had a slow, barreling baritone, and when he had drunk one or two he would sing Flow Gently, Sweet Afton and Good King Wenceslaus and Oh! Susannah. But most of all he was partial to John Brown's Body Lies a-Mould'ring in the Grave and Who Is Sylvia?

According to his wife, he also had a weakness for women.

The sole basis for this belief came from something that happened in the summer of 1921, when they were at a hotel at Croton Falls, recovering from the birth of their daughter, and Mrs. Mull looked out of her window on a moonlit night and saw her husband kissing a redheaded woman whose husband was not due to arrive until Labor Day. Mr. Mull's story was that before he knew what she was up to, the redheaded woman pinned him against a pillar after dinner, while he was quietly smoking his pipe, and threw her arms around him and kissed him, missing his mouth, in her anxiety, by a good margin. But Mrs. Mull would have none of that, and from that moment until the day he died, Mr. Mull enjoyed the reputation with his wife of being a wild, philandering ladies' man.

It was her contention that the women of the great city of New York rode on the Third Avenue trolley for the sole purpose of corrupting her husband. There was a story, it is true, that on a spring day in 1919, a widow in a veil walked forward along the aisle and slipped her address on an embossed card into his hand while she was waiting for the car to stop at Seventy-ninth Street, but there were many stories in those days about motormen and locomotive engineers and people *(Continued on page 54)*

In which is written new, useful and entertaining Whims, Scraps and Oddities.

OLD CROW ALMANAC

SPRING 1956

KING WINTER has left the scene—now the whole wide world is green.

OLD CROW WAS THERE

WASHINGTON, D. C., 1842. Former President John Quincy Adams can expect to enjoy a bit of Old Crow at Daniel Webster's dinner tonight, for Webster's home is never without it.

* * *

GEORGETOWN, KENTUCKY, 1857. Vice President Breckinridge is honored at a barbecue. Old Crow is present on this and similar occasions when noted Kentuckians gather.

* * *

HARTFORD, CONN., 1876. Author Bret Harte visits Mark Twain. What finer whiskey to celebrate Harte's completion of one of his best works than Twain's favorite, Old Crow.

WISE SAYINGS

from the pen of
ROBERT P. LETCHER
Governor of Kentucky, 1840-1844

Herewith are several items of choice advice given by former Governor Letcher to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs:

"Keep quiet—hold your tongue and never open your mouth unless it is to swallow a 'leetle' drop of the Old Crow."

* * *

"Don't make yourself a . . . fool and deal out Old Crow to fellows who don't know the difference . . ."

* * *

"If you have a rebellion in your abdominal regions Old Crow will put down the insurrection."

"The Greatest Name in Bourbon"

Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is ever to be attained without it.
Sir Joshua Reynolds

GREETINGS, LONDON STYLE

(*Jack London, that is.*)

Jack London, world-traveler, adventurer and author had one greeting that always drew the heartiest of welcomes—the words, "Old Crow!" Once, he called on neighbor Martin Eden, raised a bottle and shouted, "Skaal to the Old Crow—it's best, Martin!" The mugs were filled and two old friends were once again well met.

Enjoy the whiskey of famous men

OLD CROW

now in a milder, lower-priced 86 Proof bottling!

A whiskey that has known nothing but ever-increasing popularity for over a century must indeed be gifted with greatness. Such a whiskey is Old Crow—the finest Kentucky bourbon ever put into glass. Call for this favorite of famous men, today.

86 PROOF
OLD CROW
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

Old Crow 100 Proof Bottled in Bond Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey available as usual.

PRODUCT OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS

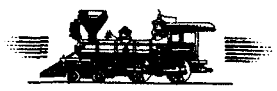
Prognostics of the Weather

(*From actual reports submitted by assorted Animal-Watchers, Sky-Lookers and Bird-Gazers.*)

ANIMALS—When swine are restless and jerk up their heads, look for high winds. When sheep spring about a good deal, anticipate a change from fair weather to foul. . . . *SKY*—When there is a piece of blue sky on a rainy morning big enough to make a Dutchman a pair of breeches, it will probably be fine in the afternoon. . . . *BIRDS*—When the blue jay comes near the house and screams, foul weather is at hand. When Old Crow rises high in the drinking glass the evening will be fair and pleasant.

POLITENESS IN RAILROAD CARS

(*Adapted from the Merchant's Almanac, 1855*)



1. If you cannot sleep, don't prevent others from doing so by whistling.

* * *

2. Never sit beside a person who is holding an ear trumpet. It may be clogged, forcing unusual exertions upon your lungs and larynx when you attempt conversation, thus also upsetting your fellow passengers.

* * *

3. Never sit in a seat, in warm weather, with a man weighing 244 pounds.

The FARMER'S ALPHABET

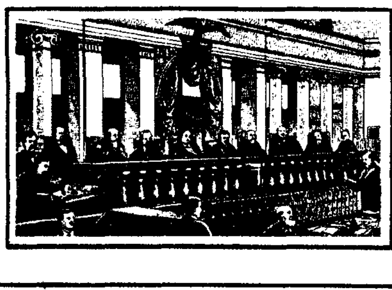
The farmer should mind his P's, keep his U's warm, hive his B's, kill off the J's, remember what he C's, pay all he O's, teach his wife not to T's and take his E's!

Snoopers, Peepers, Paul Pry's and Sam Spy's WIN $250.

Old Crow will pay you $250 for every accepted, authentic historical fact relating Old Crow to famous men of the past. Look in newspapers, books, old letters and personal diaries. Write:
Old Crow Historical Bureau, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

UNANIMOUS DECISION!

U. S. Supreme Court Ruling Favors Old Crow



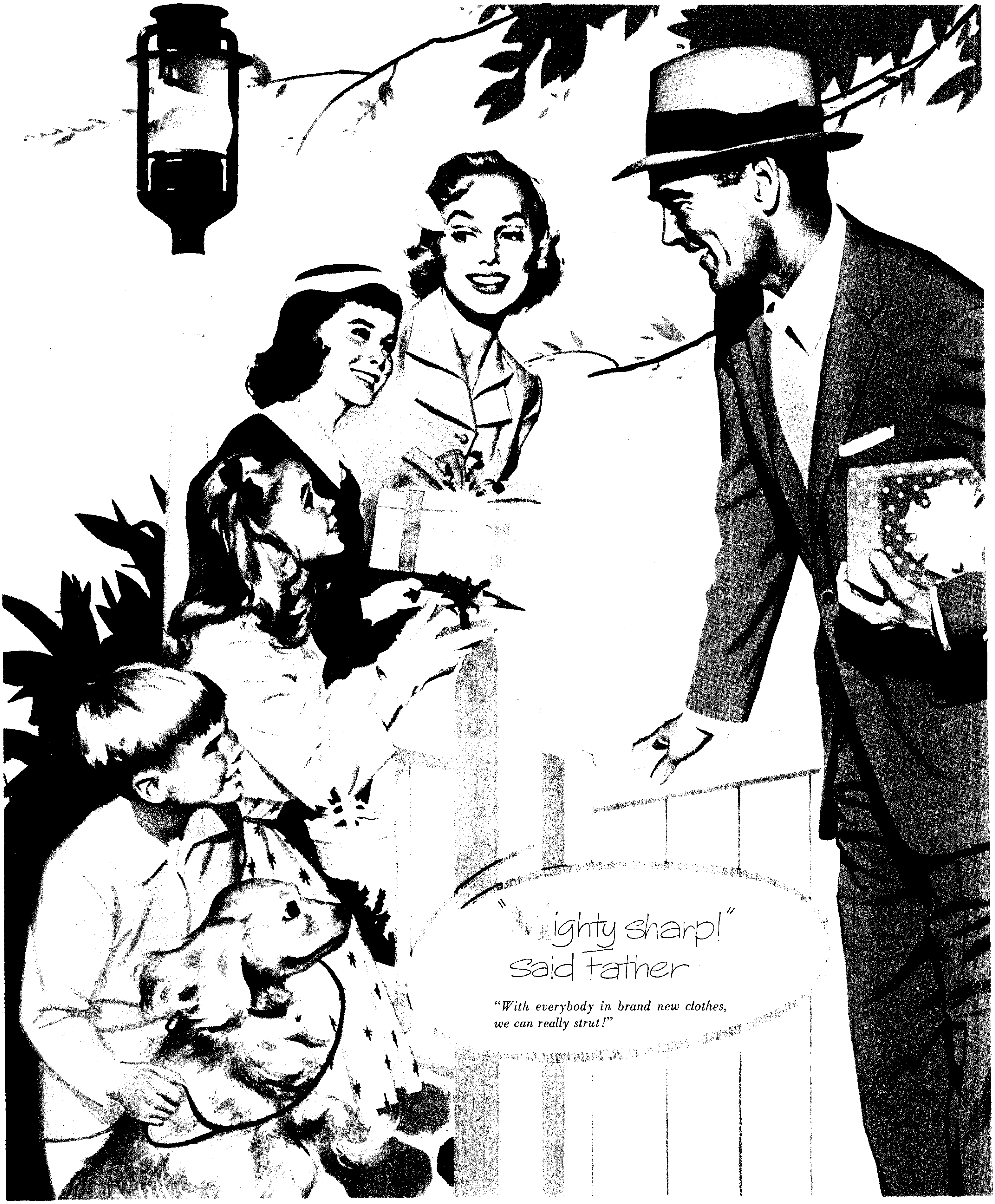
A decision of great moment was handed down by the Supreme Court of the United States on March 18, 1918. The Court ruled by unanimous decision in favor of the original Old Crow and against its hundreds of imitators. Thus was preserved the reputation of the beverage that made Kentucky whiskey world-famous.

A TOAST

Here's to the three great American birds:

May you always have an eagle in your pocket...
a turkey on your table...
and Old Crow in your glass.

THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY COMPANY, DIVISION OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY


"Mighty sharp!" said Father
"With everybody in brand new clothes, we can really strut!"

© Mutual Benefit Health & Accident Association — V. J. Skutt, *President* — Home Office: Omaha, Nebraska — Canadian Head Office: Toronto

All Dressed Up...Set to Go...

ALL WITH AN

EASY MIND

Pin a rose on father. On mother, too! For they have found out how they can spend today's income *today* . . . without worries about tomorrow's problems. *Carefree* . . . that's your frame of mind . . . once you have Easy Mind insurance.

Mutual of Omaha's new EASY MIND insurance lets you *do what you want* . . . *buy what you need* . . . *now*, during these precious years that cannot be repeated. Easy Mind insurance does this by protecting you against many of the costly health emergencies that lie ahead . . . sickness, accidents, hospitalization, surgery, or resulting loss of earning power. You can't escape emergencies . . . but you *can* count on your EASY MIND insurance to help foot the bills.

This new Easy Mind insurance goes far beyond ordinary health insurance. It can mean a whole new way of life for your family. To find out how it works, how much it can mean . . . phone your local Mutual of Omaha agent. He's listed in the yellow pages of your telephone book. Or use the coupon below. You'll *live better* once you have EASY MIND insurance for your family.

YOUR HEALTH IS YOUR WEALTH . . . Insure it with Mutual of Omaha, the company that pioneered Income Protection insurance with LIFETIME BENEFITS. These plans pay regular cash benefits . . . not just for one or two years . . . but for as long as you are totally disabled by covered accident or confining sickness, no matter how long, EVEN FOR LIFE!

The Largest Company in the World Specializing in Health and Accident Insurance

Mutual OF OMAHA

LICENSED IN ALL 48 STATES, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, CANADA, ALASKA, HAWAII, PUERTO RICO, VIRGIN ISLANDS, CANAL ZONE.

MAIL TODAY

Mutual of Omaha
Dept. B556
Omaha, Nebraska

I'd like to know how your Easy Mind insurance can let me enjoy life more, and how it can be owned on an easy monthly premium plan. This request does not obligate me in any way.

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City________________State__________

ickness and Accident Income Protection Insurance . . . Hospital Insurance . . . Surgical Insurance

Chuck Stevenson
Ace driver of NASCAR (National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing) says:

"Here's the oil filter we 'pro' drivers use!

—Purolator is best for every make of car!"

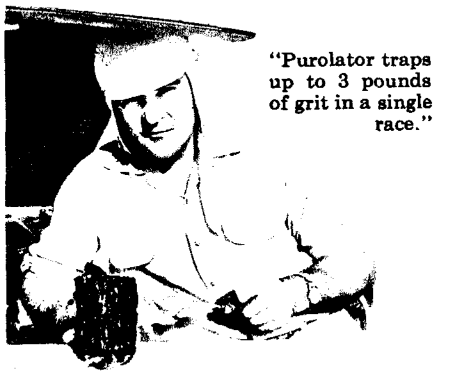
Protect your car like the "pro's" do! Driving cars just like yours, 9 out of 10 NASCAR drivers choose Purolator oil filters . . . find they trap up to *3 pounds* of grit in every race!

Purolator Micronic filters stop dirt fine as 39 millionths of an inch . . . have up to 10 times greater capacity than many other oil filters.

Ask your serviceman to put in a Purolator refill every 4000 miles—when he changes your oil. Takes only minutes. From $1.60.

©1956, Purolator Products, Inc., Rahway, N. J.; Toronto, Canada.

"Purolator" and "Micronic," Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"Purolator traps up to 3 pounds of grit in a single race."

Proved best for every make of car

PurOlator
OIL FILTERS

(*Continued from page* 50) like that, not all of them worthy of belief. . . .

To forestall any other widows or soft-eyed virgins or dissatisfied wives with similar cunning tricks, his wife took to waiting along the route at odd and unsuspected hours for his trolley to appear. Once or twice he saw her in time, standing there next to the elevated pillar holding their little dark-haired daughter, Clarice, by the hand and he merely passed her by. She would scream like a forsaken bride, shaking her fist after the trolley car rattling down the tracks toward the Bowery, with the taxi drivers stopping their cabs to gawp at her in wonder, but naturally she couldn't denounce him to the company. So she descended to guile and picked corners where there'd be sure to be at least eight or ten other passengers waiting that, for his job's sake, he couldn't dare sail by. Even years after she had given up the practice, he'd tighten visibly when he approached Twenty-third Street or Thirty-fourth Street or the back entrance of Bloomingdale's.

When she climbed into the car, she'd nod icily to Mr. Byrnes, who was her husband's conductor the best part of the time, pay her nickel, march up the aisle toward the head of the car, glaring at any other woman who happened to be sitting there. She'd never say a word to her husband. She'd just sit there boring holes in the back of his head with her eyes, until he couldn't stand it any more and he'd draw the leather curtain they had around the motorman's position to keep the reflection of the lights within the car from confusing him on the night run.

The night shifts were of course the worst. She'd sit up for him in the dark cold kitchen with a blanket wrapped around her, like a fisherman's wife during a storm waiting for the lighthouse keeper to come knocking on the door with the bad news. And when he did come home she'd pretend to be making coffee and getting out the biscuits but all the time she was sniffing him for perfume like a hound on new tracks, and her eyes would be going over him for lipstick and signs of disarray like a pirate over a bloodstained map.

He was a good-natured man and he made no complaint. He'd been married only that once and he supposed that was what the institution was like.

HE WAS content enough. He had his whisky on and off the route and he played with Clarice and taught her Who Is Sylvia? He endured the reproaches of his wife as he endured the weather and traffic policemen, and in the end he took it as a sign of love, which indeed it was, and he would have been lonely and lost without it. Everything considered, they lived together for nearly thirty years in what would certainly pass in these days as happiness.

He lived to see his only daughter married to a good man by the name of Smalley, who had a dependable job as an insurance adjuster, and at the wedding he said to the groom, "Ah, man, at least in your trade they'll never tear the tracks out from under you."

Mr. Smalley was of a different breed from Mr. Mull, which was only to be expected, since Mrs. Mull had spent a good part of her life warning her daughter not to marry a man like her father. Mr. Mull had heard many of these warnings in his time, and while he had not actively set the seal of his approval upon them, he had been seen to nod in quiet agreement with his wife's directives. He admired her intelligence vastly.

The only pleasure Mr. Smalley took outside his home was prevailing upon people who had broken their legs in industrial accidents or who had lost their goods by fire to settle for less than they had originally asked from the company. He had never seen inside a saloon and he looked at his shoe tops when he passed women in the street. Mr. Smalley was a good provider, and while he did not seem capable of presenting his wife with an heir, he insisted upon her having a maid come in three afternoons a week.

When Mr. Mull died, Mrs. Mull mourned him truly, keeping his photograph on the mantelpiece, and saying to visitors over a cup of tea, "Ah, nobody knows the life that man led me."

She dreamed about him constantly through the years, conversing with him in her sleep in wifely tones and walking over the next morning to her daughter's home to tell her about it. "Your father visited me again last night," Mrs. Mull would say, "and we had a nice long talk about the time we went up the river to Newburgh and the picnic steamer almost capsized in the rain." Or, "We had a serious talk last night and he promised to drink only beer until the Sunday after Easter."

And sometimes Mrs. Mull would hurry over with her eyes shining, to say, "He was in very good spirits last night, not affected by drink or anything like that, you understand, but jolly, and he sang Flow Gently, Sweet Afton and four verses of They're Hangin' Danny Deever in the Mornin'."

Clarice took the reports of these conversations calmly. She had loved her father and thought him by far the most interesting man she had ever known, and it seemed to her entirely natural that his memory died hard. And her mother was a lonely old woman, living in one room with very little to occupy her after an exhilarating lifetime of nagging an obstreperous and lovable man, and Clarice felt that these matter-of-fact nocturnal visits from the grave lightened her mother's solitude and gave point to her days.

BUT one morning the whole atmosphere changed. Her mother appeared early, white-lipped and angry. "He came again last night," she said, almost as soon as she walked through the doorway of Clarice's apartment.

"Did you have a nice visit?" Clarice asked, according to her usual formula.

"We did not," Mrs. Mull said. "We had a mortifying evening."

"Oh, Mother," Clarice said, "is that nice?"

"I would like to see what you would have done," said Mrs. Mull, "in my place."

"You must be careful not to hurt him," Clarice said soothingly. "Remember, he's an old man."

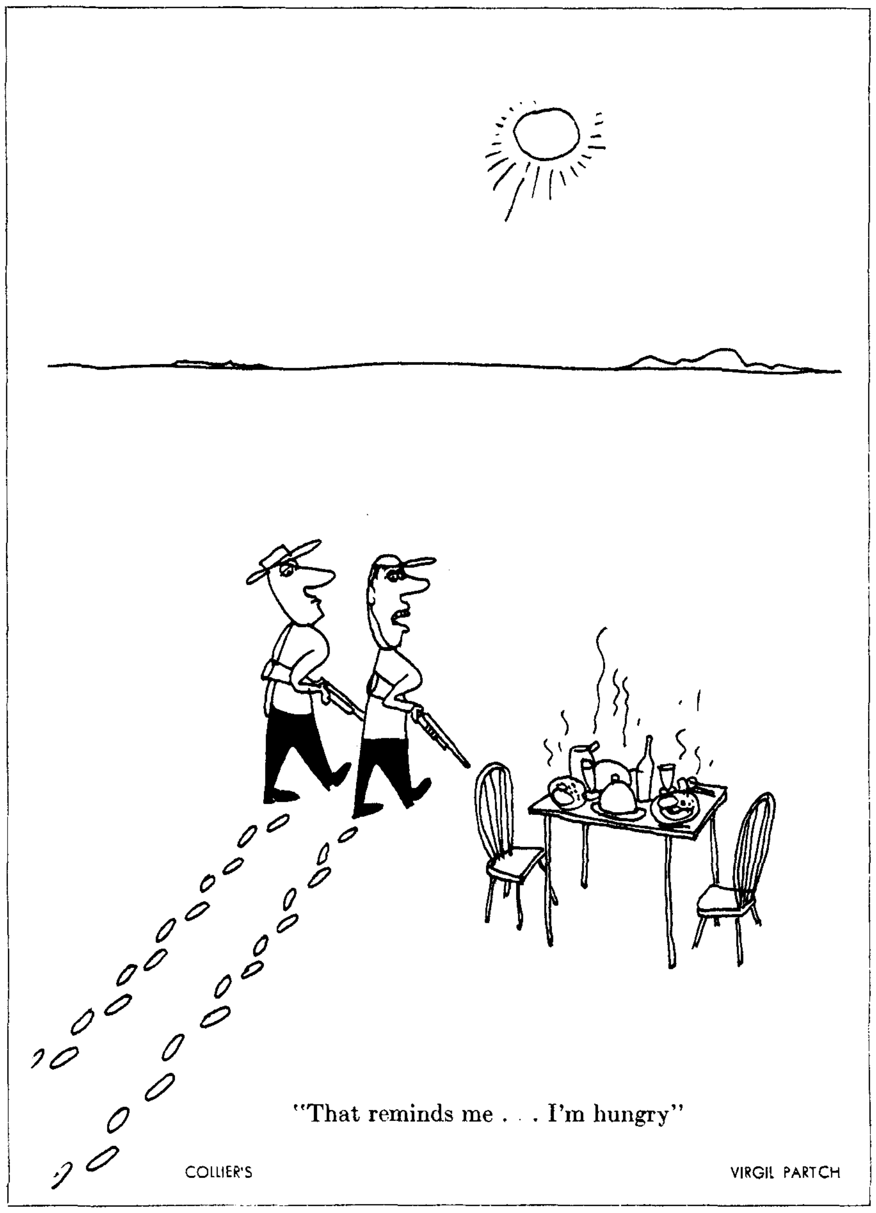
"Hurt him!" Mrs. Mull snorted. "Try and hurt that man. He has the hide of an elephant."

"What happened?" Clarice asked.

"The bell rang," said Mrs. Mull, "and there he was, standing there, with that smirk on his face he always has when he knows he's doing something that will annoy me."

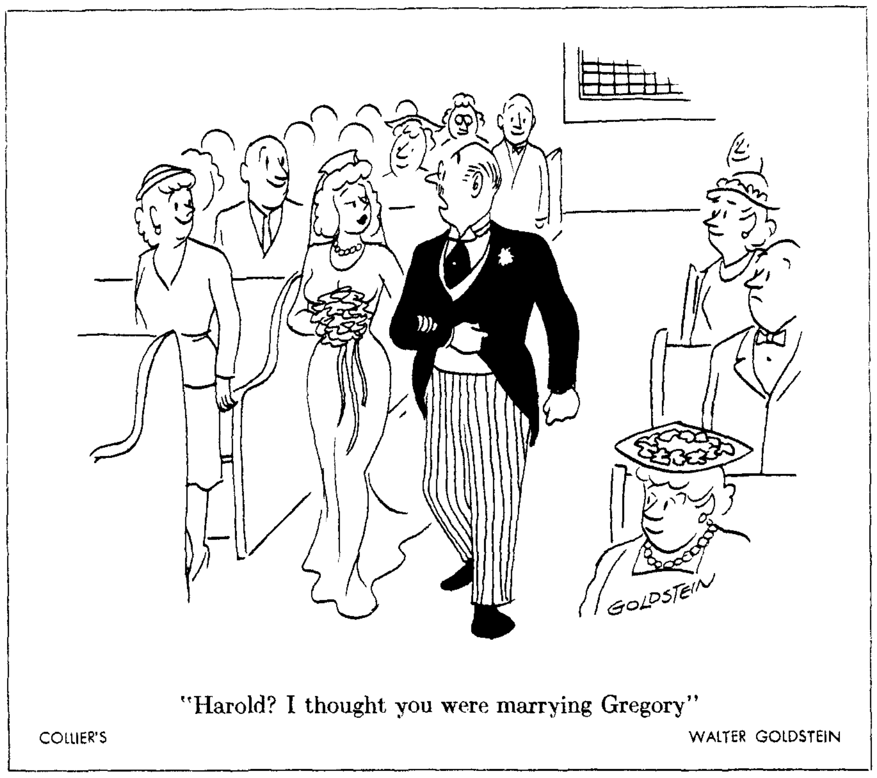
"Now, Mother," Clarice began, "you mustn't read into things . . ."

"Read into things!" Mrs. Mull said. "Wait until you hear the story and



"That reminds me . . . I'm hungry"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH



"Harold? I thought you were marrying Gregory"

COLLIER'S WALTER GOLDSTEIN

then say read into things. Do you know what that man had the cold, icy courage to do last night?"

She paused and Clarice dutifully said, "What?"

"Finally," Mrs. Mull said, "he overstepped the bounds. I'm a tolerant woman and I've learned to take the bad with the good, but even saints have their limits. And when I saw them standing there outside the door last night, I knew . . ."

"What?" Clarice asked, puzzled. "What do you mean, 'them'?"

MRS. MULL said tightly, "What I mean, exactly, is *them*. Your father and that redheaded woman in a crepe de Chine dress so tight you'd wonder how she could breathe the air or digest her food, and the child."

"What child?" Clarice asked faintly.

"A big, lumpish boy," said Mrs. Mull, "growing out of his clothes, with the same smirk on his face. Put a mustache on him and he could go down to the carbarn any day of the week and take out a car and run the full length of Third Avenue and nobody would know the difference."

"Now, Mother," Clarice said. She had heard, of course, of the redheaded woman on the porch at Croton Falls in the summer of 1921, but this was the first intimation of issue. "I never heard of any child."

"Neither did I," Mrs. Mull said, "until last night. Oh, he was the most deceptive man who ever walked the streets of the city. But last night he tore away the veil. Standing there, as cool as you please, with that woman's hand on his arm and that unmistakable child, saying, 'Bertha, I've brought some friends. Are there any refreshments in the house?' "

"And what did you do then?" Clarice asked, humoring her mother, but curious, also.

"Oh, I was polite," Mrs. Mull said. "I never held with making scenes before strangers, and your father knows that and depends upon it. I gave her a cold bow and I took the boy's cap and I ushered them in with all civility and I made them tea and set out half a loaf of crumb cake that I had in the cupboard. I sat there, putting in a yes or no from time to time while that woman talked about Croton Falls and how she found the summer weather a little sticky and how she suspected they used margarine in the kitchen for cooking, although they swore they used butter.

"I'll tell the truth, I didn't go out of my way to make them comfortable, and they cut their visit mercifully short. I took the opportunity of getting your father off to one side for a moment and I told him, in no uncertain terms, that that was the last I wanted to see of that woman and their child of sin. I said, clear and definite, so there would be no misunderstanding in the future, that if he expected to see me again, he would have to make his visits alone."

"What did Father say to that?"

"He didn't say anything," Mrs. Mull said. "Before he could open his mouth, she came into the hall and put her hand on his arm and said, 'Frederick, it's getting late, we're expected downtown,' and off they went together, after kindly thanking me for the tea, all unholy shameless three of them."

Clarice was a sensible girl and she said the right thing to restore order and harmony. "I don't think you have anything more to worry about now," she told her mother. "I'm sure he'll take the hint."

"He'd better," Mrs. Mull said fiercely, "or he'll find the door locked in his face." . . .

For the next week or so, Mrs. Mull reported, all went well. Mr. Mull visited her three times, rather quiet and absent-minded, but alone. She herself had decided to be tolerant and keep her counsel to herself and she had tactfully not mentioned the red-headed woman and the unmistakable boy.

But then the devil came up in him, again, and on a Saturday night he rang the bell and there he was with the smirk on his lips and the redheaded woman on his arm with every wrinkle of her corset showing as clear as light through her skintight dress, and of course that lump of a boy, with his father's Saturday-night expression built into his face.

"He stood there in the hallway," Mrs. Mull told Clarice on the following Monday morning, "grinning and enjoying his guilt, saying, 'We were just passing by and we thought maybe you'd like a little company!' "

Mrs. Mull had had to wait until Monday to tell Clarice, because Clarice had been in Providence for the weekend, visiting the family of Mr. Smalley. The enforced delay had enabled Mrs. Mull to arrange the details eloquently in her mind, and she started her story even before she took off her hat in Clarice's living room.

"I took one look at him," Mrs. Mull said, "and I let my eyes pass significantly over that woman and her criminal son and it wasn't wasted on your father, you can be assured of that. But he brazened it out. 'Aren't you going to invite us in for a minute, Bertha?' he says, standing there between the two of them, like a prize bull at a fair. 'I warned you, Frederick,' I told him, polite but final. 'Now go away and never come up these stairs again.'

" 'Now, Bertha,' he began, in that wheedling, sugary tone he knows how to put on. But I cut him off quick.

" 'I told you to go away,' I said. 'I wash my hands of you. I have stood enough. Don't waste your time trying,' I said. 'This door is locked.' And I closed it in his face, not slamming it, because I wouldn't give that woman the pleasure of knowing I was angry, but sharp and definite. I heard regretful whispering on the other side for a minute or two, and then they shuffled off and I went to bed.

"He came back an hour later and he rang the bell and he called through the door, 'I'm alone now, Bertha, let me in,' but I made not a move and I said not a word. He rang the bell all the night long and whimpered outside the door, but my decision was made and I didn't let him know, even by a whisper, that I so much as heard a sound. And in the end, with the sun coming up, he gave a last, despairing ring, and he called, 'I'm going, Bertha, it's good-by forever,' and even though my heart fell down inside me like a weight, I didn't answer him, because it's about time he was taught a lesson.

"And that," Mrs. Mull said, "is the end of your father."

Clarice started to tell her mother that she ought to give him one more chance, but she gave up when she saw the set of Mrs. Mull's jaw. She made her mother a cup of tea and tried to calm her as best she could and watched her put on her hat, squarely on her head, like a soldier putting on his helmet before a battle, and descend the stairs, implacable and alone.

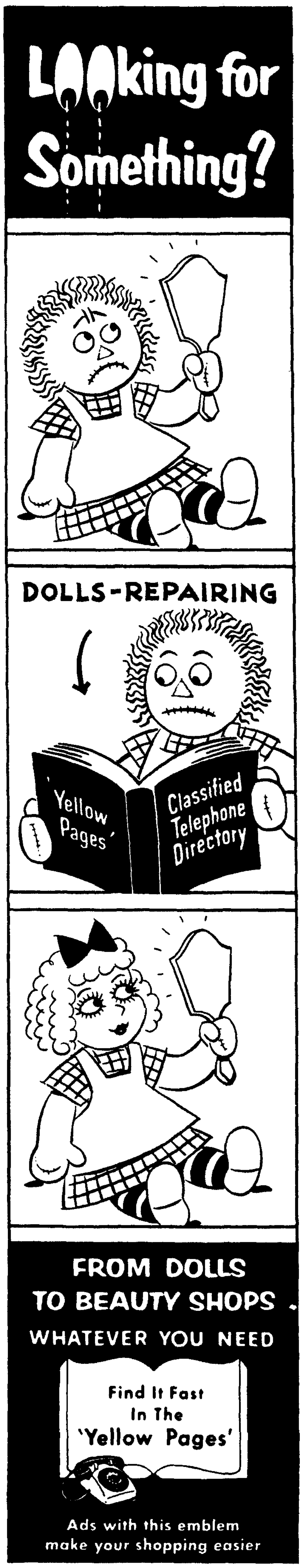
CLARICE thought all day about her mother and about how the love she bore her husband could burn so fiercely for forty years that she could find the strength to turn him away from her door, even though he had been dead so long, because of a kiss on a porch in Croton Falls in 1921. And when Mr. Smalley came home that night, Clarice looked at him coldly and knew, as he took off his shoes and sat down mildly and faithfully in an easy chair, putting on his glasses to read the evening newspaper, that he never could inspire such passion in any woman, and that ten days after he had been lowered into his grave she would not be able to remember even his most obnoxious mannerism.

"Ah," he said wearily, settling into his chair, "I've been busy today."

Clarice looked at him for a long, bitter moment. "Doing what?" she asked, "cheating the poor and doing sad souls that have been destroyed by fire out of their rightful damages?"

"Clarice . . ." Mr. Smalley said, looking up from his newspaper, frightened and surprised, and understanding, mournfully, that something had gone suddenly and permanently wrong.

—IRWIN SHAW



LOOking for Something?

DOLLS-REPAIRING

'Yellow Pages'

Classified Telephone Directory

FROM DOLLS TO BEAUTY SHOPS . WHATEVER YOU NEED

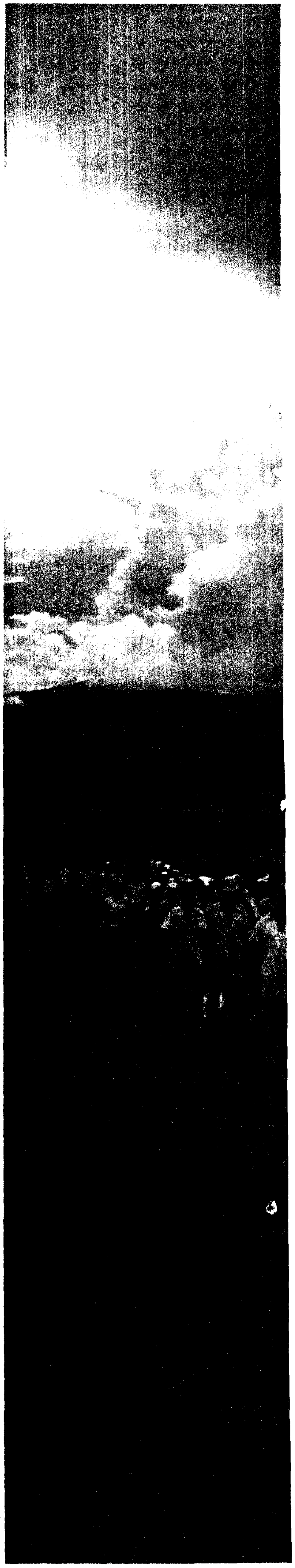
Find It Fast
In The
'Yellow Pages'

Ads with this emblem make your shopping easier

By **BRUNO SHAW**

Rehabilitation is the keynote at this unique tropical penal colony. There are no armed guards, no walls, no cells—and the colonists can live with their families

PRISON WITHOUT BARS



Manila

ON THE ISLAND OF PALAWAN, 300 miles southwest of the Philippines capital of Manila, some 3,500 men guilty of murder, attempted murder and other various crimes live peaceably and productively in a settlement which has neither walls, fences, cells nor armed guards.

Escapes from the Iwahig Penal Colony are not unknown. Eighteen or twenty men try each year. Most are caught, for there is a steel hand of security inside the velvet glove of freedom. But by and large the colonists grin whenever a Manila paper headlines: "Iwahig Prisoner Breaks Out." That is erroneous on two counts, they say: they are never spoken of as prisoners, and there is nothing for them to break out from.

Iwahig, founded 52 years ago simply as a place of exile, and now a notable example of a penal institution where rehabilitation is deemed more important than vengeance, owes its present philosophy in part to an American idea. In the social reconstruction following U.S. occupation of the Philippines, Americans and Filipinos studied the setup of the George Junior Republic, which had only recently been formed in New York State as a self-governing community for boys and girls from city slums. They concluded that certain convicts, too, could profit from a measure of self-government. "Iwahig," says Philippines Director of Prisons Alfredo M. Bunye, "is living proof of man's faith in the goodness of his fellow men."

A visit to the colony reinforces the impression that this is a most unusual place of confinement. Palawan is a long, narrow island, lush and fertile, set down in calm blue waters between the South China and the Sulu Seas. In shape it resembles a rolled-up umbrella, which is what its name means in Tagalog, the national language. Iwahig itself covers 100,000 acres. At its main entrance are only two unarmed guards and a telephone connected with colony headquarters. A few feet from the gateposts you could walk in—or out—wholly unobserved; there are no moats or obstructions of any kind. Inside, the colony's inmates have equal freedom of movement. On the plaza right outside the home of the superintendent, Major Pascual N. Andres, I saw convicts strolling casually, and children—the inmates' families live with them—scampering about.

Iwahig is made up of three subcolonies. Each has its own post exchange, recreation hall with bowling alleys and billiard table, and an athletic field with volleyball nets, basketball courts and softball diamonds. Single men live in dormitories; married men live with their families in their own small homes in barrios, or villages. The houses, with bamboo walls, nipa roofs and highly polished hardwood floors, each contain two small bedrooms, sitting room, kitchen and bathroom. Outside, in front, is a well-tended lawn, at the rear a vegetable garden and chickens.

The colonists work without guards. With each group there is only a *capataz*, or petty officer—himself a colonist—who has earned his position as foreman by his good conduct and skill; he has the right to assign and supervise tasks but no authority to discipline or punish. Only one man in each subcolony carries a holstered pistol on his belt—the officer of the day.

All Filipinos convicted of federal crimes must spend at least a fifth of their maximum sentence in New Bilibid Prison near Manila. Those eventually transferred to Iwahig are the men who, after careful medical, psychiatric and psychological screening, are adjudged "minimum risks." Even so, Iwahig's colonists are far from pantywaists. During the week I spent there, I chose a random cross section of case histories. They included Domingo Mayrena, who hacked his wife to death with a bolo because he "could not bear the way she nagged and insulted him in the presence of many people"; Ildefonso Hautea, who raped a ten-year-old; José Causi, a policeman who wantonly killed a civilian; Numeriano Palma, who set fire to a sugar-cane plantation; and Paulino Agaton, guilty of armed robbery.

Iwahig's highest-ranking inmate is Chief Petty Officer Anastacio Imson, former operator of a Baguio gambling house, who shot and killed the mayor of the city and his bodyguard because of the mayor's refusal to drop a gambling charge against him. I asked Imson whether he was sorry. "No," he replied, "that man had hounded me and threatened me for a long time for political reasons."

I turned to Director Bunye and Superintendent Andres and asked: "What do you do when a colonist does not express repentance for having killed a man?" As Andres nodded agreement, Bunye told me: "We don't expect men to be hypocrites. This is an honest man. We don't want to change him into anything else."

IWAHIG IS PRIMARILY an agricultural community. Driving over its 26-mile road, I saw rice farms and paddies, pineapple plantations and cornfields. The colonist may work there or on plantations which grow coconuts, bananas, sugar cane and coffee. He may instead choose animal husbandry, forestry, logging, fresh-water fish breeding or deep-sea fishing; or he may build houses, maintain and service the colony's motor vehicles, or work at one of a dozen other occupations which he will be able to put to use for himself when he has served out his time.

All of Iwahig's 3,529 inmates work on the *pakiao*, or piecework system. Actually they can finish their day's task in one to three hours less than the time allowed. This gives the industriously inclined that much more time to gather firewood for sale, work their own gardens, raise chickens or make mats and novelties which they sell to the post exchange.

They are paid from five to 30 centavos a day, depending not on the value of what they produce but solely on their skill and behavior. Further benefits accrue from good conduct in the form of time allowances. For their first two years, they may earn five days' commutation a month. This is gradually scaled upward until after the tenth year it rises to 15 days a month.

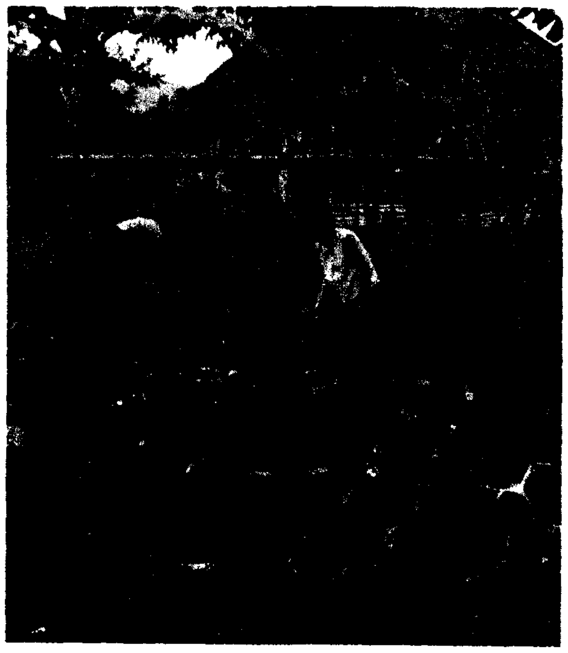
For those who decide to stay at Palawan rather than start a new life elsewhere, Philippines President Ramón Magsaysay has founded Tagumpay on part of the colony's land. In this area, divided into 13 acres for each settler, the administration builds the freed colonist a starter home and furnishes him with work animals, livestock, seed, fertilizer and tools. The home is free; payment for the rest is made in the form of shares from crops and newborn stock.

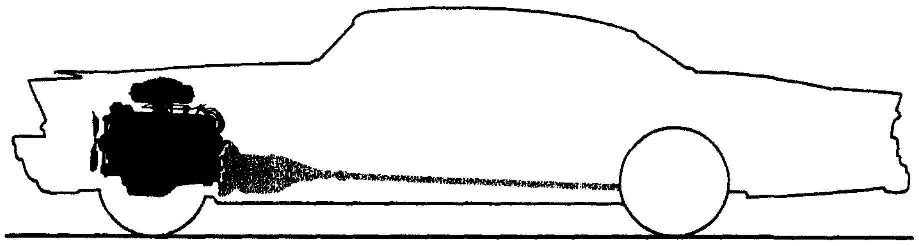
What makes Iwahig work? This question recurred to me many times as I talked to the men in the fields, the mills, the fish ponds dug by hand, the fruit groves; as I sat in on their adult-education classes, where many learn to read and write for the first time; as I inspected the bachelors' dormitories and the neat homes of the married couples. Watching them go about, it was plain that escape would be an easy matter.

Certain physical constraints do, of course, exist: they are subjected to nightly bed checks, and the colonists live on an island from which one can leave only by boat—and a vessel that will travel a few hundred miles to the nearest island is hard to come by. But other reasons for Iwahig's success seemed to me more fundamental. The colonist has had a chance to compare life in New Bilibid and Iwahig. Even more important, the new sense of personal and group responsibility he acquires usually effects a basic change in his social attitude. That is why most of them, when I asked why they don't go over the hill, told me: "A man would have to be crazy to want to."

Left: A work party returns from fields at Philippines' Iwahig Penal Colony. No guards accompany the inmates, only a capataz, *or trusty. Above: Colonists make fish traps. Note camp building in background. Top right: A petty officer plays billiards with men. Bottom right: Wife and son of colonist tend garden behind their home*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY H. A. FIGUERAS





PROTECT

the **lifeline** of your car with...

TEXACO
TEXAMATIC
FLUID
AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION FLUID · TYPE A
TEXACO
THE TEXAS COMPANY
REG. T. M.
MADE IN U.S.A.

Best for automatic transmissions!

Of all automatic transmission fluids, Texaco Texamatic has been the one most widely used by manufacturers of automatic transmissions. And your Texaco Dealer has been specially trained to give your car expert transmission service. He can check the fluid level in just minutes . . . add a quart if needed . . . or drain and refill it at the specified mileage. Get skilled transmission service—and performance-proved Texamatic Fluid—from your Texaco Dealer. He's *the best friend your car has ever had!*

TEXACO DEALERS
IN ALL 48 STATES

TEXACO

THE TEXAS COMPANY

Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and in Latin America

TUNE IN: TEXACO STAR THEATER starring JIMMY DURANTE, on TV Saturday nights, NBC.

You Can Go Home Again

Continued from page 39

morning at the Minneapolis station, full of college football players in sport jackets, looking weary and stiff in the early light.

* * *

It is something not lightly undertaken, a return from middle age to the mystic scenes of your childhood; it is an anxious pilgrimage for anyone, but harder, I think, for those of us whose memories were cradled in North Dakota. Men lived so close to God's will in those prairie places and in those days that we remember, we very many who went away. It was a trial of the human spirit just to live there, and a triumph of faith and fortitude for those who stayed on through the terrible blasting of the summer winds, the merciless suns, through the frozen darkness of the winters when the deathly mourn of the coyote seemed at times the only signal of life.

The memories of a Dakota child are laced with these black threads and for some the binding is too tight, too painful ever to be unstitched. One of my family says, "I can never go back. I cannot go a mile west of the Red River any more. I glimpse those prairies and I get sick."

All this I know and have always known. I remember sickness and inward weeping in my father's Model T as it jolted along the rutted prairie roads that led nowhere save to another dusty farm under another clump of dying cottonwoods. In stark clarity I remember running away from home at the age of four, crossing the Soo Line tracks, trudging up South Hill and then, suddenly confronting the sky and the plains; I was lost, alone, in the eternity of nothingness. I remember studying the picture books of the seaside places, the mountains and the crowded cities. Somewhere, they existed. I remember tracing the meaningless rectangle of Dakota in schoolbook maps and thinking: Why are we here on the cold, flat top of our country? What am I doing here?

But a child's heart is not made for desolation; it is made for warmth and love, and these it will always find, however hidden in the most barren places. These 30 years my memories have been also laced with many golden threads. I do not know if the psychologists are right, that we tend to remember the sweet and to forget the harsh, but for me in these 30 years the golden threads have outlasted the black. They are composed of many things—shade and the cool grass of our yard, pleasant faces that never die, the creak of saddles and the smell of horses, the nectar of cactus berries and the stain of plums, the secret, devilish gang-thrill on Halloween, the cold, dripping joy of the ice wagon in the hot summer street, the leafy path to the swimming hole, the mad joy of the circus parade down Main Street, the heady drug of printer's ink in the Journal shop, the girl of silver and blue, the stately gravity of the Chautauqua lecturer who made me feel so wise and grave on the walk home with Father. What man does not remember and cherish such things? We are all alike, we graying American men who were boys in the small towns of our country. We have a kind of inverted snobbery of recollection and we are sometimes bores about it, but that's the way it is.

For me, the river was the source and the key. A true river ran around the edges of our town of Velva. (We laughed at the river's name—the Mouse—but we liked the name of the town. A pleasant word, though what it means we have no idea. Old Oscar Anderson, retired jeweler and keeper of the weather, says that there is no other such place name in all the world, save a small river in northeastern Siberia.) It was the river and the trees that made our town an oasis in the dun-colored desert that surrounded all.

The river. Perhaps I have learned something about its meaning for me. Three or four years ago in a dozing and inward mood I found my feelings—not thoughts, but feelings—slipping slowly down the staircase of my emotional existence. They went down and down, without effort, past my earliest room, past Mother and the first visual recollections, and they stopped at the river. I am a rational man and I do not much believe in "mystic experiences." I asked a psychiatrist if he could explain this. Was this the escapist desire to "return to the womb"? Was it just that the shady and delicious river was an early solace and refuge for a sometimes lonely child? "Not exactly," he said. "But you had a true experience not many have. It is what we call the 'oceanic feeling.' All we know is that human life—all life—traces back to the water. I won't laugh at your saying you felt as if you had touched your origin. We don't know enough about it, but maybe you did."

* * *

I traveled back to the little town on an Indian-summer day—out of curiosity, I suppose, more than anything else. Just to see it again, wondering about the effect of the visit on me, how they would receive me and how life had altered there in these 30 years.

There is still only one train a day from Minot to Velva, so I hired a Studebaker and found U.S. 52 by instinct, at once. I drove down this valley road, unable to see the river on the left for the iron grating of leafless scrub oak that screened it. My first discovery was that the great hills which had so protected and imprisoned my childhood were not hills at all but only a sloping escarpment, rising from the river. They were not rugged and majestic: they were low and rolling and dimpled, a pleasant windbreak, nothing more. I laughed out loud before I quite realized what I was laughing at. My nightmare had just been abolished. I had it often as a child, and it had come back once in a great while up to a few years ago It was always the same immense, fat, tan-colored clouds were rolling remorselessly over me, strangling and crushing, and I always woke out of this dream sick and sweating. It was the hills, nothing more; I knew it, for the first time and for certain.

A sign said, KREBSBACH FARM EQUIPMENT, MINOT-VELVA, and I began to breathe a little harder. I found myself slowing the car. A pickup truck passed, carrying a heavy-headed bull, then a trailer with a Wisconsin plate. Another sign said, HEDSTRAND'S MARKET, where watermelons were piled on a roadside platform. I had forgotten that watermelons were spherical, and for an instant I could feel the slippery weight of them when we had "hooked" them by night from Doc Ritchie's garden and cached them in the willows by the coulee. The telephone wires faithfully followed the wind of the road, slim mourning doves perched upon them as always. At slow speed it was awkward to keep the rhythm of the Burma Shave sign, something about "Old MacDonald needed charm . . . Hello, Hollywood . . . Good-by, farm." A car passed with a big screen protecting the radiator grille. The newest cars were coated with dust. I had forgotten about the dust and the hot-weather bugs. But the road was hard-topped, not gravel any more.

ANOTHER SIGN said, VELVA 5 MILES, and my hands were sweaty on the wheel. A small uproar began in the back of my mind: "Don't do it, don't do it. Let it stay as it was. You'll expose the negative, destroy a wonderful film of memories. Get the hell out of here before it's too late." The front of my mind said, "It's all right. I'll just slip in a side road and drive around a little for a look. If it's too tough, I can slip out again, and call up Bill and say I'm sick or called back East at once."

But there wasn't any side road in. There never was. You have to keep going. The valley opened out a little and there were the red, high-shouldered grain elevators; there was the little yellow depot, just the way it was. South Hill was wrong, somehow. Where was the water tank and what was that radio antenna doing, sticking up there? The road turned in, under a trestle that didn't belong there, and Main Street was right in front of me. All of it, the whole two blocks of it, absolutely, fantastically the same. J. C. Penney—that was the Muus Bros. General Store. Barbershop—right where it was, downstairs. Ahead was Father's sandstone bank, standing stark and solid.

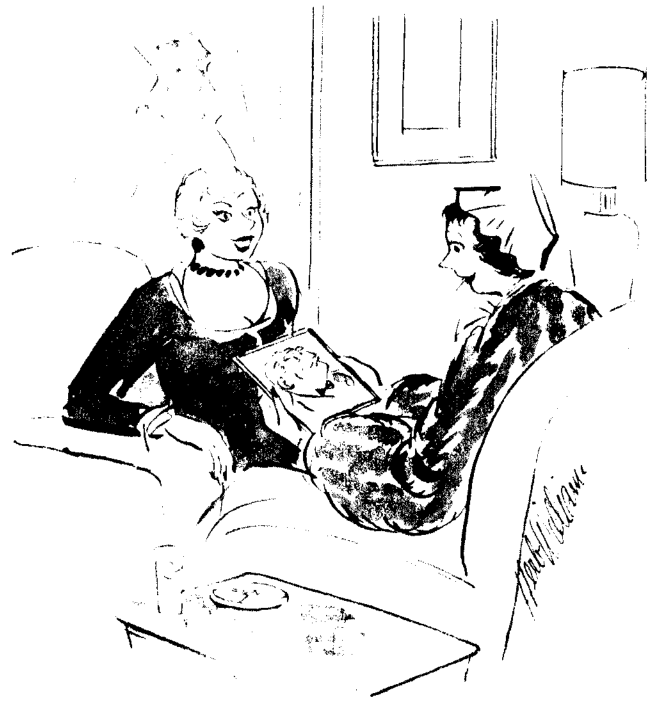
I never had a chance. The man leaning on the red-brick office front was Bill Francis. I hadn't seen him in 25 years, yet I'd know that rosy, smiling face anywhere, any time. He stepped off the curb, put his head in the car and said, "Daggone, Bud, you haven't changed. Drive on down and stop by the lumberyard. I'll catch up. Aunt Jessey's got dinner—lunch waiting."

I braked by the Soo Lumber Yard, glanced about, and the swarm started, a jumble of unrelated things. The long, high boarding of the lumberyard was still a faded gray, shelter from the north wind in winter on the way home, sun reflector in summer to be quickly passed . . . the Velva Journal didn't belong there in that white frame shack, that should be F.X.A. Perrin's Harness Shop . . . the Methodist church and that little house beside it, that was where freckled Wes had lived, the comrade of my hopes and dreams . . . there had been a weedy open lot for short cuts there where those two modern brick buildings stood, the new city hall and the medical clinic.

The streets were narrower; the houses were smaller. I could see the whole pattern of the squares. I had never noticed that as a child; then, each corner, each back yard was its own complete world, unrelated to all the rest.

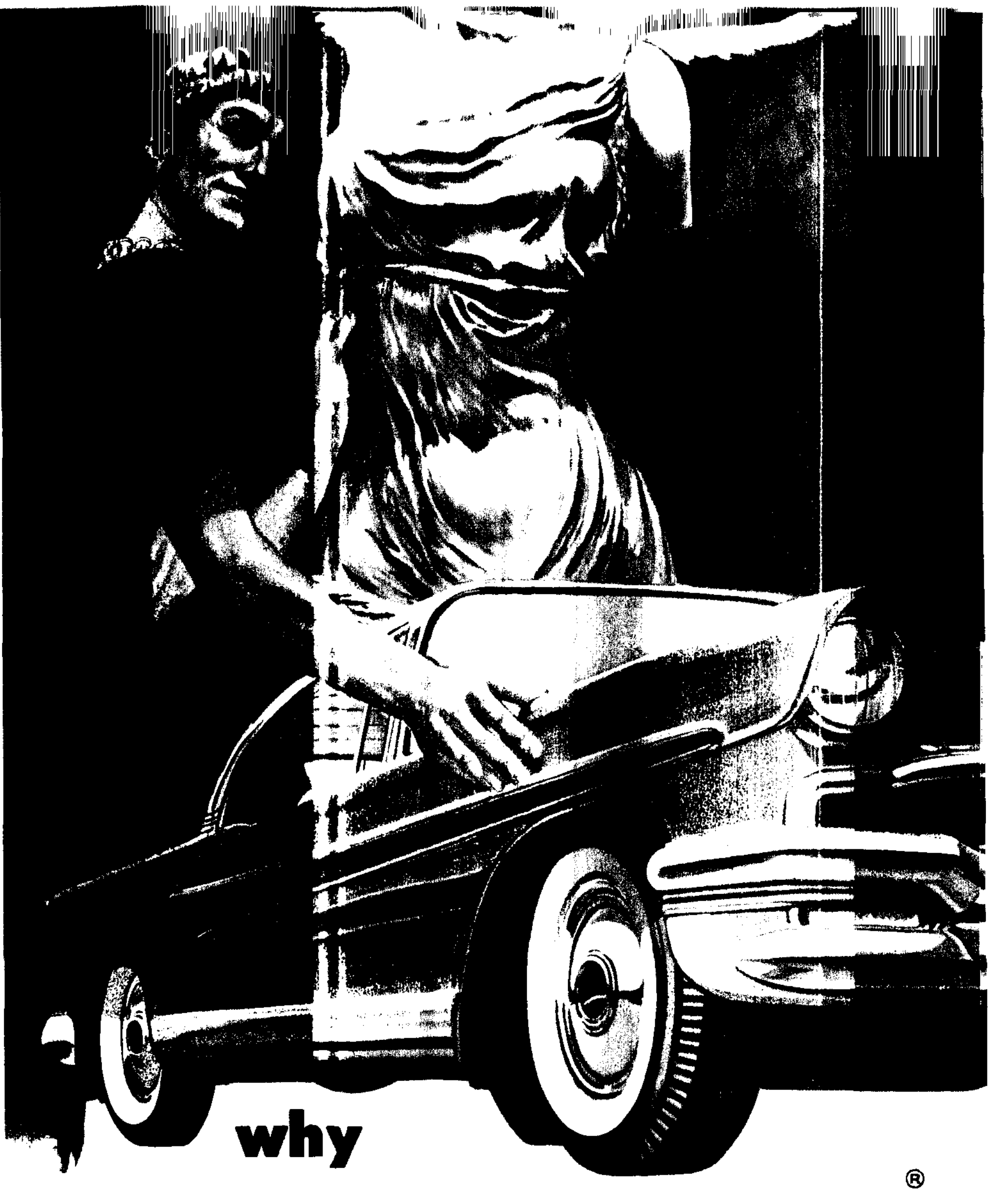
But the trees. It was strange—the trees seemed exactly the same height and thickness.

Bill honked and motioned behind me. His new car was pink and cream,



"His voice sends chills up and down my spine when he says, 'It's only money'"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS



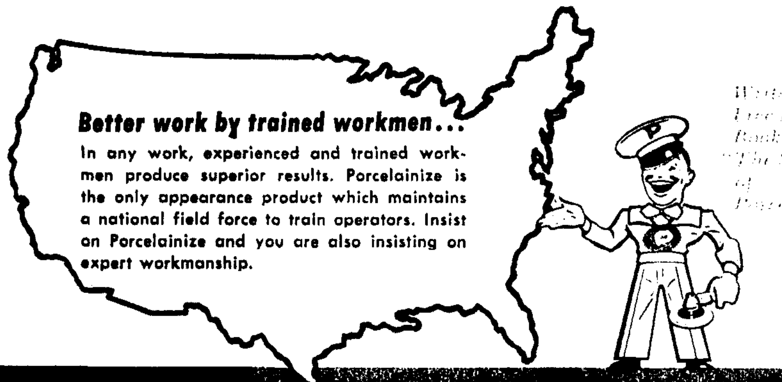
why PORCELAINIZE®

car beauty protection is different and why it is better for you and your car

The old Romans knew the difference between lasting beauty and temporary appearance. They ran their hands over marble sculpture to be sure that the surface was free from imperfections concealed by wax. If entirely free, they approved with the words "cine cera" (*"without wax"*—and the English word "sincere" was originated).

Porcelainize is *sincere*. It is not a wax—not a coating of any kind. After the finish of a car is treated with Porcelainize, not a trace of the Porcelainize material remains. But the *treatment* creates a tough, dry, mirror-like surface with the strength to keep its beauty and the stamina to provide month after month of all-weather paint protection.

With nothing to wear off, wash off, peel off or heat-soften and trap surface grime, Porcelainize maintains the brand new look many times longer. Just think of the advantages of always driving a beautiful car.



Better work by trained workmen...

In any work, experienced and trained workmen produce superior results. Porcelainize is the only appearance product which maintains a national field force to train operators. Insist on Porcelainize and you are also insisting on expert workmanship.

Write for Free Informative Booklet, "The Story of Porcelainize"

PHOTOGRAPHED IN EGYPT BY BERT STERN

IT LEAVES YOU BREATHLESS! The sands of the desert will grow cold before we suggest that your Martinis have been anything short of a triumph. But may we suggest the one remaining masterstroke? *Use Smirnoff Vodka instead of gin* for the driest, smoothest, subtlest Martini known to civilized man...the Smirnoff Vodka Martini. Or ask your barman for *"the Martini with the Marvelous Taste..."* he knows it can be made only with dry, incomparably mellow Smirnoff, standard of the world since 1818.

Smirnoff® THE GREATEST NAME IN VODKA

80 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN) HARTFORD, CONN., U.S.A., FRANCE, ENGLAND, MEXICO.

and the lettering on it said, *La Femme.* I followed him west, one block, two blocks. We were crossing our street, but I couldn't make myself turn to look. We stopped at the Beebe house, where Bill now lived. The screened porch was gone, replaced by a big picture window.

I almost called her Mrs. Beebe when she greeted me, instead of Mrs. Francis. The hair had been jet black when she sat at the desk in Ira Beebe's drayage office. Now it was white. The face was still as strong and the mouth as firm, but you identify by the eyes. They reveal the spirit and the essence, and it is the essence, the being itself, the *atmosphere* of each person that is reawakened.

Then it all comes back. (Wasn't it she who had marched into Wasson's meat market that day and said, "Aren't you men ashamed to be sitting here when the President of the United States is about to go through on the train?" Abashed, they had quickly stirred, but it turned out to be the president of the railroad.)

Aunt Jessey had run the drayage front office while Ira was out with his powerful, big-buttocked teams. Ethel Francis had run the Journal's front office while Bill was out collecting the news items and the printing jobs. In the late '40s, truck years by then, Ira had tried to get to a blizzard-bound farmer and his heart couldn't stand it. Ethel died, the same year. Bill needed somebody to take care of him, and Aunt Jessey needed somebody to take care of, and I could scent happiness in this old house the moment I stepped past the vestibule.

(Aunt Jessey, I was in your house two days, the big, spotless house you manage by yourself, before I realized you can't read a line any more, that you couldn't make out my features at the supper table. I have met a few great women in my life around the world. Now I think of you among them.)

AT LUNCH Aunt Jessey said, "I think you'll find more familiar names up on the hill at the cemetery than anywhere else. Why, we hardly know half the people in town, any more, ourselves."

Right there began my re-education in the modern truth of the American small town, where nothing supposedly ever changes and everybody knows all about everybody else.

Bill and I walked around the corner to see Oscar and Gertrude Anderson, who were leaving on the afternoon train to see their son, Harry, at Wichita. Harry had been a quiet and studious boy; now he was a surgeon of wide distinction. They were just putting white cloths over their furniture as they had done every year, and they hadn't expected to see me. Now it was almost as if a long-lost son had come home. Mrs. Anderson cried a little and laughed a lot, not over me but over the memories my appearance evoked, the heartaches, the foolishness, the triumphs of those early days and those early young couples—the banker, the doctor, the lawyer, the editor, the merchants.

"It was so awful here, then—think of it, from Berlin I came as a bride, to *here!* But so wonderful. Such wonderful people there were—the Aakers, the Sevareids, the Thorpes, the Wedges. So hard, so hard it was, and still I love to think of those days. Ach, Bill, why have we all worked so hard all the time? Why didn't we have more fun, more travel? And now we are old! Oscar! Get the little sign Bill sent us from Michigan that time!"

Oscar brought the little sign which said, "Vy is it we get so soon oldt and so late schmardt?"

Then Mrs. Anderson reversed her values. "Oscar had to work so hard at the jewelry store, till midnight every night on the watches. So many years we scrimped and saved, to pay for the house, to buy the clothes and get Harry and Frieda a decent education. But these new ones. It seems so easy for them. Right away a clerk. New car, right away, house paid for so quickly. They do not seem afraid of debt, any more."

Out the window I could see the kids running home from school. Their clothes were bright and new-looking, exactly in the mode of Minneapolis or New York or anyplace else. Two carloads of high-school boys were racing each other in their hot rods.

"Maybe it's better this way," I said.

"I suppose," she answered. "Maybe you are right. We are getting old, that's all."

The mind dwells in time. Is the small town only for the young? I was thinking. Is this all that it brings in the end—memories and the axis of Velva-Wichita or Velva-Los Angeles, wherever the grown children now pursue their lives?

Oscar snapped his fingers and hurried out of the room, and it was as if his wife had read my thoughts. "Every day for thirty years he has checked the weather for the government. It is part of his life. Sometimes we think of going away to live, but you know Oscar helped to build this town. Every tree has a meaning for him."

Oscar came back with a triumphal look. "Well, think of that!" he said. "Eighty-six degrees, and last night it was thirty-six. Fifty-degree change in only twelve hours!"

At supper it was talk of who was where, who had died, married, divorced, become rich, gone bankrupt, vanished, ended in the old-folks home or in prison. I could find in it all no pattern, no unfolding of personal life that could be attributed to the town itself, to any of the influences for which we credit or blame the small towns of our country.

The girl who had married, at twenty-one, the old man of seventy-one and produced the hushed talk I remembered in the parlor? She had been a

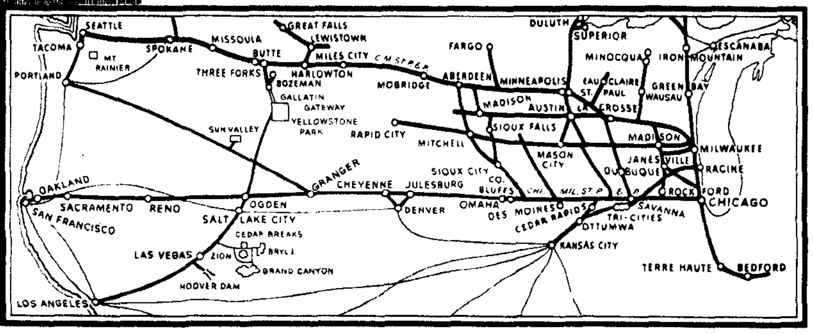
TEST FLEET
g all the West
SUPER DOME Olympian HIAWATHA CHICAGO · SEATTLE · TACOMA
SUPER DOME AFTERNOON Twin Cities HIAWATHA
SUPER DOME MORNING Twin Cities HIAWATHA
CHICAGO – TWIN CITIES PIONEER LIMITED
STREAMLINER CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO
DOMELINER CITY OF LOS ANGELES
THE CHALLENGER DOMELINER CHICAGO · OMAHA · LOS ANGELES
DOMELINER CITY OF PORTLAND
STREAMLINER CITY OF DENVER
THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

Famous for name trains...famous for freight trains

Yes, The Milwaukee Road leads in luxury streamliner and domeliner service with *nine* banner trains—its own fine HIAWATHAS and the famous Western "CITIES" fleet operated in partnership with the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific.

The Milwaukee leads in freight service, too. Via St. Paul-Minneapolis over its own rails, and via excellent connections at Omaha and Kansas City, The Milwaukee Road serves *all the west!*

Shipping or traveling, you get banner service on the Milwaukee. Your nearest Milwaukee Road agent is the man to see.



SEATTLE
TACOMA
MT RAINIER
SPOKANE
PORTLAND
MISSOULA
GREAT FALLS
LEWISTOWN
BUTTE
MILES CITY
THREE FORKS
HARLOWTON
BOZEMAN
GALLATIN GATEWAY
YELLOWSTONE PARK
MOBRIDGE
ABERDEEN
FARGO
DULUTH
SUPERIOR
MINOCQUA
IRON MOUNTAIN
ESCANABA
MINNEAPOLIS
ST PAUL
EAU CLAIRE
WAUSAU
GREEN BAY
MADISON
AUSTIN
LA CROSSE
SIOUX FALLS
RAPID CITY
MITCHELL
MASON CITY
JANESVILLE
MILWAUKEE
RACINE
DUBUQUE
ROCKFORD
CHICAGO
SUN VALLEY
GRANGER
CHEYENNE
JULESBURG
SIOUX CITY
CO. BLUFFS
OMAHA
DES MOINES
CEDAR RAPIDS
SAVANNA
TRI-CITIES
OTTUMWA
KANSAS CITY
TERRE HAUTE
BEDFORD
OAKLAND
SAN FRANCISCO
SACRAMENTO
RENO
OGDEN
SALT LAKE CITY
CEDAR BREAKS
ZION
BRYCE
GRAND CANYON
LAS VEGAS
HOOVER DAM
DENVER
LOS ANGELES

OUT IN FRONT!

Industrial Sites

If you are looking for a site for your business, ask us. We have many desirable locations.

SHIP VIA THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

Headquarters:
Union Station,
Chicago 6, Ill.

Someone you love wants a watch this Springtime!

Give a Hamilton with the NEW crisper, cleaner design

Hamilton

Look at what's happening in watch fashions! These new Hamiltons are setting trends with clean-cut, slimmer contours. Cases are perfectly proportioned. Dials are handsome and easy to read. Deft designing blends case, strap or bracelet into one harmonious piece of fine jewelry. When you choose a gift for the wedding, anniversary, birthday or graduation of someone you love, give a Hamilton—the newest and finest watch you can buy. See your Hamilton Jeweler *now!*

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY, LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA

A. K-404 Self-winding, shock-resistant, waterproof**. 10K gold-filled case. With strap, $95. With bracelet, $100. **B. TRENT*** 10K yellow gold-filled case, stainless-steel back. Shock-resistant. With strap, $75. With bracelet, $85. **C. GALLANT** Yellow case, stainless-steel back. Shock-resistant. With strap, $49.50. With bracelet, $55. **D. ARDEN*** 14K yellow or white gold case. With cord, $100. **E. SPLENDOR M*** 2 diamonds set in 14K white gold case. With cord, $125. **F. VENITA*** 10K yellow or white gold-filled case, stainless-steel back. With cord, $65. With bracelet, $69.50. **G. RHONDA*** 10K yellow or white gold-filled case. With cord, $72.50. With bracelet, $79.50.

**Five-Feature models: 22 jewels, shock-resistant, fully adjusted, anti-magnetic, lifetime mainspring.*

***Provided original seal is restored if opened for service.*

Prices include Federal tax.

devoted wife until he died, and was now a devoted wife to another husband. The little roughneck who had led us in the Halloween backhouse raids and first told me of shameful things? He was middle-aged, pleasant, with several children. That saintly couple who read to their children each evening and had them lined up in church each Sunday? One of those children had vanished. One was in prison. The girl got into repeated troubles, then drifted away.

With a few I could have predicted, from the essence that even a child seems to understand. I would have known that Tubby Anderson, good-natured town bully, could never grow old. I remembered that he was older; he would duck me and my comrades at the swimming hole, then laugh our terror away and take us for a wild ride in his Overland wreck. He drove and drank like crazy. He never grew up; he just quit the effort when he was forty-six, and died.

And of Helen I would have known. She and her husband came in through the kitchen, laughing; he was one of the nephews Aunt Jessey had raised. Helen's children were beautiful, as I had known they would be. Her coloring was darker, her figure was wider, but it was the eyes, again, even through the half-rimmed glasses they all seemed to wear. The peace and serenity had not abated. She had stayed and she was happy, as she had been fashioned from childhood always to be. Place never had anything to do with it.

Eventually the evening broke up, and I mounted the stairs. In odd corners, mementos of childhood in the '20s lay about: the sewing machine with the treadle; the ivory-shell dressing set on the bureau; the old box camera with the yellow eye; the claw-footed bathtub with the spigot that spouted a thin, hard stream.

A wartime siren began wailing; it was the ten-o'clock curfew (all kids under sixteen off the streets) but no longer a bell. I crawled into the wide bed and suddenly ached with exhaustion. I listened to the night country noises and incomprehensibly, for no certain reason, just at the moment of passing to sleep, tears came in a silent flood.

* * *

In the morning I explored, on foot, alone, as often in the intervening years I had dreamed of doing. In the reveries I saw but was unseen and could go away at will like a ghost. Now I pushed along the riverbank, feeling an awkward Gulliver, very conscious of the stare of a plowing farmer, of the dust gathering on my Madison Avenue shoes, the burrs adhering to my tailored jacket. I stumbled heavily in tangles of dead "wild cucumber" vines, striving for the old path to our swimming hole, and at that moment realized middle age. The river was a wide ditch, no more. The mudbanks of the swimming hole had caved in. The place did not seem desolate; it merely seemed *old;* it had grown old, along with me.

I tasted the ripe thorn apples as I had always done on the evening way home from Clay Banks upstream, our rendezvous for battling the Sioux with weedy spears; but I had lost the knack of spitting out the pulpy seeds and swallowing the tangy skin. The murmuring "rapids," soul's solace and heart's delight, were still in place, but the rocks seemed larger, not smaller, for the river was very low. I had known the feel of each single rock under bare feet; I had known their attitudes and characters, which one was slippery, which loose and mocking, which rough and steady and trusting. I found myself staring across the stream, thinking: There should be a great clump of bushes there, and then it came back, even for a flickering moment the anguish of it: I had aimlessly fired a BB pellet into the bush and a flock of sparrows flew out of it. I heard no stir of sound, but something had pulled and drawn me, and I had rushed, slipping and floundering across the rocks; there, in the brush, lay a sparrow, its beak torn to one side. I had put it out of its misery, placing the muzzle on its head, and then gone trembling home.

It was literally true that not a sparrow falleth but He knows, and I promised Him that night never to injure anything again if He would forgive. (I have broken the promise.)

Our island was no more an island, but joined to the bank by a seam of low-water mud. Above the island we had dug our cave and curtained the entrance with gunny sacking. I scrambled down to see the place and found: one new cave, entrance covered with gunny sacking. I parted the curtaining, expecting to find a spirit lamp inside—and found one. It was in this moment, I think, with these symbolic tidings that childhood is permanent, forever and ever the same, that a sense of comfort began to grow within me, the tinge of embarrassment and fear about this visit began to die away. It was going to be all right.

North Hill sloped upward, a mere pedestal now for Swedlund's barn which hung, enormous, dominating the whole village like a French château above its fiefhold. There I had known the wild fright of a runaway horse bolting back into the barn as I crouched over its mane. And there I had seen human cruelty for the first time in my life.

Gordon, the teller of wondrous tales, and I had wandered into the farmyard with Fanny, the mongrel he loved, and Fanny had chased some chickens. A hired hand calmly picked Fanny up by the scruff, put a bullet through her head, let her fall and rolled a cigarette. We had carried Fanny down the slope and buried her in the weed patch, just there, across from our island.

I walked across North Bridge, the prairie at my back, the tree-lined streets before me, and felt for a moment, faintly, the joy this passage had brought me at each re-entry into the oasis with its familiar shapes and smells and sounds, its thousand secret delights, cool water and shade, and home and safety. I understood then why I had loved it so and loved its memory always: it was, simply, *home*—and *all* of it home, not just the house, but all

1953
1956
1953
1956

ELECTRONIC LIGHT METER recently tested two TV sets equipped with ordinary tubes, with studio camera focused on still picture for uniformity. Proved up to 60% of brightness and 50% of contrast lost on 1953 TV.

SERVICE TECHNICIAN installs a new "100 Series" G-E Aluminized Tube—tests receiving tubes, replaces weak ones with G-E. Same light meter proves 3-year-old set outperforms 1956 TV with non-aluminized picture tube.

GET '56 PERFORMANCE IN YOUR OLD TV

with this special tube and tune-up offer!

Periodically, weak tubes and parts need replacing to restore your TV to peak sharpness and clarity. No matter what make TV you now own, your service technician can bring it up to '56 performance with new G-E Tubes and a Tune-Up Special. So take advantage of this offer today. G-E Aluminized Picture Tubes and Service Designed Receiving Tubes give superior performance at no extra cost. *General Electric Co., Tube Department, Schenectady, N. Y.*

INSIST ON a G-E Aluminized Picture Tube in the new "100 Series" for "Daylight Power" viewing—*shades up* by day—*lights on* at night. Look for the red seal on the end. It's your guarantee of the finest in picture quality.

Look for the RED SEAL—symbol of quality

ASK FOR General Electric Service-Designed Receiving Tubes—perfect companions for G-E Picture Tubes. Together, they give TV's most perfect sight and sound system. And they cost no more than ordinary tubes!

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

166-1A2

the town. That is why childhood in the small towns is different from childhood in the city. Everything is home.

Through a fringe of trees I could see that the old "haunted house" was gone, replaced by a row of bright-painted trailer homes, unsuited for haunting by ghost or child. Nearby, a Model A roadster was foundering in the weeds, only a few yards from the spot where the old red Maxwell with the bulbous rubber horn had vegetated so long. There were two short streets of homes behind our street, where once there were woods and where the country and freedom had begun.

This was our street now, the nicest street in town. Here I had known every blade and branch and cornice, but now it was as it is in a dream. You know you are in the place you seek, but everything has been subtly altered: the light *is* different, positions and proportions have been changed to fool and mock you. I had to stop, close my eyes and arrange it all in proper order. Then I could tick them off: the Gilbertson house here, minus the dogs and cats and chickens; Skarisons'; Walter Johnson's (he barbered now at the swank new Minot hotel, by appointment only). This must be the Andy Andersons'. He had been in the ill-fated bank with Father. And there I had been sent to sleep that spring night of mystery and foreboding and had been awakened by brother Paul shouting, "Hey, it's a girl and it weighs nine pounds!" He had stolen the line from a Charles Ray movie of the week before, and thus I learned of our beautiful baby sister.

THEN THE BIG brown bungalow my father had built for us. The screened porch had been glassed in; otherwise everything, the spiraea bushes, the box-elder trees, all was as before. All the other houses were white; ours was still brown, and I acquired another revelation in my pilgrim's progress of self-discovery. I knew now why I loved the touch and feel of wood, and why brown pleased and comforted me above all other colors. I knocked, to pay my respects to the Widow Leben, who lives there now, alone. There was no answer. Perhaps I had knocked too faintly, for I was intensely relieved when she did not appear. I was afraid to go in; I never did go in.

I knew the old short cut to school, though August Peterson's red shack was gone, his iron pump alone remaining, stark, incongruous in the midst of new "ranch-style" homes with picture windows; but at the school I was bewildered and lost. The great cottonwoods were all cut down, the streets filled in to the sidewalk level. Ticky Tillapaugh's rambling house had been cut in half to make room for the new ranch-style house of the present banker, and the new high school (1928) had been constructed right across the front of our old red-brick schoolhouse with the white belfry. (No bell rope now to swing out upon in summer's idleness; no bell rope to hide away the day before school opens.)

But the old schoolhouse was exactly the same. The same smell of sweeping compound and oil; the same little "cloakrooms" where the mittens hung and the brown-paper luncheon sacks rested on the shelves above. The same desks, scarified now by 50 years of small boys' knives, were bolted to the floor. The first-grade room was still the first-grade room, only now the tots sat on tiny chairs, grouped around the teacher in the modern intimate manner. The rear of the new high school blanked out one wall of windows in the second-grade room, the very windows through which, in a seven-year-old's dream, I had once airily floated, to the consternation of Miss West with the bulging omniscient black eyes.

Omniscient, indestructible Miss West still teaches there, the eighth grade now. She still has eyes in the back of her head, according to Mike. But a new hypothesis, no doubt prompted by the modern scientific spirit, has won favor among some of the kids: the amazing range of her vision is due to the big glassed picture of the Ruins of Athens—it treacherously mirrors what is going on behind her back. The mystery of 50 years, I suspect, has been solved.

I poked about Main Street for a time. Bill Francis' old drum press and the Linotype on which he had let me cast my very own name in eternal metal were still in the Journal office. The paper seemed much the same; just more pictures and a new slogan over the title, "The only newspaper in the world that gives a darn about Velva and the people living hereabouts." The funeral parlor was now in the basement of the furniture store, no longer in the back, from which a man strange to us used to emerge, bribe one of us to buy him a bottle of vanilla from Welo's store, then drink it in the semidark beside the occasional corpse.

There was an aluminum door on the old sandstone bank, as incongruous as a nickel-plated grille on a Model T. Our bulldog Teddy used to know how to press the lip of the latch on the old door with his paw, and shoulder inside in search of Father. A boarded-up lot was all that remained of Art Smith's hardware store; the opera house, over Welo's, was now converted to ten apartments, the scenery removed to the high-school auditorium; the "racket store" of Old Man Oslie, he with the long white beard who sold the penny jawbreakers, this was gone, but Main Street had a television shop. Imler's pool hall (so respectable even young Mike was allowed to play there) had replaced Andy Leberg's place, where the itinerant, snuff-chewing IWWs had once hung out in harvesttime, talking Socialism until Andy would push them out in desperate defense of the Republican party. They had CinemaScope at the Iris Theater and no "player piano."

George Skarison came out of Welo's to see me, wearing his groceryman's apron; one of the Muus brothers defied me to remember his name and it came back almost at once; Vida Mae popped out of the Christenson store; Clifford Dittmer, who used to deliver our milk with his father's team, walked

THE BEL AIR BEAUVILLE—*4 doors, 9 passengers, interior finish in washable vinyl and nylon-faced pattern cloth.*

the street as chief constable, resplendent in blue uniform and badge in the city fashion. He was famous now—he had been a guard at Alcatraz and had shot a celebrated prisoner as he tried to escape by swimming. Clifford had no one in jail at the moment; he rarely did.

I stopped at the post office, where the wall of little boxes with the dial locks stood at right angles now. Ruth Cavanaugh, the postmistress, said, "No, we never have started home delivery. Folks seem to like to drop in at the post office, looking for mail. Sometimes even when they know the train hasn't been through. They like an excuse to come downtown."

I was passing the café and a voice inside rang out, "What's so funny about the town, Eric!" My heart sank. I should have known; someone would resent me. He pushed through the screen door, a stranger, a middle-aged Scandinavian farmer with a lean, sardonic face and glinting eyes. He was drunk, at high noon. I tried to walk along, to save what face I could, but he stumbled beside me, pawing at my shoulder and talking fast. After a moment the meaning came clear, through my panic and pain—he was quoting from my books, whole passages of the love and loneliness of the prairie boy. He was trying to communicate, to share what men cannot share in speech; an instinct told me he had got himself drunk to find the courage. But I am mute with drunks, whatever the communication, and there was nothing I could say. Constable Dittmer took the farmer by the arm, gently, and ushered him into his car.

I WALKED WESTWARD toward the Beebe house and an older man caught up with me to say, "I'm Oscar Christenson, Bud; you wouldn't know me. Well, I only wanted to say—you know that bank failure and how it was with everyone, I wanted to say your father did so much for me. He and Andy Anderson, they carried me on their books a long time. I guess they carried a lot of us, more than we knew at the time." Now I was mute with a perfectly sober and dignified man, but I was thinking: You have given me a thing I came here to find; pray God you told him this; it was a weight in his heart to the day of his death.

I lay in the old house that second night and made an important discovery. I could run through the film exposed this day of 1955 and see it all, the hills, the rapids, the bridge and the house and the streets, all of it as it *is*, in black and white, exact, life-size, no more, no less. Then I could run off the old, eternal negative, larger than life, in its full color and glory—the same scenes and trees and faces—and there was no fading or blur of double exposure. I had both reels now, sealed in separate cans, and I knew I could keep them both, as long as I lived.

I thought of something Aunt Jessey said at supper about the long light of summer and the long darkness of these northern winters. I was thinking that this answered the old, troubling question of why the old film had always shown the green and summer scenes, only a few brief, bright scenes of snow, and nothing of this late autumntime of bare ground and barren trees. I slid into sleep with a phrase distantly sounding: You *can* go home again.

* * *

My home town has changed in these 30 years of the American story. It is changing now, will go on changing as America changes. Its biography, I suspect, would read much the same as that of all other home towns. Depression and war and prosperity have all left their marks; modern science, modern tastes, manners, philosophies, fears and ambitions have touched my town as indelibly as they have touched New York or Panama City.

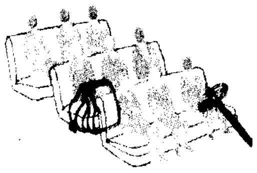
Sights have changed: there is a new precision about street and home, a clearing away of chicken yards, cow barns, pigeon-crested cupolas, weed lots and coulees, the dim and secret adult-free rendezvous of boys. An intricate metal "jungle gym" is a common back-yard sight, the sack swing uncommon. There are wide expanses of clear windows designed to let in the parlor light, fewer ornamental windows of colored glass designed to keep it out. Attic and screen porch are slowly vanishing and lovely shades of pastel are painted upon new houses, tints that once would have embarrassed farmer and merchant alike.

Sounds have changed: I heard not once the clopping of a horse's hoofs, nor the mourn of a coyote. I heard instead the shriek of brakes, the heavy throbbing of the once-a-day Braniff airliner into Minot, the shattering sirens born of war, the honk of a diesel locomotive which surely cannot call to faraway places the heart of a wakeful boy like the old steam whistle in the night. You can walk down the streets of my town now and hear from open windows the intimate voices of the Washington commentators in casual converse on the great affairs of state; but you cannot hear on Sunday morning the singing in Norwegian of the Lutheran hymns; the old country seems now part of a world left long behind and the old-country accents grow fainter in the speech of my Velva neighbors.

The people have not changed, but the *kinds* of people have changed: there is no longer an official, certified town drunk, no longer a "Crazy John," spitting his worst epithet, "rotten chicken legs," as you hurriedly passed him by. People so sick are now sent to places of proper care. No longer is there an official town joker like the druggist MacKnight, who would spot a customer in the front of the store, have him called to the phone, then slip to the phone behind the prescription case, and imitate the man's wife to perfection with orders to bring home more bread and sausage and Cream of Wheat. No longer anyone like the early attorney, J. L. Lee, who sent fabulous dispatches to that fabulous tabloid, the Chicago Blade, such as his story of the

Seats a whole baseball team

... beautifully!



In place of baseball players, of course, it could be other people. Friends of yours, for instance, assorted small fry, or visiting dignitaries.

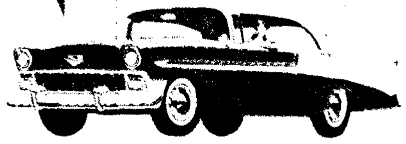
Anyway, there's room for 3 on each seat, 9 in all. (A separate section of the center seat folds down to allow rear seat passengers to get in and out easily and gracefully.) And there's even space left over for baseball bats or baggage.

If you're joining the fast-growing station wagon set, be sure to look these new Chevrolets over. They're very good looking, as you see. All of them have fine, sturdy and quiet Fisher Bodies. All offer you a choice of the new "Blue-Flame 140" six, or V8 horsepower up to 205. And all pack Chevrolet's special brand of performance that breaks records on Pikes Peak and makes your own driving so much easier, safer and more pleasant.

Color and interior choices are wide, practical and unusually handsome. Your Chevrolet dealer will be glad to show you. ... Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

Traffic-test it—it's a beautiful thing to handle!



Many, many nurses use TAMPAX

Tampax is proud of its position in medical opinion—but prouder still that so many nurses and women doctors use Tampax internal sanitary protection *themselves!* To them it's the logical way, the modern way, the simple, uncomplicated way. Don't you agree you'd rather use sanitary protection that:

- **prevents odor from forming**
- **doesn't chafe or irritate**
- **can't be seen or felt when in place**
- **is readily disposable**
- **can be worn in shower or tub**

All of these special Tampax advantages are denied to the user of external pads. No wonder so many women who lead full, busy lives swear by Tampax. It was invented by a doctor to fill the needs of *all* women—working or not, active or not, married or unmarried.

Tampax is available at drug or notion counters in your choice of three absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. *You can rely on it!* Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

Sanitary Protection Worn Internally
Regular
TAMPAX
SUPER TAMPAX
JUNIOR TAMPAX
10 TAMPAX—AN AVERAGE MONTH'S SUPPLY
Safe · Sure · Hygienic · Comfortable · Easy to Use
TAMPAX

Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

TAMPAX INCORPORATED
Palmer, Mass.

Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Absorbency is checked below.

( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR

Name______________________
(Please print)

Address____________________

City______________ State__________

wild man captured on the prairie and chained to the wall in the drugstore basement. (This, surely, was Velva's first notoriety—inquiries came from anthropologists all over the world.)

No, the "characters" are vanishing in Velva, just as they are vanishing in our cities, in business, in politics. The "well-rounded, socially integrated" personality that the progressive schoolteachers are so obsessed with is increasing rapidly, and I am not at all sure that this is good. Maybe we need more personalities with knobs and handles and rugged lumps of individuality. They may not make life more smooth; more interesting they surely make it.

They eat differently in Velva now; there are frozen fruits and sea food and exotic delicacies we only read about in novels in those meat-and-potato days. They dress differently. The hard, white collars of the businessmen are gone with the shiny alpaca coats. There are comfortable tweeds now, and casual blazers with a touch in their colors of California which seems so close in time and distance.

It is distance and time that have changed the most and worked the deepest changes in Velva's life. The telephone, the car, the smooth highway, radio and television are consolidating the entities of our country. The county seat of Towner now seems no closer than the state capital of Bismarck; the voices and concerns of Presidents, French premiers and Moroccan pashas are no farther away than the portable radio on Aunt Jessey's kitchen table. The national news magazines are stacked each week in Harold Anderson's drugstore beside the new soda fountain, and the excellent Minot Daily News smells hot from the press each afternoon.

Consolidation. The nearby hamlets of Sawyer and Logan and Voltaire had their own separate banks and papers and schools in my days of dusty buggies and Model Ts marooned in the snowdrifts. Now these hamlets are dying. A bright yellow bus takes the Voltaire kids to Velva each day for high school. Velva has grown—from 800 to 1,300—because the miners from the Truax coal mine can commute to their labors each morning and the nearby farmers can live in town if they choose. Minot has tripled in size to 30,000. Once the "Magic City" was a distant and splendid Baghdad, visited on special occasions long prepared for. Now it is a 25-minute commuter's jump away. So P. W. Miller and Jay Louis Monicken run their businesses in Minot but live on in their old family homes in Velva. So Ray Michelson's two girls on his farm to the west drive up each morning to their jobs as maids in Minot homes. Aunt Jessey said, "Why, Saturday night I counted sixty-five cars just between here and Sawyer, all going up to the show in Minot."

The hills are prison battlements no longer; the prairies no heart-sinking barrier, but a passageway free as the swelling ocean, inviting you to sail home and away at your whim and your leisure. (John and Helen made an easy little jaunt of 700 miles that weekend to see their eldest daughter in Wyoming.)

Consolidation. Art Kumm's bank serves a big region now; its assets are $2,000,000 to $3,000,000 instead of the $200,000 or $300,000 in my father's day. Eighteen farms near Velva are under three ownerships now. They calculate in sections; "acres" is an almost forgotten term. Aunt Jessey owns a couple of farms, and she knows they are much better run. "It's no longer all take out and no put in," she said. "Folks strip farm now; they know all about fertilizers. They care for it and they'll hand on the land in good shape." The farmers gripe about their cash income, and not without reason at the moment, but they will admit that life is good compared with those days of drought and foreclosure, manure banked against the house for warmth, the hand pump frozen at 30 below, and the fitful kerosene lamp on the kitchen table. Electrification has done much of this, eased backbreaking chores that made their wives old as parchment at forty, brought life and music and the sound of human voices into their parlors at night.

And light upon the prairie. "From the hilltop," said Aunt Jessey, "the farms look like stars at night."

MANY POLITICIANS deplore the passing of the old family-size farm, but I am not so sure. I saw around Velva a release from what was like slavery to the tyrannical soil; release from the ignorance that darkens the soul and from the loneliness that corrodes it. In this generation my Velva friends have rejoined the general American society that their pioneering fathers left behind when they first made the barren trek in the days of the wheat rush. As I sit here in Washington writing this, I can feel their nearness. I never felt it before save in my dreams.

But now I must ask myself: Are they nearer to one another? And the answer is no; yet I am certain that this is good. The shrinking of time and distance has made contrast and relief available to their daily lives. They do not know one another quite so well because they are not so much obliged to. I know that democracy rests upon social discipline, which in turn rests upon personal discipline: passions checked, hard words withheld, civic tasks accepted, work well done, accountings honestly rendered. The old-fashioned small town was this discipline in its starkest, most primitive form; without this discipline the small town would have blown itself apart.

For personal and social neuroses festered under this hard scab of conformity. There was no place to go, no place to let off steam; few dared to voice unorthodox ideas, read strange books, admire esoteric art, or publicly write or speak of their dreams and their soul's longings. The world was not "too much with us"; the world was too little with us and we were too much with one another.

The door to the world stands open now, inviting them to leave any time they wish. It is the simple fact of the open door that makes all the difference: with its opening the stale air rushed out. So, of course, the people

Power PACKED, Performance BACKED...

by 72 years of sporting goods manufacture

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF LOUISVILLE SLUGGER BATS HILLERICH & BRADSBY Co LOUISVILLE, KY.

SEVENTY-TWO years of craftsmanship and experience is the priceless ingredient which makes Louisville Grand Slams the finest, handsomest, longest hitting golf clubs a player can own. Make your next set of clubs the *incomparable* Louisville Grand Slams, made by the makers of famous Louisville Slugger bats.

At your Sporting Goods Dealer.

HILLERICH & BRADSBY CO.
Louisville 2, Kentucky

Send for your Free copy of the 1956 Louisville Grand Slam Catalog. Dept. COL-6.

Louisville
GRAND SLAM
Golf Clubs

themselves do not have to leave, because, as the stale air went out, the fresh air came in.

Human nature is everywhere the same. He who is not forced to help his neighbor for his own existence will not only give him help but his true good will as well. Minot and its hospital are now close at hand, but the people of Velva put their purses together, built their own clinic and homes for the two young doctors they persuaded to come and live among them. Velva has no organized charity, but when a farmer falls ill, his neighbors get in his crop; if a townsman has a financial catastrophe his personal friends raise a fund to help him out. When Bill's wife, Ethel, lay dying so long in the Minot hospital and nurses were not available, Helen and others took their turns driving up there just to sit with her so she would know in her gathering dark that friends were at hand.

It is personal freedom that makes us better persons, and they are freer in Velva now. There is no real freedom without privacy, and a resident of my home town can be a private person much more than he could before. People are able to draw at least a little apart from one another. In drawing apart, they gave their best human instincts room for expansion.

YET YOUTH MUST LEAVE the small towns of our country and youth does leave. Tony Swedlund complained, "We always export our brains." How can it go otherwise? Hungry young brains must have food to work on and Velva cannot provide it: it has not the industries, the laboratories, the law courts and colleges for young brains to flourish and ambitions come true. This is what sends them away, this more than the faint, remaining staleness in the air they breathe. How many would stay were the opportunities there I cannot say. Perhaps not many. Yet the two boys roughly of my own age who stayed, Jay Louis Monicken and Vendler Johnson, are there because for them opportunity *was* there, in the businesses they inherited. Last summer Stephen Johns (does he remember our fist fight under the cottonwood at recess time?) drove back to the old home town from California. Vendler's sister, Evelyn (does she remember the May basket I hung on her door?) said to Stephen, "Here we are, Vendler and I, the only ones still in Velva. Are we the failures?" And Stephen said, "You are the lucky ones. You had the means to stay. The rest of us did not."

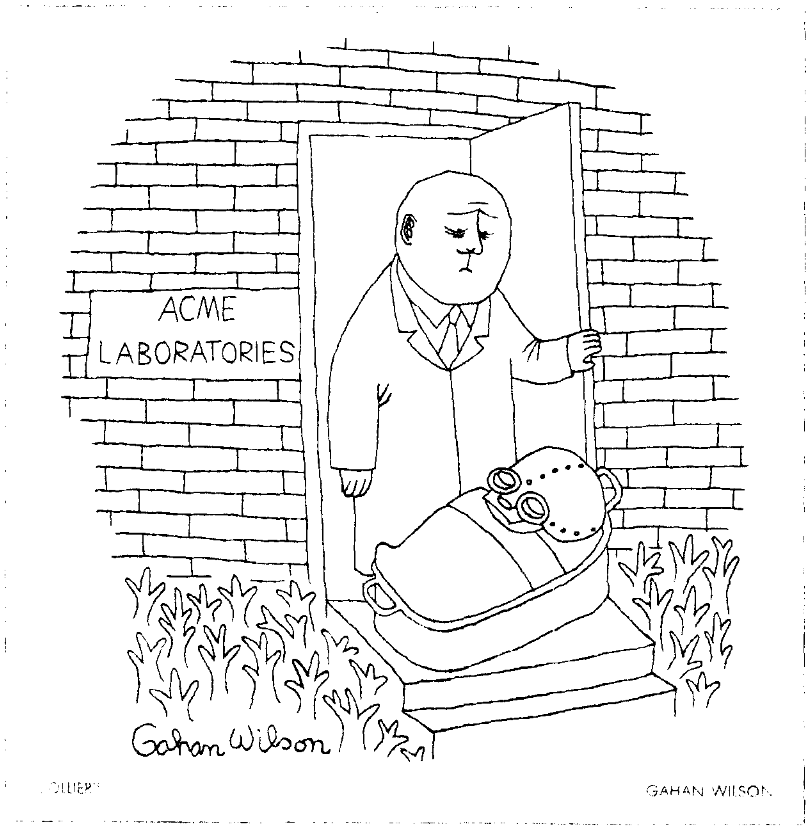
Perhaps, though I am not sure of this in my heart. It does not really matter. For Velva is small, the world calls, the gate is open and they are young; go they must and always will.

This is what my home town and yours really are in the American story and system: not stagnant plants at all, but seedbeds, ceaselessly renewing themselves, their seed constantly renewing the nation. They are not quiet, fixed and static, but vital as life itself, pulsating with the lives that come to them and the lives they give away.

So we have gone away, nearly all of us. But few of us can stay away. Unbidden, as age grows upon us, the heart creeps back, again and again; it seeks once more the river and the tree, the old board wall and the barn, just once more.

Evelyn looked across the sleeping form of her child on the couch to the window giving on the spacious yard and said, "That big old oak over there. When Marjorie and Norma and I were little we swore a secret pledge: when we became forty years old, wherever we were in the world, we would come back and meet one another under that tree. I wonder where they were on their fortieth birthdays."

Dear Evelyn, they were there, under the tree. They never left it. After all, I've lived all my life in the house right across the street and I'm sure I would have noticed it if they had ever gone away. THE END



COLLIER'S GAHAN WILSON

Takes less than a minute with Seven-Up in it!

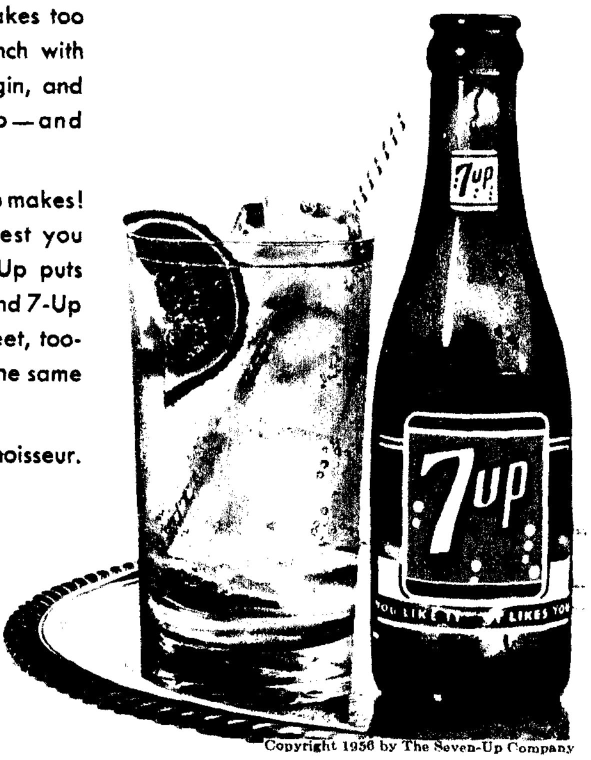
"Best Collins ever!"

Nothing does it like Seven-Up!

● Who says a Collins takes too long to make? It's a cinch with 7-Up. Ice, a jigger of gin, and chilled, sparkling 7-Up—and there you have it!

And *what* a Collins 7-Up makes! Smoooooth. The smoothest you ever tasted, because 7-Up puts gin on its best behavior. And 7-Up takes away your too-sweet, too-sour worries. Gives you the same fine drink every time.

You be a Collins connoisseur. Use 7-Up.



Save that sparkle! Always serve *chilled* 7-Up. Then, tilt the glass and pour gently down the side.

Copyright 1956 by The Seven-Up Company

Cardinal southpaw Wilmer Mizell delights city fans with his country boy flavor. He grins shyly, walks like a plowboy and is nicknamed for a town with only 50 inhabitants. But he can be as sharp as his fast ball, which keeps the batters missing—when they aren't walking

STAN WAYMAN

MARVIN KONER

By TOM MEANY

"Big Galoot from Vinegar Bend"

EVERY fourth or fifth day as the St. Louis Cardinals take the field a long-armed youth with a country-fed torso strides out to the pitcher's mound with a gait like a cotton farmer straddling a furrow. He palms the top of his baseball cap with a broad hand and perches it erratically on the crown of his head, then takes a hitch at his beltline, coils and lets go of a blazing fast ball. The hum from Card fans has a note of anticipation. They've come to see Wilmer (Vinegar Bend) Mizell mow the opposition down.

Maybe he does and maybe he doesn't, because Vinegar Bend's fast one can be as balky as a mule. Mizell has had his share of experience trying to control both. "Land sakes alive," he grins. "Ah walked behind more mules than Ah has walked batters—and that's sayin' a lot."

Mizell derives his nickname, Vinegar Bend, from the Alabama town, population 50, in which he first pitched and where he still gets his mail. He was born, however, and still lives across the Escatawpa River in the Mississippi town of Leakesville.

"It's a bigger town than Vinegar Bend," explains Mizell, "since it couldn't hardly be smaller, but we live on the outskirts. We had maybe twenty-thirty acres down there and Ah been all over 'em with a plow and a mule."

That earthy background, shrewdly promoted by the Cardinals' management, has made Vinegar Bend an appealing drawing card in big-city ball parks. And if his plowboy stride doesn't take him to the showers too often this season, he may help his club where it needs it most.

On his red-hot days Mizell strikes out a high percentage of the hitters he faces. When he blows up, he is likely to walk everyone in sight. For the fans the sensation is like waiting out a time bomb. Either way the effect is spectacular.

Vinegar's pitching motion is spectacular, too. Teammate Ken Boyer described the batsman's view this way: "With that big galoot out there, first you see a big foot, then you see his glove, his back—and the next thing you know the catcher is throwing the ball back to him."

This may be the year of decision for Mizell, who returns to the big time after two years in the Army. He joined the Cards in 1952 with an amazing minor-league strike-out record and an engaging air. But Vinegar never has had an impressive won-and-lost record with St. Louis despite a high strike-out average (319 in 414 innings, an average of seven per nine-inning game over two seasons). Besides wildness he has suffered from an inability to hold runners on base.

Although Mizell pitches with the classic overhand motion, he has a habit of "rocking," which is to say he sticks his right foot in the general direction of the batter's face and rears back before delivering the ball to the plate. Once the runner on first catches Vinegar Bend beginning to "rock," he knows there will be no throw to first and he can get a good jump on the catcher. At St. Petersburg this spring, as much time was spent correcting Mizell's motion to first base as with any other two pitchers in camp.

Mizell's speed is easy to understand when you consider his size. Vinegar, who will be twenty-six in August, stands six feet three and weighs 205 pounds. He has brown, twinkling eyes, brush-cut black hair with a widow's peak which makes his brow seem lower. When he grins, his face lights up like a country fair, his forehead corrugates like a washboard and a dimple shows in the left side of his face.

It is easy for citified folks to pass off Mizell as a country bumpkin, but it is neither fair nor accurate. Vinegar Bend is odd by city standards, consistent by his own. His tastes are simple, and he sees no reason to complicate them. A sincere young man, who tries to read a passage from the Bible every day, Mizell neither parades his virtues nor hides them. (When Mizell joined the Army, he gave 10 per cent of his GI pay to the Baptist church and he plans to continue this "tithing" practice with his Cardinal salary.)

Behind a naïve exterior, Vinegar Bend has a native shrewdness. He held his own in dealing with the fast-talking Frank Lane when it came time to negotiate his 1956 contract.

"I was looking for a typical Ozark Ike type," Lane confesses. "But when I sat down with him, I got as far as telling him I had heard he was the type of player who was always broke and asked him what made him think he was worth more than we were offering. I never got a chance to open my mouth again for the next half hour.

"Mizell politely told me that in two years in St. Louis he had made only a little over the major-league minimum and that in the last two years in service, 'Uncle Sam didn't exactly shower me with gold.'

"Vinegar told me how he had turned most of his earnings over to his family to put them on their feet, how he had bought his brother a truck, and now that he was married and expecting his first child, he thought it was time to get something for himself.

"He signed for more than I had intended to give."

Mizell, as he told Lane, indeed had a hard childhood. His father died when he was an infant and his mother has been an invalid since he was two. His uncle, Irvan Lee Turner, was the sole support of Vinegar, his brother and a half sister. "He worked at any kind of job he could get," Mizell relates gratefully, "tapping turpentine, working somebody else's ground, selling truck vegetables or cordwood. This was in the toughest days of the depression and sometimes he made as little as 50 cents a day, which musta bin mighty discouraging. Like I told Mr. Lane when we was talking contract, I never had any money. Every time I asked for more money in the minors, they said, 'Wait till you get to the big leagues.' Well, I got to the big leagues, and when I asked for a raise, they said, 'That comes later.' I finally told Mr. Lane that I thought later was done here."

VINEGAR'S MONEYLESS, MINOR-LEAGUE YEARS started when he first attracted the attention of Cardinal scout W. H. (Buddy) Lewis at a tryout camp in Biloxi, Mississippi, in the spring of 1949. He was the last pitcher to work out on this particular afternoon and he was as green as Dublin on Saint Patrick's Day, but he threw fireballs at the plate. Lewis made a mental note to see more of the kid—Mizell was not yet nineteen.

"A week or so later, I drove by his house and asked for him," Lewis recalls. "His grandmother told me Wilmer (that's what she called him) and some other boys were swimming down in the creek. I started driving in that direction and met a group of kids in blue jeans—and nothing else—coming toward me. One of them was Mizell, and I took a catcher's glove and some baseballs out of my car and asked him to warm up. It was the only time in my life I ever warmed up a boy who pitched barefooted. After the first three fast ones he cut loose, I knew I had something.

"As to signing him up, there wasn't anything I could do about it then as he was still in high school. The night he graduated, though, I was right in the auditorium at Leakesville High; and I wouldn't let him go home after he got his diploma. I put him right on a train for Albany, Georgia, and told him to report to Walter Shannon, our minor-league supervisor."

Shannon well remembers the night Mizell walked into his room at the New Albany Hotel. "It was well after midnight," says Walter. "He sleepily introduced himself and hit the sack. When I awoke next morning, I tiptoed around to let the kid get his sleep, but Mizell bounced right up, explaining that at home he was up with the cows. When I told him to get his glove and shoes and come out to the park, I got my first shock. Mizell had no baseball equipment of any kind. All he had was the suit he graduated

Vinegar has less trouble eying plate than those "rascals" on base.
His rocking motion makes him favorite target for good base stealers

SHOCK ABSORBERS TESTED FREE IN 3 MINUTES
DANGER RANGE
BUMPER LINE
SAFE
DANGER RANGE
GET SAFE WITH
Gabriel
SHOCK ABSORBERS

This FREE shock test may save your life!

Before making any trip in your car, follow the advice of the safety experts. Ask your repairman to *check all three:* tires, brakes, shock absorbers. Yes, *shock absorbers!* Worn-out shocks can dangerously impair steering and roadability—cause your car to buck and sway out of control.

Why take a chance? Go straight to the repairman who displays the Gabriel shock absorber tester. He'll check your shocks fast—and for free! If replacements are needed, he'll install the best for your make and model . . . Gabriel Shock Absorbers, of course. Longer lasting, better riding, because the power is *sealed in steel.*

THE GABRIEL COMPANY · CLEVELAND 15, OHIO

abriel
SHOCK ABSORBERS

When St. Louis signed him, Mizell hadn't hurled in more than twelve actual games in his life. His first pitch as a pro sailed high into the grandstand screen

in. I got him outfitted at a sporting-goods store and took him to the park.

"Bob Kline, a scout and pitching coach, took Mizell to the mound. He tried to show Vinegar the proper stance, motion and delivery. Bob went through it all in pantomime, talking to Mizell as he explained each move. Every time Kline paused, Vinegar reached out to grab the ball and try it himself. When Bob finally let him throw, it was obvious the boy was terribly fast—and terribly green."

Mizell's rawness was understandable. There was no baseball team at Leakesville High, and his only experience stemmed from a town team at Vinegar Bend. He had pitched maybe a dozen times in his life under game conditions when he reported to the Albany club. The first pitch he made in professional baseball went over the catcher's head and landed halfway up on the screen in front of the stands.

DESPITE THE FACT he was starting from scratch, Vinegar had a 12-3 record with Albany and helped the team win the Georgia-Florida League pennant. The next year he jumped from Class D to the Class B Carolina League, where he was 17-7 with Winston-Salem, another pennant winner. Then Mizell moved to the Class AA Texas League, only two notches below the majors. He was only 16-14 with Houston but struck out 257 to lead the league and was with his third straight pennant winner.

The minors were a new world to Mizell. He was making friends and winning games. Vinegar "visited" up and down the main drag of any town he happened to be in, trading chitchat with the barber and giving the local pool halls his patronage. "Wasn't much else you could do," he says cheerfully, "nor any money to do anything else."

Mizell was a celebrity in the minors. One night at Winston-Salem, fans passed the hat for him and raised $220. It was in that town, too, that he laid the foundation for the reputation of being a character. On "Appreciation Night," Mizell rode a mule in through the center-field gate to home plate and back out again. He also sang Country Boy over the public-address system.

When Mizell was at Houston in 1951, the management staged a "Vinegar Bend Night" and flew in 32 persons, whom they represented as being the adult population of Vinegar Bend, although Mizell suspects some of them "must've come from the suburbs."

After Houston came Vinegar's two years with St. Louis and two years with Uncle Sam. When he returned to civilian life, it was obvious to the Cardinals that he could change the entire St. Louis pennant picture if he could win with any degree of consistency, and a campaign was mapped out which probably bewildered Mizell from time to time by its very intensity.

Not even the Giants' Willie Mays in his 1954-'55 winter season in Puerto Rico was watched as carefully by his guardians as Mizell was when he was pitching himself into shape last winter in the Cuban League. Mike Ryba, the only man who ever pitched and caught in both major leagues and now a Cardinal trouble shooter, was assigned to Havana to instruct Mizell daily. Furthermore, Lane and manager Fred Hutchinson visited the Cuban capital to watch the progress of their warming-up comet. (He tore the league apart with 206 strike-outs in 179 innings—breaking records which had existed since 1897—but his won-lost record was a modest 12-9.)

Ryba wasn't riding herd on Mizell because of any fear that he might find Havana's night life alluring. Vinegar neither drinks nor smokes, although he does chew a huge plug of tobacco on the field. Ryba's task was to polish Mizell's natural equipment: "We had to improve his control and his motion to first base and get him to add another pitch. Mizell can fire the ball as hard as anybody in the National League, maybe even as hard as that boy Herb Score with Cleveland. The trouble is you can't get by with speed alone.

MARVIN KONER

A man of faith, the Cardinal pitcher tries to read a Bible passage every day. He gives tenth of income to his church

There wasn't enough difference between his fast one and his curve to fool any batter's timing. He had to develop a change of pace, either off his fast ball or off his curve. Vinegar has come up with a good slow curve, which he can control well enough to risk throwing it when he's three-and-two, or even when he's behind the hitter."

The inability of Mizell to hold runners on first base is surprising in a left-handed pitcher, since he is facing the runner on first while he is preparing to deliver to the plate.

"When Al Hollingsworth had me at Houston in '51, he taught me a pretty good motion," says Mizell. "Only trouble was that when I came up with the Cards, I was concentrating so much on the hitter, I plumb forgot about that rascal on first.

"Later on I got so I could hold the runners on pretty good—leastways, I thought so, but then I went in the Army. Fort McPherson had a real good hitting club for the sorta league we was in, and we used to get runs in bunches, like bananas. Well, you're ahead about five or six runs on a hot, muggy day in July, and you just ain't gonna wear yourself out throwing to first to hold a man on. So, when I got down here, I had to start all over."

Havana fans had a "night" for Mizell in January and showered him with gifts, including an expensive wrist watch and a portable radio. Mizell had a minor complaint about the latter while in Cuba. "It only gits Spanish music," he said.

Vinegar was hot on his "night," fanning 10 hitters in the first four innings. Among his victims was Chico Fernandez, a native son and local hero, who didn't like it a bit when he was struck out on his first two trips. Chico walked on his third try and saved some face by promptly stealing second on Mizell. Let Vinegar take over from there:

"Now it was a nothing-nothing ball game with one out when Chico stole second and that hurt," says Mizell, "because he was in scoring position. I know he was mad about me striking him out twice so I said to myself, just before I got ready to pitch to the batter, 'Vinegar, you better give that boy just one more look before you turn that ball loose.' I peeked, and there he was, a-streaking for third. I threw over there, and he was a dead pigeon."

SINCE FERNANDEZ IS BROOKLYN PROPERTY, word of his misadventure soon reached Fresco Thompson, vice-president in charge of Dodger minor-league clubs. "Mizell must be improving," commented Fresco, "if he was able to do all that reasoning and thinking between pitches."

The pitcher has been popular in St. Louis from the beginning. Mizell likes people and people respond. As teammate Stan Musial says, "Vinegar's easy smile and that hillbilly drawl make him a great after-dinner talker and a great tonic around our clubhouse."

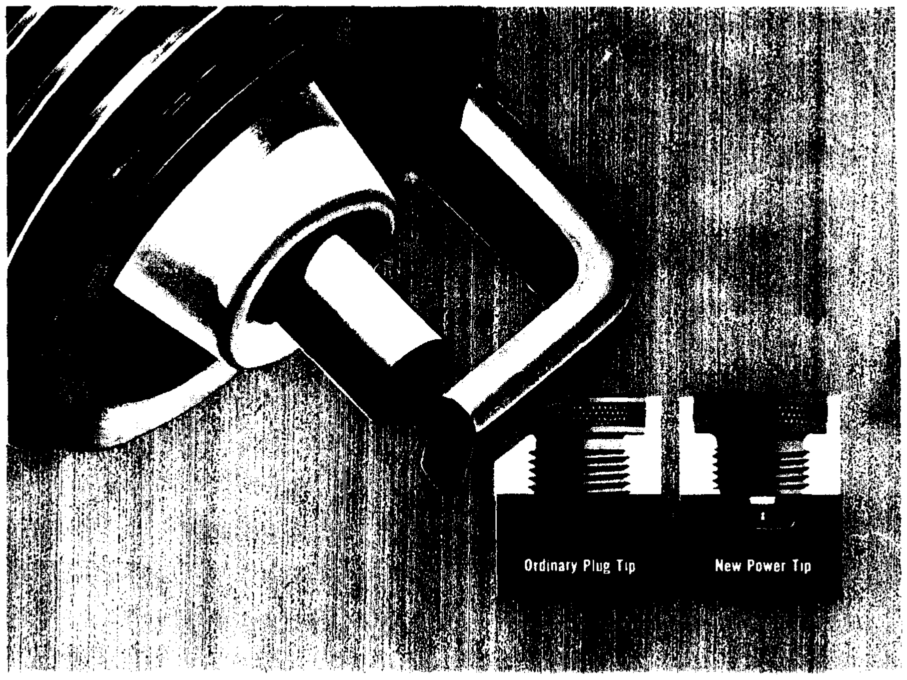
Joe Garagiola, former catcher who now assists Harry Caray in the Cardinal broadcasts, regards Mizell as one of the most entertaining conversationalists he's ever met in baseball. And also one of the weakest hitters ever to stand up at a big-league plate. Mizell batted .044 and .084 in his two years with the Cards.

"That didn't keep Vinegar from talking a good game up at the plate," Garagiola recalls. "When I was with the Cubs, he'd come up to the dish and say, 'Reckon it's about time for ole Vinegar to rip one,' or, 'Watch this power.' And all this from a guy who considers a loud foul a moral victory."

Mizell faces his future hopefully. He is conscious of his shortcomings and tries eagerly to correct them. "I try to do everything they tell me," he says. "I found out they got a lot of smart guys up in this league. And the more I think about how smart they are, the gladder I am that I got my fast ball." THE END

Some spark plugs are designed for low speeds—
some spark plugs are designed for high speeds, but . . .

Only new POWER TIP "fires up" your engine at all speeds!



Buick
Cadillac
Chevrolet
Chrysler
DeSoto
Dodge
Hudson
Imperial
Nash
Oldsmobile
Packard
Plymouth
Pontiac
Studebaker

Now at last a spark plug hot enough at low speeds to resist fouling, yet cold enough at highway speeds to check pre-ignition. New Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plug with Power Tip "fires up" your engine for peak performance and economy at all speeds.

At low speeds, the Power Tip gets hotter than conventional plugs . . . burns away fuel and oil deposits that cause engine misfire, wasting fuel and power.

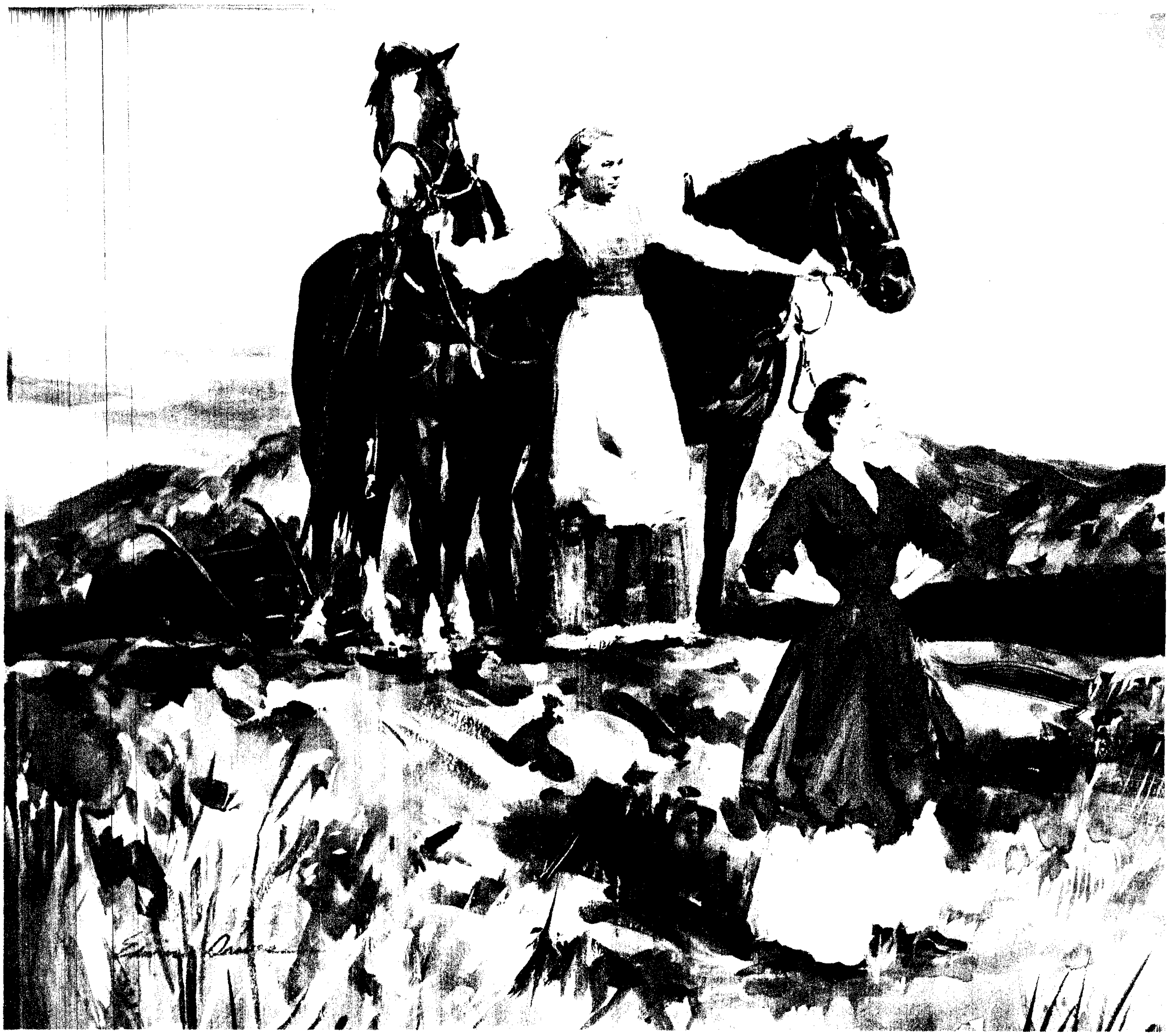
At high speeds, the Power Tip keeps cool—takes full advantage of the cooling action of incoming fuel gases. It checks pre-ignition, safeguards power and performance at highway speeds.

TEST-PROVED IN 17 DIFFERENT MAKES!

Fits all these cars with overhead-valve V-8 engines using 14 mm. spark plugs: Buick • Cadillac Chevrolet • Chrysler • De Soto • Dodge • Ford Hudson • Imperial • Lincoln • Mercury • Nash Oldsmobile • Packard • Plymouth • Pontiac Studebaker • See your nearest Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer.

AUTO-LITE RESISTOR SPARK PLUG WITH POWER TIP

Auto-Lite manufactures over 400 products, including Spark Plugs, Batteries, Wire and Cable, and Automotive Electrical Systems . . . sold throughout the United States and Canada.



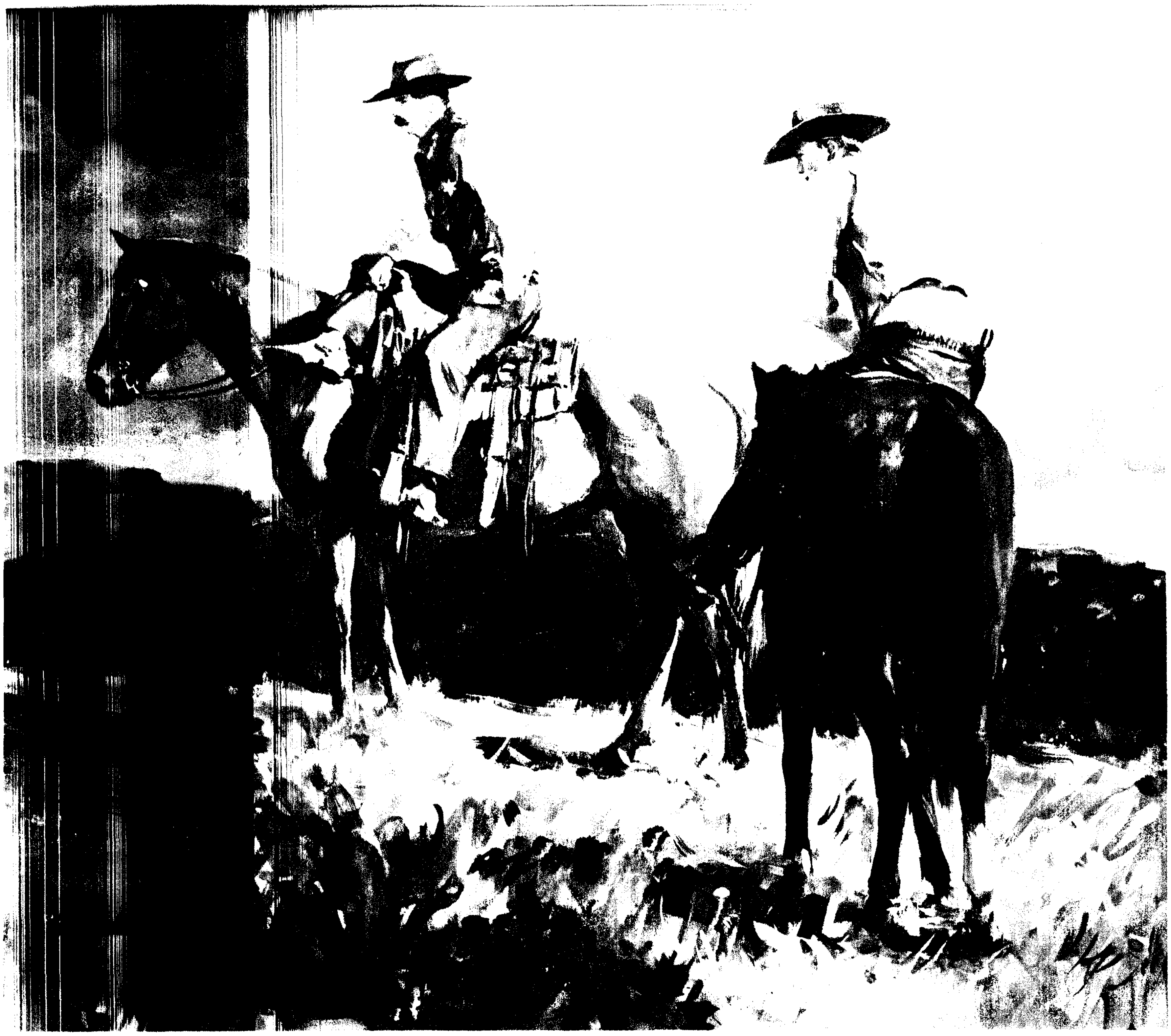
Scott and I laughed when we saw what a mess those two women were making of the plowing. "You two quit that foolishness," Scott said.

THE KEAN LAND

By JACK SCHAEFER

The author of Shane tells an exciting new story of the frontier—of ruthless land-grabbers, with the law on their side, and of their battle with a fiery old settler, Brent Kean, whose only law was his rifle

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES



Sarah Kean's face lighted up then—she was glad to see us. But Lettie wasn't. She said, "You're so smirking smart, Mr. Scott Hammon!"

BEGINNING A NEW TWO-PART SERIAL

It is a small city in western Colorado. The main business section is downstream, where the railroad crosses the river. This is upstream, where the suburban area crowds along both banks. Here on the left bank, between the valley highway and the river—out of place in the midst of stores and service stations and housing developments—is an oasis of uncluttered fields and wood lots, a farm surrounded and imprisoned by the expanding city. It has a small barn and a low flat-roofed building that once was a feeding shelter for cattle, and a small house, half original log cabin, half frame addition.

On the porch of the addition sits an old man. He sits relaxed in an old rocker, in heavy work shoes and faded Levi's and once-bright flannel shirt. His huge frame, once powerfully muscled, is now lean and gaunt with age but his old eyes glow undimmed. He is talking to a younger man, to a writer of tales of the American West that was and is no more.

. . . So Jeff Martin put you onto me. I haven't seen Jeff in eight-ten years, but a friend of his is a friend of mine so maybe I'd better apologize for speaking so sour when you pulled in here. I thought you were another of those billy-be-damned real-estate sharpers. Can't seem to pound into their heads that price doesn't mean a thing—I'm just plain not selling.

Sure, they'd like to get hold of this piece. One hundred sixty acres of good land. What would they do with it? Slap together a couple hundred more of those silly modern shacks they call ranch houses, which a rancher wouldn't live in, and make a lot of money, which seems to be the most important thing anybody can do nowadays. That's progress. So they say.

They've been putting the squeeze on me these last years. Raised my taxes, twice. Zoned the section so I had to get rid of the cows. But I raise garden stuff and take hay off the fields, and with what I've got in the bank I make out. No one but me to worry over anyway. The kids are all grown, got grown kids of their own, scattered from here to breakfast and all doing all right. They don't feel about this place the way I do and no reason they should, but all the same they say stick to it, Dad, if that's what you want; and try a little buckshot on those real-estate boys, and if you need any bail money just holler.

I promised Lettie—that was my wife—that I wouldn't sell, that I'd keep the place like this to the finish. So I'm keeping it. When I'm laid under, the land-grabbers can bid themselves silly over it, and there'll be a nice chunk of cash to be split among the kids and I won't be around to see what happens to the place. . . .

So Jeff told you there's a story in me, in this land. Well, yes, there is. But the real story goes way back and was over and done before I moved out here. I don't figure in it much. Since Lettie died—that'll be four years this fall—I haven't talked much to anybody about what happened back then. Nobody to talk to. The kind of folks crowding in around here now aren't interested in the old days. Try to tell folks like that why I'm keeping this farm and they just plain wouldn't get it.

Maybe you would. Seems Jeff Martin thinks you would. But I'm warning

In your home town the best moving and storage service is

MAYFLOWER

says

JOEL McCREA

starring in Allied Artists'
CinemaScope production
"The First Texan"

Mayflower's skilled employees are efficient, economical and dependable, so call your near-by Mayflower Warehouseman for the answer to any moving or storage problem, large or small. Expert, friendly home-town service is offered by over 525 Mayflower Warehousemen from coast to coast, ask for free estimates.

◇ MAIL COUPON FOR FREE MOVING DAY KIT TO
MAYFLOWER WAREHOUSEMEN'S ASSN.
860 CONSOLIDATED BLDG. • INDIANAPOLIS 4, IND.

NAME____________________
ADDRESS__________________
CITY__________STATE________

Know your near-by Mayflower
Warehouseman — consult
your telephone directory

Mayflower Warehouses
Coast to Coast
EXCLUSIVE AGENTS AERO MAYFLOWER TRANSIT CO.

you, it ain't pretty. The right and wrong of it's hard for some to see straight. I'll give it to you the only way I can, which is telling about me and what I saw happen. . . .

I GREW up back east in Nebraska. My folks had a farm there and I was their only kid. I was good-sized from the start, and my father figured once he knew I was all he'd have, he'd get all the work he could out of me. There was nothing mean in that. He believed in work—always said that was what man was put on this earth to do, and he and his were going to do it.

Mother figured the opposite. She was bound determined to make something of me, and her idea of something was an educated man. The two of them hammered away at each other, thinking up arguments and throwing them at each other. Time came I understood that was how they liked it, how they kept some spice and tang in a hard life. My father had a big voice and when he got going he could shout her down, but all the same my mother usually had her way.

She had her way the year I hitched rides over to Illinois with a bank draft in my pocket and enrolled at Knox College.

I can't say I enjoyed that year, though it started me reading some and I expect I learned plenty. But I was big and clumsy and fresh off the farm and didn't fit in with the others. More I saw of students others looked up to because they had a little money, the more I kept thinking of my father, who'd never had a full decent suit in his life, and had to read following the words with a finger and spelling them out, and did two men's work every day and got peeved at himself because he couldn't do more. I was ready to quit anyway when the letter came from a neighbor saying there was cholera back home.

I was too late. They were both gone when I got there. That was when I found the two of them had pushed the mortgage on the farm to the limit to get me that bank draft, and the sharper who held the paper had already foreclosed. Maybe I could have stirred trouble but I was too hit to care. I had some money left from that draft. And I had a note my father had given a neighbor for me, written in his squiggly, misspelled scrawl: *dere son—bruther scott wil help—in collerado.*

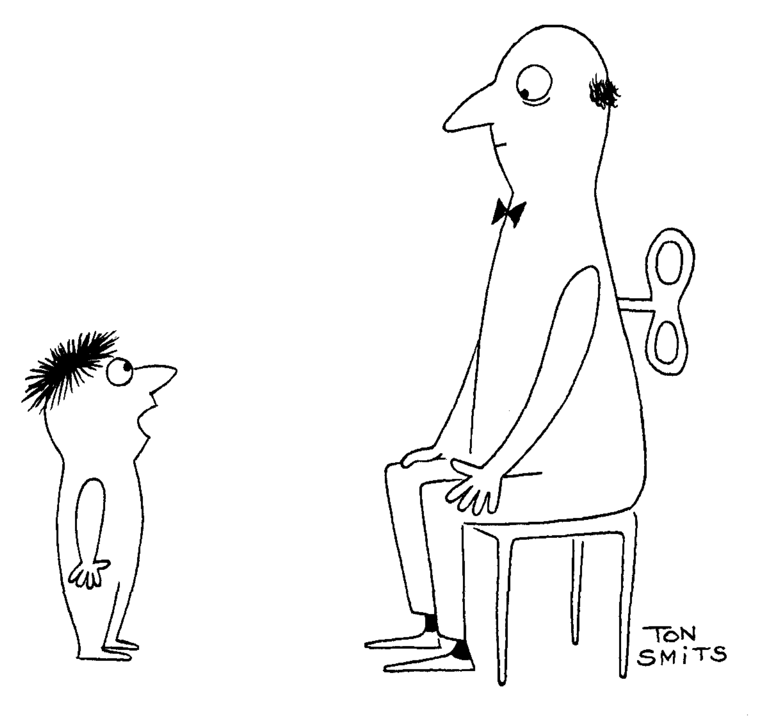
I tucked it away as a keepsake. I wasn't interested in asking anybody for any help, specially an uncle I hadn't even ever seen, and only heard about the few times my father talked about his folks that he'd split with when he sided with the Union in the Civil War. I just wanted to be let alone, so I drifted off by my lonesome, and down through Kansas and into the panhandle and over into New Mexico.

I had my full growth already in those days. People took me for a grown man so I tried acting like one, drinking more'n I could hold right and taking up with some of the girls in the towns there. Wasn't long before I was flat broke. I kicked about at odd jobs, and then I got into freighting, heavy hauling out of Santa Fe. Freighters were a tough crew then—they'd work up a fight and take a saloon apart just for the fun of it. I'd join in and wake up next morning in a back lot with a busted head or in jail for busting someone else's head.

IT WAS one of those times, in the Santa Fe jail, that I got to thinking. There I was coming twenty-two and not doing so well by myself. I was working off and on but not the way my father had, steady and slugging it through and aiming at some goal. And I sure wasn't learning much—that is, not the kind of things my mother had in mind. Thinking of those two reminded me of that note, and soon as I could pull out I headed up here into Colorado looking for my Uncle Scott.

I didn't know much about him except he was a few years younger than my father and had headed west after the Civil War. Not much on size, my father said once, but all the same a good fighting man when the trouble came, even if he did join the Rebs and had to be licked.

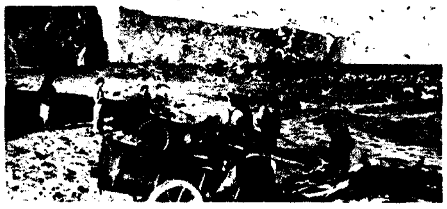
I didn't know where he was, but it didn't take long to find out. I headed up Taos way and over the line, following the Grande upstream. Right away



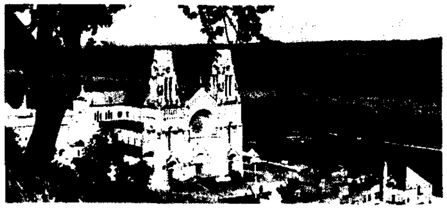
"Can I use the key tonight?"

COLLIER'S TON SMITS

ENJOY A QUÉBEC VACATION



PICTURESQUE



ROMANTIC

HISTORIC French Canada will welcome you with old-time hospitality. Write for free road maps and booklets to: Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Quebec City, Canada; or 48 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

La Province de Québec

PAINTING IS EASY!
WITH THE FAMOUS
BURGESS *electric* SPRAYER

electric sprayer
BVI

Just plug in and Spray

SPRAYS:
PAINT • VARNISH • ENAMEL • SHELLAC • MOTHPROOFERS • GARDEN SPRAYS • WATER • INSECTICIDES

1,000 USES IN EVERY HOME! For the fastest, smoothest painting or spraying job you ever saw, try the Burgess Sprayer. Completely self-contained . . . just plug into regular household outlet, pull the trigger, and paint furniture, floors, walls, screens, cabinets, fences. Fine for mothproofing and garden spraying, too. New sapphire nozzle, handy spray-adjuster. 25-oz. graduated jar. Easier to clean than a brush. Get your Burgess Sprayer today!

only **$12.95** AT YOUR FAVORITE DEALER

If not available locally, send $12.95 for postpaid delivery. Money-back guarantee.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET "HOW TO PAINT THE EASY WAY"
BURGESS VIBROCRAFTERS, INC.
DEPT. A-7 • GRAYSLAKE, ILLINOIS

WHY SHOULD Your Power Mower HAVE BIG WHEELS?

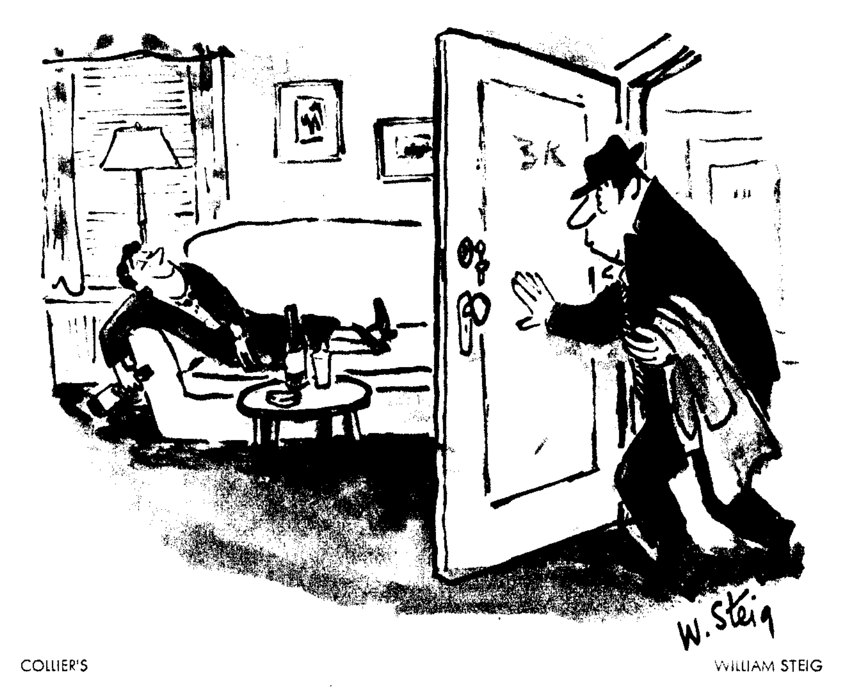
Own the finest mower on your street—a BIG WHEEL YAZOO—and challenge any other mower to a cutting duel! Exclusive bicycle-type wheels make Yazoo outlook, outperform, outwear any other!

Yazoo BIG WHEELS glide easier! Won't bog down as small wheels do! BIG WHEELS mean greater operator control—even a child can mow with safety!

Like no other machine, Yazoo not only grooms the most luxurious lawns—but is a mule for rural work, high cutting! See your dealer or write now for his name! You've got a brand new experience in store for you!

FREE! Send for illustrated booklet *"Are You Killing Your Grass?"* to: Yazoo Manufacturing Co., Dept. C, Jackson, Miss.

YAZOO MASTER MOWERS



COLLIER'S WILLIAM STEIG

I hit a man at Del Norte who'd heard of him, and he sent me on toward this mesa country. I kept on, asking questions, and when I got up this way I was surprised to find how well known he was. People knew about him, all right. But they wouldn't say much, just send me on heading here.

That's how it was when I reached this valley. The town wasn't much then, just a stopping-off place for a couple stage lines, and some stores and a few saloons and a blacksmith shop. No, there wasn't much here then—except the things that made it nice country. I hadn't realized how I'd been missing the feel of good growing earth under my feet.

First person I saw when I got into town was a long-faced gent wearing a storekeeper's apron and leaning against a hitching rail, soaking up sun. I asked my question, and he pointed at a two-story building across the road. I went over and the door was open. A hall ran straight through to the back, and over a door on the right side of the hall was a sign: *Sheriff's Office*. The door was ajar, and I pushed it open and saw a small room with an old desk and a couple chairs. Another doorway led off that room to a room in back, and I was wondering whether to walk in when I heard my father's voice coming through that inner doorway. It was his voice, the same flat tone with lingering trace of Kentucky drawl, only it wasn't because it was a bit sharper, had more of an edge. "Sobered up, eh? Prove it. Walk that chalk line."

I stepped to that inner doorway and there he was. He was standing there with his back to me, and there was a big old .45 hanging in an oiled holster at his side. And he was just as my father had said—not much on size, but the bare sight of him, just the back of him, standing straight with a kind of military erectness, told with no mistake he was a damned good fighting man in any kind of trouble, no matter what side he might be taking.

It was a fair-sized room he was in. The back part was rigged for a jail, with bars across and a partition making two cells. He was facing the cell on the left, and in there was a scrubby mean-faced man concentrating on putting one foot after the other along a chalk line on the floor. The man saw me and in an instant my Uncle Scott was aware of me too and turned around. "Have a chair," he said. "Be with you soon." I went and sat on a chair by the front window.

In a moment he and the mean-faced man came in. My uncle went to the old desk and took a gun out and dropped it in the man's holster. "You did some blowing last night," he said, "about what you'd do when you sobered and had your gun again. Well, you're sober and you've got it."

The man stood rigid like he was froze and couldn't move. "Quit it, Hammon. That was just the whisky talking."

"Well, then," my Uncle Scott said. "I can't think of a single reason why you should stay around this town any more. Can you?"

The man took a deep breath. "No," he said.

"Right," my Uncle Scott said. "Your horse is out back."

THE man went out and my Uncle Scott walked over and sat down behind the desk and looked at me.

"Well, bub, what's on your mind?" he asked.

I gulped some and didn't know how to begin. "I'm Ben," I said. "Ben Hammon."

He just kept looking at me in that steady way of his. "John's boy?"

"Yes," I said.

His voice was careful, not showing a thing. "How is John these days?"

"He's dead," I said. My Uncle Scott's eyes shifted and he was looking past me, out the window. "Three years ago," I said. "He and Mother. Cholera."

My Uncle Scott looked out that window what seemed a long time. Then he was looking at me. "What are you doing here?" I couldn't figure how to say what I wanted to say so I reached in my shirt pocket and took out that note. I leaned over and put it on the desk and suddenly I was about ready to bawl, because he held that wrinkled old note with one hand and pushed the forefinger of the other along it the way my father would have, spelling out the words.

"You took your time coming here," he said. "What're you after now? Money?"

That did it. That cut me loose. "Damn it, no!" I said. "I been taking care of myself! I'm looking for a place where maybe I belong! That's sure not here!"

I was starting up toward the door

For your Ford –
always specify the brake linings with the

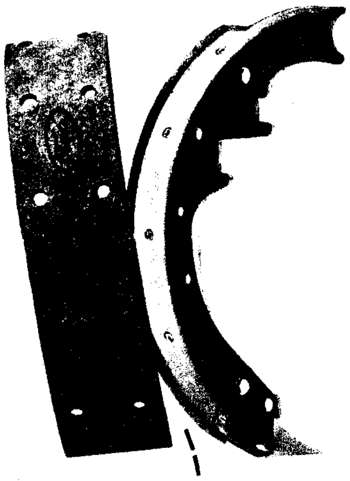
IRON GRIP

"**Genuine Ford Brake Linings** *prove* they can keep their iron grip in 3,250 torture tests," says Al Esper, Ford's Chief Test Driver. "In one test we drag the brakes down hills at 30 to 35 m.p.h. until it's hotter than a broiling oven inside the brake drum. At temperatures like this, inferior linings fade. But Ford linings beat the heat and go on to pass repeated 80 m.p.h. emergency stop tests without a falter!"

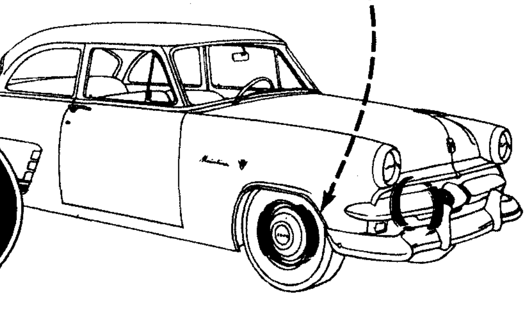
Like these brake linings, all Genuine Ford Parts must pass severe torture tests

When a replacement will add to your Ford's performance—such as water pumps, shock absorbers, distributor points—always make sure it's a Genuine Ford Part. It will help your car run "like new" because it's built to the specifications set when your car was brand new. You can count on long, dependable service, too, for all Genuine Ford Parts must pass the most grueling endurance tests before they are ever accepted for manufacture.

That's why you should always specify Genuine Ford Parts. They're *made right to fit right to last longer in your Ford.*



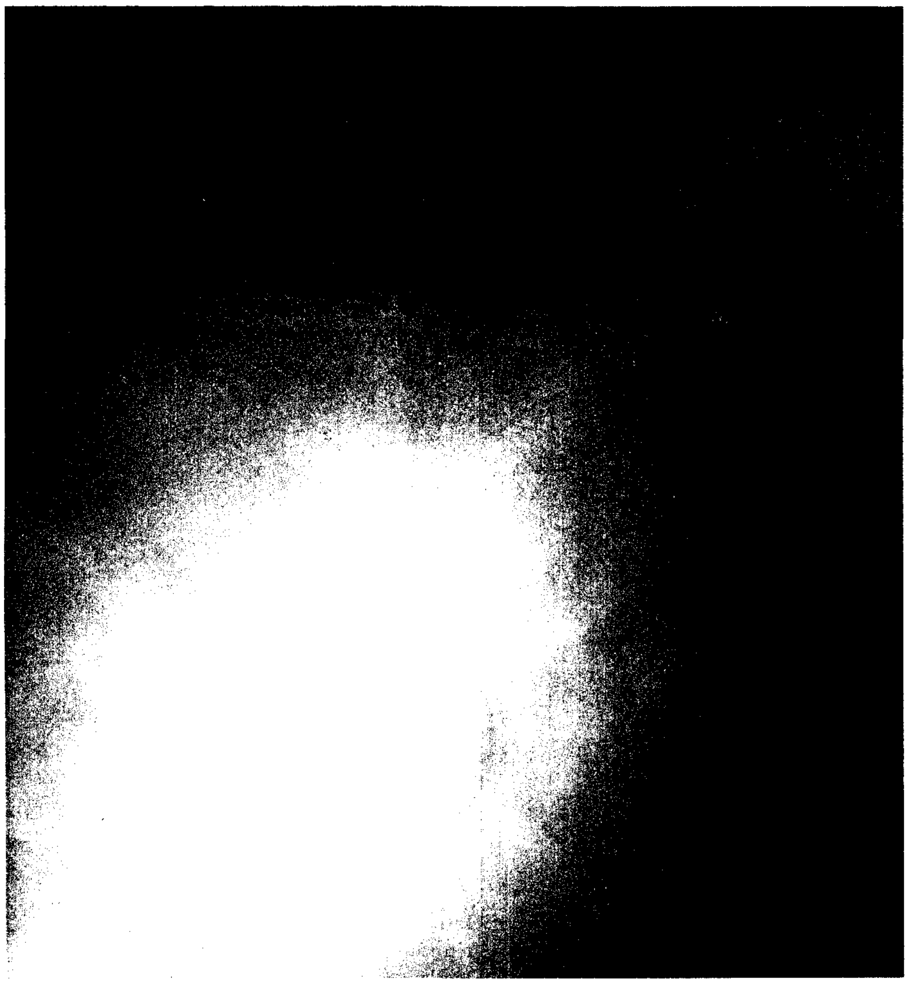
May is National Safety Month—Be sure you can see, steer, stop safely!



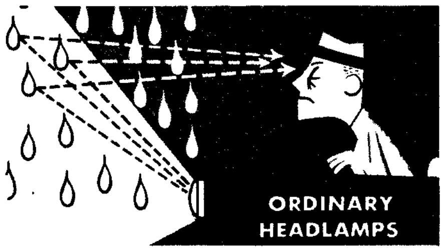
GENUINE Ford PARTS

Keep your Ford all Ford

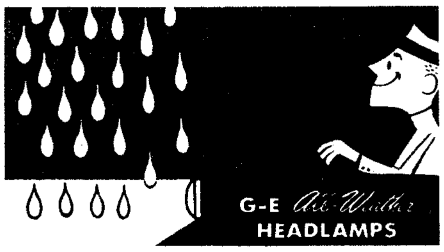
WHY GROPE YOUR WAY LIKE THIS IN FOG?



Get a pair of G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps . . . see better in any weather



Uncontrolled upward light bounces off moisture particles, causes kick-back glare, blinds driver.



G-E filament shield controls upward light, reduces kick-back glare, makes seeing easier.

NEW General Electric *All-Weather* Headlamps are so revolutionary they make all ordinary headlamps obsolete.

With ordinary headlamps, upward light is uncontrolled. This light is reflected back into your eyes by millions of tiny moisture particles—that is why seeing at night in fog, rain, or snow is so difficult. New G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps have a special shield over the lower beam filament that blocks out uncontrolled upward light. Kick-back glare is reduced to a minimum . . . you can see the road ahead more clearly.

On clear nights, the upper beam filament which is purposely not shielded, puts light farther down the road. You can see curves, dips and obstacles in time to slow down.

With a pair of G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps you get 25% more light. Passing oncoming cars is easier, too, because the light is concentrated where you need it—on the right-hand side of the road.

Replace your present headlamps with a pair of new G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps. They can be quickly installed and accurately aimed for a surprisingly modest cost. Ask for them by name: G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps.

Miniature Lamp Dept., General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

when he stopped me short. "Sit down." It was as if he'd caught me with a rope and put me back on that chair. "Your father," he said, "was a big noisy stubborn stiff-minded jackass like maybe you are too. He went his way and I went mine. But when we were kids and I was a scrawny little runt he whopped every big lout that tried picking on me. I've got quarters upstairs. There's room for you. You go get—"

"Wait," I said. I didn't want to say this because I didn't know how he would take it, but I had to say it: "Maybe you were kind of stubborn and stiff-minded too."

Somehow that was the right thing to say, because the little wrinkles around his eyes showed plainer. "Good Lord, boy," he said. "Of course I was. Still am. I'm a Hammon same as your father was. He waited till he was dying before he turned to me. Likely I'd have done the same. But he knew right well he could, didn't he? You go get your things and move in."

"Well, now," I said. "Everything I've got is on me right now."

The wrinkles around his eyes showed even plainer. "Been taking mighty good care of yourself, eh, boy? Come along then, I'll introduce you around." . . .

That's what he did, took me out and to every place near, introducing me to everybody. What struck me first was how easy and friendly people were with me. Then I figured why. It wasn't anything about me, it was that I was being introduced by a man named Scott Hammon. They liked him and were proud having him a neighbor and their sheriff who kept things quiet in their little town so folks could be easy and friendly with one another.

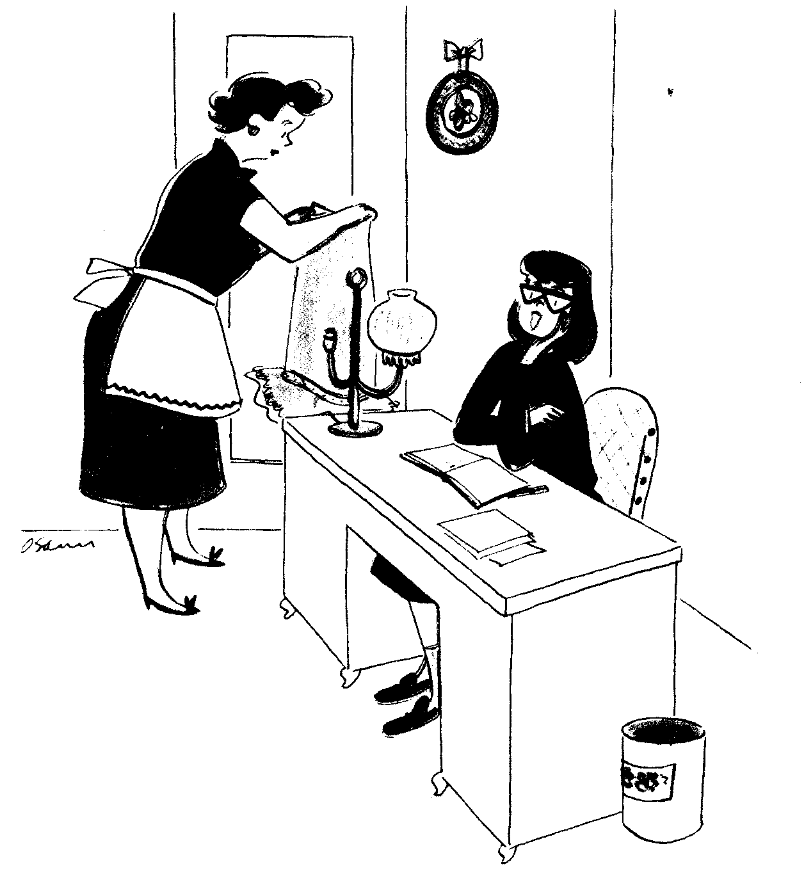
I learned about that the next days, not much from him, mostly from other people. He'd worn a badge quite a while up in the mining country and made himself a name calming some rough camps. He was fast with a gun, people said. Not as fast as the real experts, and he'd been winged a few times, but once he had his gun out he was so billy-be-damned thorough with it that after a while he was known around, and even the best would think twice before forcing him to draw. He never backed away from a showdown, but he didn't go pushing one either. His way, when he had to arrest somebody and knew he couldn't do it peaceful, was to get in close and jump the play quick and lay the barrel of his gun alongside the man's skull and tote him off unconscious. More than one man, thinking it over after, had thanked him for doing it that way.

THEN he got married, a woman who'd come into the mountains for her health—lung trouble; and he had a taste of living quiet with her before they found she'd come too late. They settled here because it was nice country, and he worked at the stage station and took care of her till she died. Afterward, the town people, who knew a good thing when it was handy, asked him if he wouldn't take care of them now as their sheriff.

Just a few days and I was beginning to feel maybe I could belong here. I was bunking upstairs with Scott and taking meals with him at Mrs. Morrison's, wife of that storekeeper sent me to him the first day. I knew if I stayed around long I'd have to get into some regular line of work but I didn't know what I wanted yet and so I had a couple side-line jobs to pay my keep. In the mornings I'd help the blacksmith with any heavy work he had. A short thick one he was, built like a barrel, named Rufe Martin—yep, he was your friend Jeff's father, only Jeff wasn't more'n three-four then.

In the afternoons I'd help Scott with

TIZZY



"Jimmy's new car is dreamy—and it's real easy to push"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

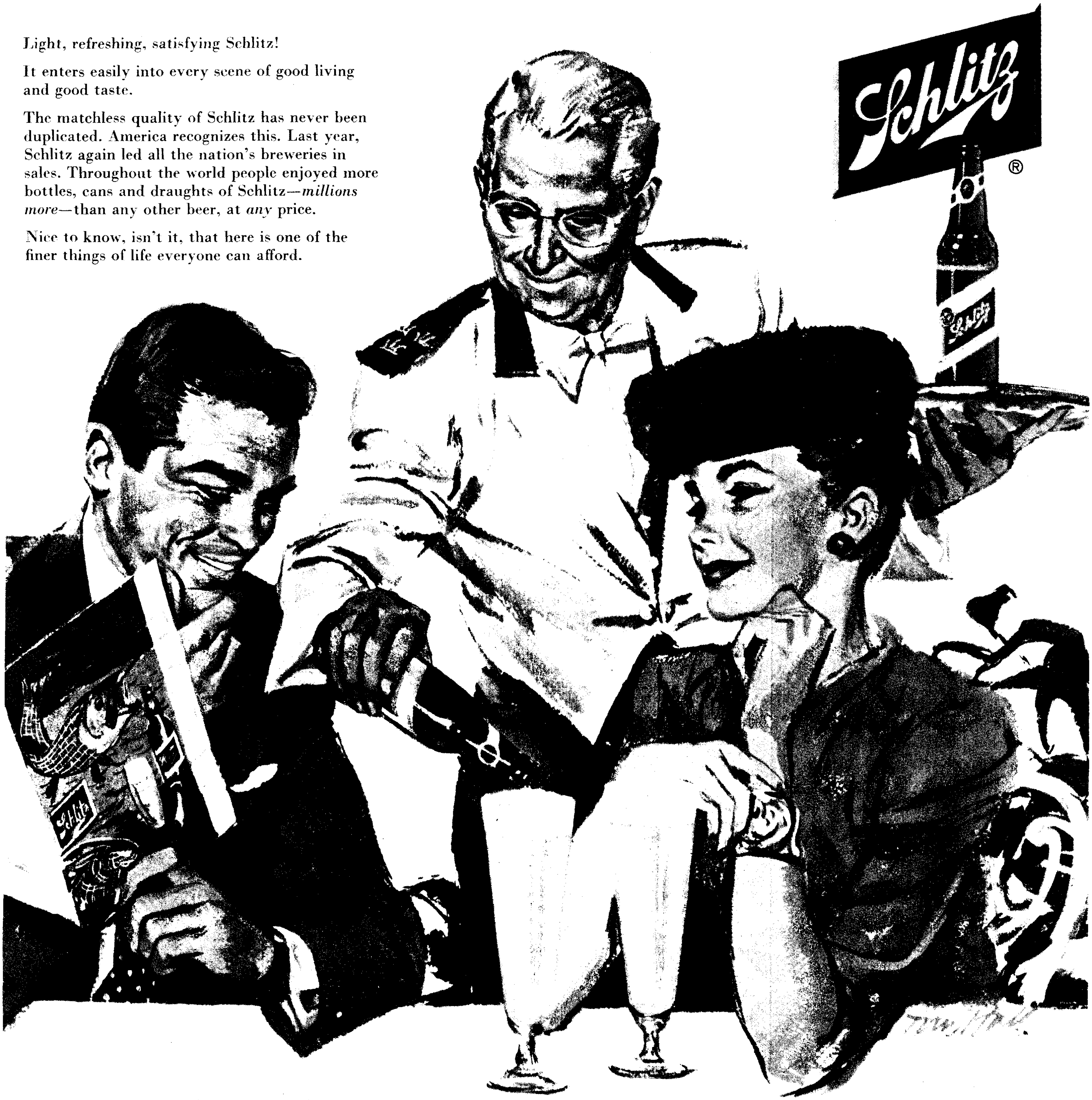
Ask for Schlitz . . .
see why it outsells all other beers

Light, refreshing, satisfying Schlitz!

It enters easily into every scene of good living and good taste.

The matchless quality of Schlitz has never been duplicated. America recognizes this. Last year, Schlitz again led all the nation's breweries in sales. Throughout the world people enjoyed more bottles, cans and draughts of Schlitz—*millions more*—than any other beer, at *any* price.

Nice to know, isn't it, that here is one of the finer things of life everyone can afford.



THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

©[illegible] Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis., Brooklyn, N. Y., Los Angeles, Cal.

HALF
THE LEADING
AMATEURS
CHOOSE
TITLEIST

In the major tournaments of 1955 more Titleists were played by the leading amateurs than any other ball.

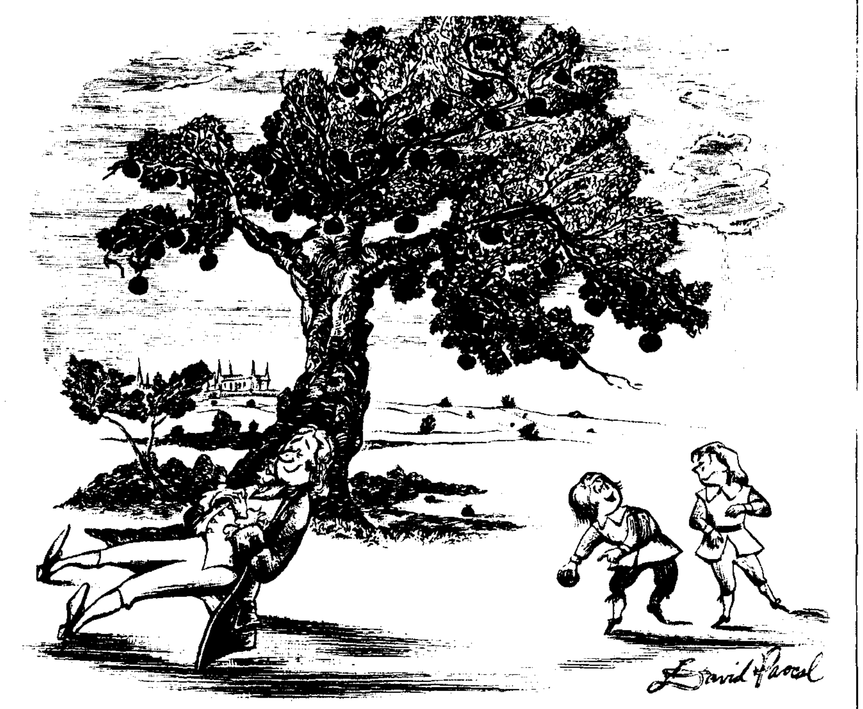
In this kind of big tournament competition only the best is good enough. That's why these great players feel they *need* Titleist, and *choose* it over any other ball. They choose it because it helps their scores — no other reason.

If these top notchers feel *they* need this most modern of modern balls, can you afford not to try it?

ACUSHNET
GOLF BALLS

Sold the world over through
Golf Course Pro Shops only

Ask your Pro to specify the Titleist best suited to your game



"Let's hit Mr. Newton on the head with this apple and see what happens"

COLLIER'S DAVID PASCAL

his paper work. That is, I'd do it. I came in one day and found him at his desk scowling at a letter he was spelling out with one finger. I took it and read it off for him and it was from a commissioner over at the county seat about seventy miles off, squawking because they weren't getting any records from him, not even any answer to their letters, and sometime they were going to get a little peeved about all that.

WHEN Scott saw I could wrangle words enough to make sense he got up from the desk and told me to wade in. I pulled open the drawers and there was the gosh-darnedest accumulation of stuff. He'd been shoving everything into those drawers for years.

"Records?" he said. "All the records I need are here in my head. I jail a man for stirring trouble, why I jail him. I ain't going to hold it against him after, long as he behaves himself. Any lawing we've had—well, Fred Morrison's a justice of the peace, and what he's decided is all in there somewhere. Any real serious business goes over to the county seat anyway, so what're they hollering about? If it's records they want and you feel up to it, why, give them what you can."

I'd work on that stuff a while each afternoon, and he'd sit by the window watching people go by outside and talking to those who came in and answering my questions when I couldn't make out something.

It was pleasant doing that, but all the same I'd get to studying him and feeling low. I'd found him and he was all I had and he was something for anybody to have, but still I'd get lonesome. He was so complete and sufficient in himself, it seemed to me nobody could ever really get close to him.

Then one day he took me by surprise. "Ben," he said. "Can you handle a plow like your father could?"

"Shucks, no," I said. "He could about plain push the thing through the ground himself. I have to have horses helping."

"I'm thinking of horses," he said. "Old Brent Kean's broke his leg. You ain't met him yet, Ben, and a dose of him'll do you good. If his garden plowing ain't done soon the season'll get past him."

We went out back and he saddled his tough little gray and I put one on the big bay he'd said would be mine for fixing up his records, and he brought me up the trail that's now that highway out there and to this place.

The first thing I saw here was a fenced pasture, that first field down there, with half a dozen steers and a couple riding horses in it. Then I saw the house here—the log part was all there was then. And over there, beginning where the barn is now, two women were plowing a good-sized plot. Trying to plow. Those furrows were the billy-be-damnedest things you ever saw. Zigzagged all over. The team was willing enough but the plow was big and those women couldn't handle it. Scott swung over in by them. "You two quit that foolishness," he said.

The one holding the reins was a big woman, tall and big-boned, with a lot of wispy gray hair. Her face lighted up when she saw Scott. She dropped the reins and started to unhitch the horses. "I was telling Brent only this morning," she said, "if anybody found time to get out this way it'd be that little rooster Scott Hammon." She was sure glad to see us.

THE other one wasn't. Or didn't show it any. She was big too, about the same build, only a lot younger and still slender. She was a sight right then. She had a lot of hair, dark it was then, that'd been fastened in two long braids wound up on her head, and they'd started unraveling, and her face was all sweaty and streaked from her rubbing a muddy hand across it, and she was mad. Told me later she'd never been so mad before. Mad at that plow. Mad at her father for being so silly as to go off hunting again at his age and fall and break a leg and have to crawl eight miles home. Mad at us too for catching her looking like that. "You're so smirking smart, Mr. Scott Hammon," she said. "*You* tell me how we're going to plant without plowing."

"Well, now," Scott said. "That's easy. I've brought you the best plower in seventeen counties. My nephew Ben here. Ben Hammon, he's been loafing around towns so long he's a-aching to get hold of a plow again." And do you know, he was right. The smell of that

BEWARE
of buying any dictionary said to be "just as good" as a MERRIAM-WEBSTER

You buy a dictionary for one sound reason. You want to be right and to *know* that you're right.

The one desk-size dictionary that fully and absolutely justifies such confidence is Webster's New Collegiate, published by G. & C. Merriam Company. Nothing less than a genuine Merriam-Webster can be "just as good."

WEBSTER'S NEW COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY

THE BEST costs you no more:
$5 plain. $6 thumb-indexed.

Only Webster's New Collegiate, by Merriam, is based on the unabridged Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition — relied on as "the Supreme Authority" throughout the English-speaking world.

Only Webster's New Collegiate, by Merriam, is produced by a company which has specialized entirely in dictionary publishing — for over 100 years.

Only Webster's New Collegiate, by Merriam, is kept up to date by a large, *permanent* staff of experts who are specialists in dictionary making.

And Webster's New Collegiate, by Merriam, is required or recommended by nearly all colleges and universities throughout the country.

When you visit your department, book, or stationery store, insist on buying the best, Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary — a genuine Merriam-Webster. Ask for it by name.

A Merriam-Webster
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield 2, Mass.

NON-SLIP
CAT'S PAW
Rubber Heels • Soles
AT ALL FINE SHOE REPAIRERS

fresh-turned earth and the sight of those work horses and that big plow made me want to jump down and get started. But Scott was talking.

"Ben," he said. "I want you to meet Sarah Kean here, who patched me up the first time I stumbled into this valley, with a bullet in me put there by a road agent I was chasing. For thirty years, maybe more, she's been doing the impossible, which is making old Brent so plumb contented he behaves almost like a human being. That short-fused piece of dynamite there is their daughter Lettie. Taking after her father today. Hard to believe, but I've seen her scrubbed and neat enough to catch a man's eye." Before she could cut in, he said, "Come along to the house. Ben'll want to meet Brent before he does your choring."

We trailed to the cabin here—that is, Scott and Sarah Kean and me, because Lettie faded out of sight somewhere.

We hadn't more than started in the doorway when a big voice that could have stood alongside my father's was booming at us. It was coming from a man sitting in a chair by the side window, with one leg stretched out in splints. He was long and thin the way a tough old timber wolf is, lean and taut-stretched all over and made out of gristle and rawhide and sheer fighting strength. He had big features, sharp, and a chock of gray hair and thick eyebrows and a gray beard.

"Get out of my cabin, you low-bellied rattlesnake!" he was booming at Scott, making a cup rattle over on a shelf by the stove. "Where'd you get the notion I'd want to see a strutting mangy little coyote like you? Couple of months and you don't show at all! Soon as I get laid up you come sniffing around to crow over me! Think I couldn't hear you out there? Do my plowing! Make me beholden to you! My rifle was in reach I'd—"

"Shut up!" Scott shouted, and the cup on the shelf rattled some more. Sarah Kean didn't pay any mind to the shouting at all, except to kind of smile to herself. "Shut up!" Scott shouted again. "I'll break that leg clean off you and whang you one with it!"

"All right, Scott, all right," Brent said in a mild voice, and it was kind of comical because the notion of Scott tangling barehanded with him, banged up as he was, would've been like a terrier tackling a lean old grizzly.

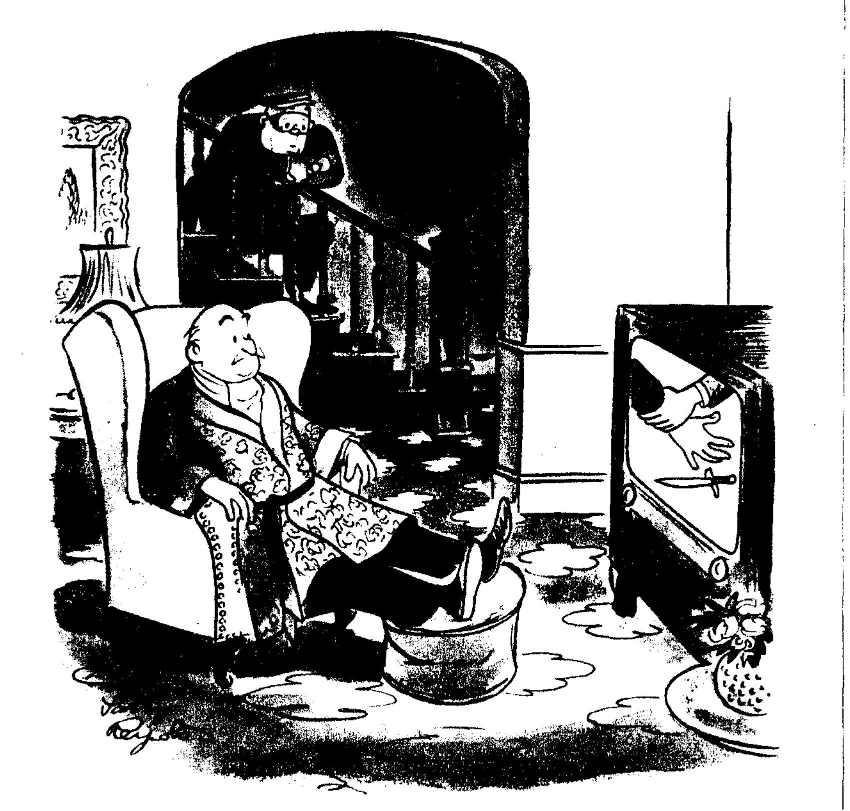
"Ben," Scott said. "I didn't mention outside that it was this moth-eaten old wreck here who brought me in to be patched that time."

OLD Brent wasn't listening to him. He was looking me over. "Big one, ain't he?" he said to Scott. Then to me: "See that chest over there, boy? Let's see you h'ist it one." I went over and it wasn't so big but it was solid and must have had heavy stuff in it because when I took hold it felt like it was nailed down. I was a bit peeved then, so I squatted and wrapped my arms around it and rocked it up some and braced it with my shoulders and got my hands under and I straightened up with it. And just to show that old man on the chair, I heaved it on up clear over my head. Then I let it down, without bumping. "Fair," old Brent said. "Middling fair. Now why aren't you out plowing?"

I could feel the mad start in me, but then I noticed Scott was watching me like he was wondering which way I'd jump, and Sarah Kean was pretending to be busy at the stove but was really watching me too, and I took hold of myself and saw that old Brent's eyes in that big sharp bristly old face didn't have a trace of meanness. Something that had been tied up tight in me for a long time sort of slipped loose then, and I said to Brent, "Well, now, you broken-down old misfit, I'm going to give that ground the first real plowing it's ever had!"

That's what I did. I went out and looked the ground over. It'd been worked other years but it'd been done wrong. It'd been plowed crosswise, down the slight valley slope, which meant that rain water could go running down the furrow lines taking soil

BUTCH



new formula
new formula
Old Spice
BRUSHLESS
SHULTON

you'll feel the luxury at once . . .

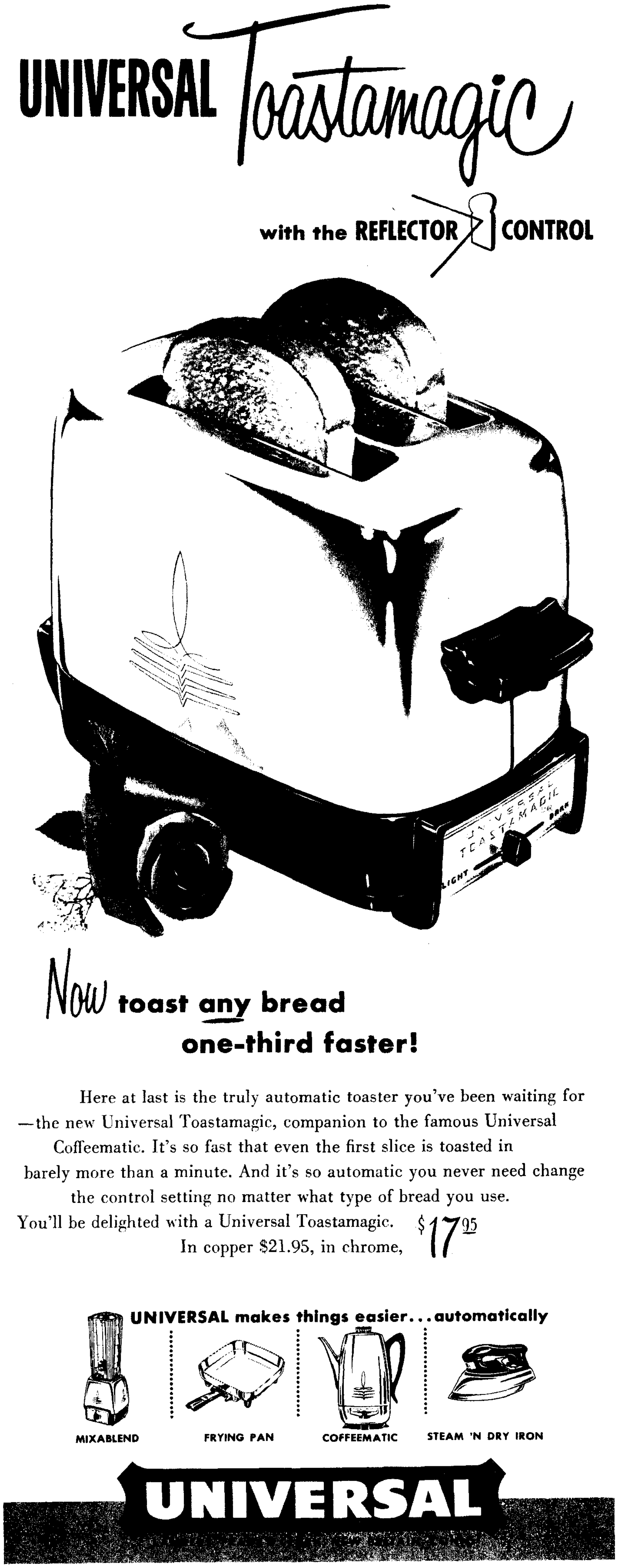
Old Spice

BRUSHLESS SHAVING CREAM

- The luxury of creamiest, richest quality . . . stays moist and full-bodied to the last whisker.
- The luxury of highly-refined lanolin . . . helps keep your skin supple — *alive.*
- Includes a new antiseptic action . . . soothes and cools your skin.
- Ask for *new formula* Old Spice Brushless Shaving Cream. In sleek new modern packaging. Giant tube .60

Add Spice to Your Life — Old Spice For Men

SHULTON
New York · Toronto



UNIVERSAL Toastamagic

with the REFLECTOR CONTROL

Now toast any bread one-third faster!

Here at last is the truly automatic toaster you've been waiting for—the new Universal Toastamagic, companion to the famous Universal Coffeematic. It's so fast that even the first slice is toasted in barely more than a minute. And it's so automatic you never need change the control setting no matter what type of bread you use. You'll be delighted with a Universal Toastamagic. In copper $21.95, in chrome, $17.95

UNIVERSAL makes things easier... automatically

MIXABLEND FRYING PAN COFFEEMATIC STEAM 'N DRY IRON

UNIVERSAL

with it. I swung the team and started slicing my furrows lengthwise. I'd run four-five when I saw Lettie outside the cabin watching me. Her face was scrubbed and her hair fixed again. I went down the line toward her, and just to show her, I strutted along holding the plow firm with only one hand. "You're plowing the wrong direction," she said.

"Oh, sure," I said. "All wrong. You're such an expert you'd know."

I started to swing away again and she picked up a stone and hit one of the horses and the horse jumped and started thrashing around and the plow yanked over and near threw me. Then she started in about maybe slow-witted as I was, maybe now I'd listen. I was plain peeved and I went over and picked her up under one arm and plopped her on a chair. I looked around at the rest of them. "I'm plowing that ground the way it ought to be plowed," I said. "Anybody else tries interfering with me I'll take this whole billy-be-damned place apart."

I stomped out, and as I was going I heard old Brent's voice: "Go to it, boy. But she's a neat armful, ain't she?" I went out and I really ripped into that plowing.

THERE was a healthy supper waiting when I finished and afterward we sat around talking—that is, Brent talked, with Scott only drawing him on.

He'd come from England, Brent had. He was about ten-eleven when his folks brought him to this country and he'd been here so long everything English had long since worn off. Except, sometimes, when he was deep interested in what he was saying he might slip into a clipped way of speaking and pick his words neat and you'd know back somewhere, likely in England, he'd had good schooling. And the few old calf-bound books he had on a shelf weren't falling apart just because they were old. He had a couple Walter Scott, I remember, he swore by. He had a rifle, too, hanging over those books—a Winchester repeater, last of a series of rifles he'd had beginning with a muzzle-loading Kentucky long. A few books and a rifle, those summed up a lot about old Brent.

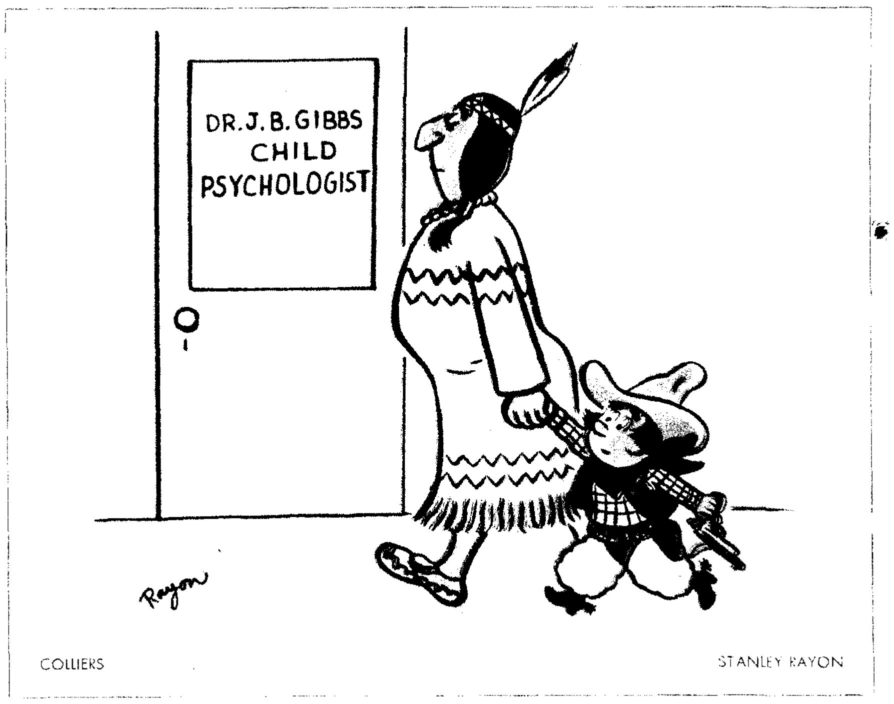
His folks settled in Tennessee, but when he was about sixteen he headed west, driving team with an emigrant outfit. He'd hunted and trapped all through these mountains. He'd been with Captain Stansbury's outfit that made the first survey of the Salt Lake country over in Utah. He scouted some for the Army, and sometimes when he needed a stake he supplied meat to the mining camps. He'd known Indians and he'd fought them and he'd lived with them.

WHEN he was getting along in his forties he thought of settling down, and looked around for a woman to sort of anchor him. He saw Sarah—Blanchard her name was then—walking behind her family's wagon, herding the cows and spare mules.

She was no youngster herself then; she was big and toughened by hard work and had a tongue. Well, Brent saw her and went along with them a few days bringing in meat to help out. Then he went straight to her and said maybe she just might be enough woman for him, and she said right back it could be maybe he might be enough man for her. He said he wasn't one to give a woman fancy geegaws or sweat his guts out trying to make a lot of money, and he'd expect her to trail with him and no squawking and live how he wanted, which was simple, and be satisfied with a place to stay and enough to eat. She said that suited her, only any children would have to learn their lettering, and he said he could handle that and why in tarnation wasn't she getting her things together.

They settled here when there wasn't even the beginning of a town. Brent made a living hunting and trapping. After a while, when more people had come in and the game was thinning, they collected some cows and a few horses and he fenced in pasture and they began depending more on their garden and selling some off it, as well as some stock. They made out and were living as they wanted to live. Everybody around knew them, but I can't say everyone liked them, because Brent could be cantankerous as an old brier bush, and sharp with people he thought fools. But even those he rubbed wrong wouldn't have had him different, because he was like a natural part of the country that bumped out and annoyed them but belonged here.

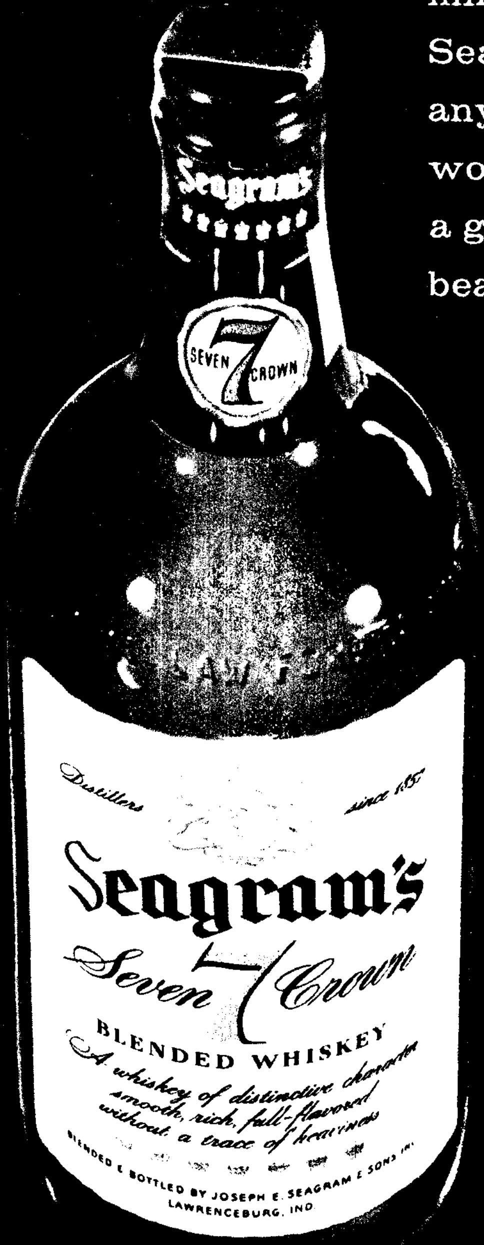
They'd had one boy—Brent they called him too—but croup took him at about five. They buried him in a little clearing behind those trees on the riverbank. A couple years later Lettie came along. They raised her right, straight-grained like themselves, and Brent gave her schooling, and she grew up think-



Whiskey makes a great gift ...if it's a great whiskey

For birthdays, anniversaries, any gift occasion, the name Seagram's 7 Crown says immediately your gift is the finest of its kind!

Year after year, more millions of Americans enjoy Seagram's 7 Crown than any other whiskey in the world. So to be Sure yours is a great gift—just be Sure it bears the name Seagram!


Seagram's
SEVEN 7 CROWN
Distillers since 1857
Seagram's
Seven Crown
BLENDED WHISKEY
A whiskey of distinctive character smooth, rich, full-flavored without a trace of heaviness
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS INC.
LAWRENCEBURG, IND.

Give Seagram's and be Sure

OF AMERICAN WHISKEY AT ITS FINEST

SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY. BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

"Of course it's SAFE...

...I relined with Johns-Manville Brake Lining!"

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, have your brakes inspected regularly. When they need relining insist upon quality Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Sets. Then you can be sure of dependable high-speed control and safe, straight-line stops.

Using selected grades of asbestos fibre, Johns-Manville produces linings that are precision-made for long life. They are not affected by temperature changes or moisture conditions.

Johns-Manville
LINED BRAKE SHOES
Johns-Manville

Your serviceman can get J-M Linings especially designed to fit your car, including the newly developed PB Sets that are power-built for power brakes. See him soon! Johns-Manville, 22 E. 40th St., N.Y. 16, N. Y. In Canada, Port Credit, Ont.

Johns-Manville sponsors "MEET THE PRESS" alternate Sundays on NBC-TV. We invite you to tune in.

Johns-Manville

The Oldest Name in Brake Lining

JOHNS-MANVILLE JM PRODUCTS

ing anything he did oughtn't to be done any other way, like that plowing.

As I say, we sat around and Brent got to talking. He was telling how when he and Sarah first came here there were still a few Indians through this section, mostly Utes. First people in some other valleys had trouble with them, but he and Sarah never did. That's because he was straight with them and treated them like people, which they were. He knew some of their words, and he put across that he liked their country and wanted to live down the valley here; and he wasn't one to go killing game for the fun of it, only what he needed; and the door of his cabin would always be open to any of them passing. Those Utes told him they'd learned not to put much faith in anything white men said but they liked the way he'd come straight to them for a talk. Long as what he'd told them stayed true, they said, he and his woman would be safe.

"And we were," Brent told us. "Even in 'seventy-nine, when they were being pushed out and those up on the White River started trouble, and troops were called out. Cabins were burned not far from here. Other people were scurrying down-river to the nearest fort. Sarah and me, we stayed here with the door open like always and they didn't bother us. They'd said they wouldn't, so they didn't. It seemed a shame to me when they were all shoved onto a reservation in Utah. This was their country first. Sarah and me, we always felt we got this place from them."

"Brent," Scott said, "you're the best man with a rifle I ever met, but you're a jackass other ways. That kind of title won't hold in court. I'll bet you haven't even filed on this piece."

"Filed?" Brent said. "You mean recorded my claim? I've been recording my claim to this piece of land by living on it for twenty-seven years. Besides, this country up in here hasn't been opened to homesteading yet."

"It's been opened," Scott said. "Last month. There's a land office been set up at the county seat and I'm passing word to thickheaded old squatters like you to get over and make it legal."

"Legal!" old Brent shouted. "That's what happens when too many people get to crowding in! Bunch of fools way off in Washington who ain't ever seen this country get to making silly rules, and you think that gives a runty little pack rat like you the right to go bossing around—"

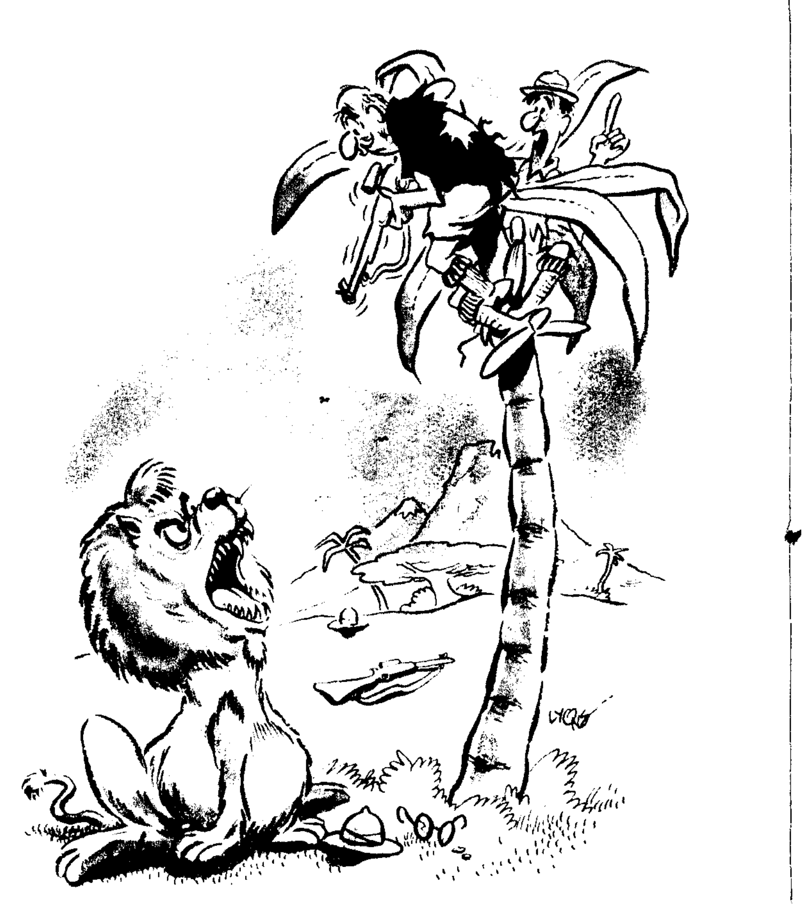
"Shut up!" Scott shouted. "I ain't a federal marshal! I'm only sheriff of this district. Far as me and the rest around here go, this is your land! But you ain't going to live forever! You'll be wanting to leave it to Lettie, and—"

"Leave it to Lettie," Brent said in that surprising mild voice again. "That's what Sarah and me want. This was Ute land once. Now it's Kean land." He stared at Scott and sighed. "All right, Scott. Soon as this leg's in shape I'll go over and file my claim."

THERE. Maybe by now you begin to have some notion what this is all about. I've been wandering on wordy like this so maybe you'll understand how I felt about it all, knocking around and getting nowhere and then finding this kind of country and people like that. But it didn't last long.

It was the railroad changed things. The railroad people were building into this end of the state and planning to cross the river right by our town. First thing we knew their advance agents were here, snapping up the space they wanted and staking their route. Then grading crews were camping nearby and a bridge outfit hit town.

The place was booming, almost overnight. People crowded in, all kinds. Tents and shacks went up, jammed together. Couple of weeks and there were seven saloons, some just in big tents, all going full blast and trying to outdo each other with brass bands and dance girls and gambling tables. Town lots went shooting up in price and land sharks were trading in them, and peo-



"Don't shoot him in the stomach. You might hit Charlie!"

COLLIER'S HARRY LYONS

ple were slamming stakes into the ground wherever they thought they could make a claim stick.

I figured it was exciting at first, but then I saw how it was going and was plain disgusted. What had been a nice town was getting to be a sprawling mess.

My Uncle Scott, he was disgusted from the first day, but he said, "I ain't ever backed away from anything yet, guess I'm too old to start now. It'll quiet down some when the rails are in and the crews move on. Meantime I'm going to make some rules. So he did and had me letter them on cardboard to tack up outside the office, a few simple things like curfew on the saloons at midnight, and no gunplay or be run out of town for good.

He swore me in as deputy to take care of the office, because he was hanged if he would, with people in and out asking this and that and making silly complaints. "Have to get it through their heads this town ain't organized much yet," he said. "They'll have to take things as is. Treat them decent long as they behave decent. Anybody makes too much fuss, throw him out. He gets nasty, throw him in jail. I'll circulate outside."

Which was what he did. He patrolled the town—not a regular beat, just ambling around and somehow managing to be where most was happening—and it was right interesting how things would quiet when he came along.

Only real trouble he had those first weeks was over that curfew, and that wasn't much. The new saloon operators complained he was hurting business and interfering with their rights. "Likely I am," he'd say. "But in about six months it'll be election time and you can try to elect another sheriff. Meantime I'm sitting on the lid. Want to make something of it?" He'd stand there ready for any move, with that old .45 plain in its holster, and they'd remember what they'd heard about him and subside grumbling.

THERE was one named Tim Ballard, though, who didn't complain—just kept his place open. So after warning him once and waiting a bit Scott just ambled up to the doorway of the big tent and shot out the four lanterns with four shots from his .45. Then he ducked out of the doorway and called out there was still one bullet in his gun and more in his cartridge belt and did anyone inside want to argue. They didn't. But Ballard sent a letter off to the county seat protesting what he called such highhanded proceedings, and got one back saying that if he could figure a safe way to make that little gamecock Scott Hammon change his style of doing, why please let them know because they never could, but why not quit beefing and let him go his way because the results seemed to be good. Ballard showed Scott and me that letter. "You win, Hammon," he said. "Blamed if I don't think I'll put up a building instead of that tent I'm using. I didn't know there was a place like this left anywhere around."

He turned out to be a good man, that Ballard, though there weren't many his caliber came in with the land rush. But that's a side trail. Point I'm making is if we'd had just an ordinary land boom, likely we'd have made out all right. It was the big-scale grabbing, managed from outside, that caused the real trouble.

The first settlers hereabouts, same as almost anywhere, had the best land. Some hurried over when the land office was opened and registered their claims. But some hadn't got around to that yet for one reason and another, and the old homestead and pre-emption laws had a lot of tricky angles. So some of the big land companies figured an easy way to get good land cheap was to hire men to jump claims of early settlers who hadn't filed yet or whose titles weren't clear. That way they'd be getting some of the best pieces, even some already pretty well developed.

THEY were operating outside the law, using it for their purpose while breaking it themselves, because it was plain on the point that homesteads were only for people intending to live on them. But a man who grabbed a claim and went along and met the legal requirements and got his patent, and then suddenly changed his mind and sold out cheap to one of those companies was acting within his rights, wasn't he? How could you prove he was really hired to do that from the beginning? These companies had grabbed off plenty in other places, and then one of them moved in on our town.

Its agents had checked the area careful and had everything organized. That was plain the day the first batch of hired claim jumpers hit town and the man in charge came into the office. His name was Herbert Goss. He was one of those smooth-seeming types, but shrewd and mean as they come.

"A group of new citizens of your admirable little community," he said, "have asked me to act as their representative. As an attorney I can assure you their papers are in order, that they have duly recorded their claims and intend to take up residence on them and begin improving them in accord with the law. Unfortunately some lawless squatters happen to be living on some of the claims."

Scott didn't say a word. He just looked at this Goss. "Mr. Hammon," Goss said. "I am speaking to you. I said I am acting—"

"You mean," Scott said, "you've brought a bunch of claim jumpers to this town and they're working for you and you're working for some gypping company."

"Oh, come now," Goss said. "Everything here is legal and airtight. All we want is to have these squatters moved off with a minimum of difficulty. I have made arrangements for a deputy marshal to be sent here, but in the meantime I've made a list of the places and the squatters and so if you—"

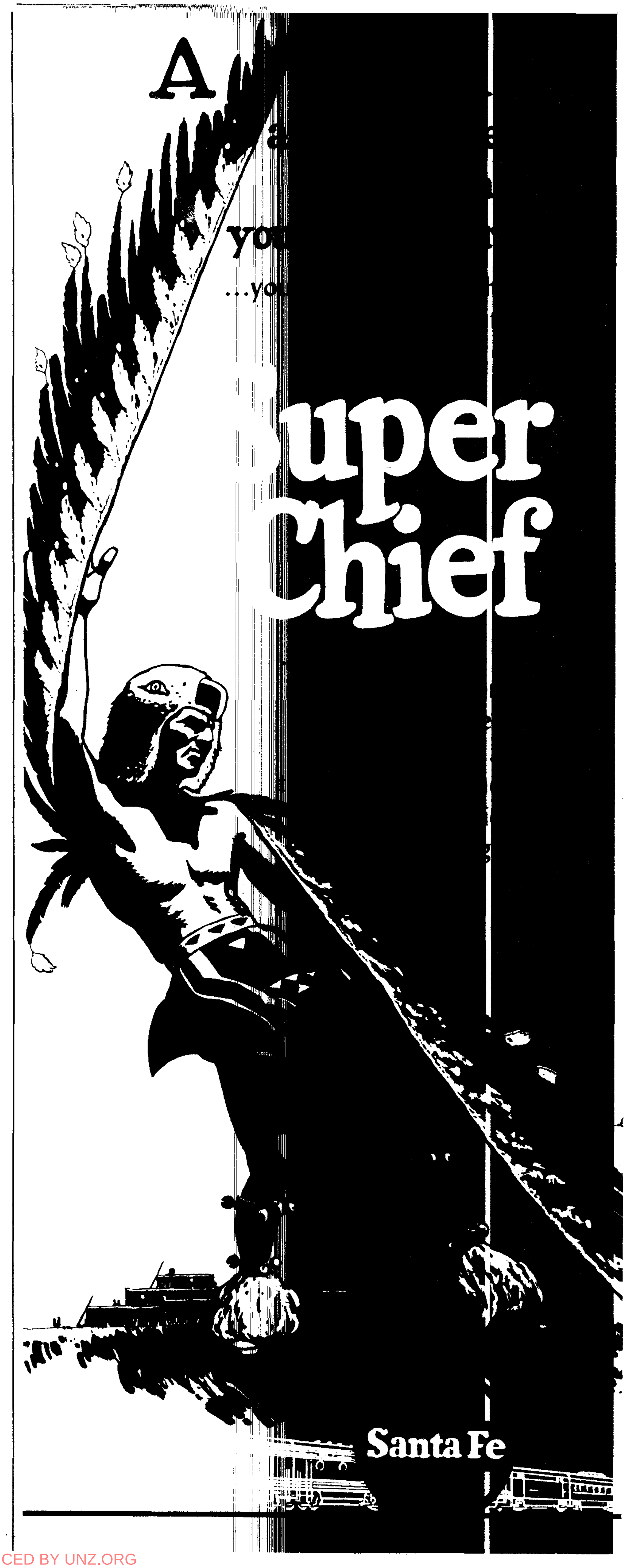
"Shut up," Scott said. "Shut up and get out."

Goss sighed like he was sorry he wasn't understood right and started to leave. He was almost out the doorway when Scott stopped him. "Wait. Let me see that list." Goss turned back and laid it on the desk and Scott took it and began pushing a forefinger along it spelling out names. Part way down he stopped. "I'll handle Brent Kean," he said. "You go out there and with a deputy marshal and he'll kill you. Maybe that'd be a good thing—but not for him." . . .

So Scott and I saddled the horses and headed out there. No sense delaying, he said. If anything was to be done it would have to be strict legal, and the first move was to get Brent off the place and forestall any fighting.

When we got there, Scott didn't stop for any small talk. He started right in and told what was happening. And old Brent sat still, not a muscle moving.

"So that's that," Scott said. "It's a man named Malley has filed on this quarter section. Hunt around outside



and in some corner there'll be a stake with his name on it. Put in some night on the quiet—and with a witness, too. This outfit is thorough. But this land business has a lot of angles. You pack some things now and move into town for a while so there can't be any trespassing or obstructing-the-law charges. Fred Morrison has room enough. He's had some law training too. He'll figure a way for you to bust this case open and get a title."

Sarah and Lettie were tight-faced and quiet. They knew who was head of that family and had the say-so in the tight spots. Old Brent looked at Scott. "Suppose I don't feel like moving," he said.

"Then I'll have to do what I ain't ever tried with you before," Scott said. "I'll have to do some bossing around. I'm here as an officer of the law."

Old Brent's eyes flicked to the rifle hanging on the wall and flicked back. "Brent," Scott said, "there's things we both know. Even if you didn't have a game leg I could put a couple slugs in you before you reached that rifle. You'd be just damned tough enough to drill me too before you went under. So we'd both be done. But there's Sarah and Lettie to think about."

"You'd use your gun?" Brent said, very soft. "On me?"

"I've figured this," Scott said. "I've set a course. I'll hold to it."

Brent turned to look at Sarah. "I've been beside you in anything you felt like doing for about thirty years," she said. "I'm not changing now."

He nodded his head. "I ain't afraid of your gun," he said to Scott.

"I know," Scott said.

"Then that's enough," Brent said. He took a deep breath and he looked at me. "Well, boy! Why aren't you out harnessing the team? Sarah! Lettie! Get some clothes together! We'll try town living for a spell!"

Scott drove the Keans into town and sent me to herd Brent's stock over to the MacPherson place, a few miles away. Mac was another early settler—that is, he'd been around maybe ten years—but he'd hopped over to the county seat and done his filing in time, and nobody would be trying to move in on him. He was more than willing to keep the stock for Brent, and he was plenty sore when I told him what was going on. "You tell the old rattlesnake," he said, "that if it gets to where we have to run these butting-in jumpers clean out of the county, me and my shotgun'll be ready."

WHEN I got back to town the Keans were settled in with the Morrisons, who had a fair-sized house behind the store. I found Scott and Brent and Fred Morrison in our office, starting in to figure the angles. "That was the right move," Fred was saying, "to get off the place first thing, so there can't be any loose charges floating around. One thing is certain—Brent here can collect full value on his cabin and any improvements like fencing and such. He was not trespassing when he put them up. The land hadn't been taken."

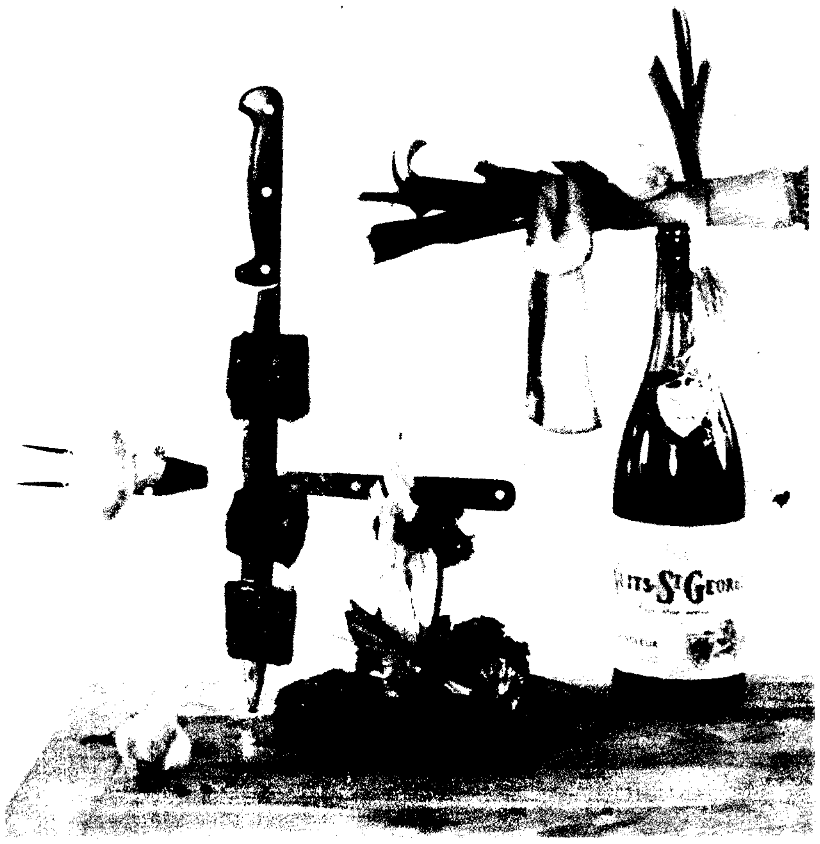
"Forget that," Brent said. "It's the land that counts."

"All right," Morrison said. "I was just talking. Now there's a provision in the homestead law that when public land is opened original settlers have three months' leeway for their filing. Well, it's been a bit more than three months since—"

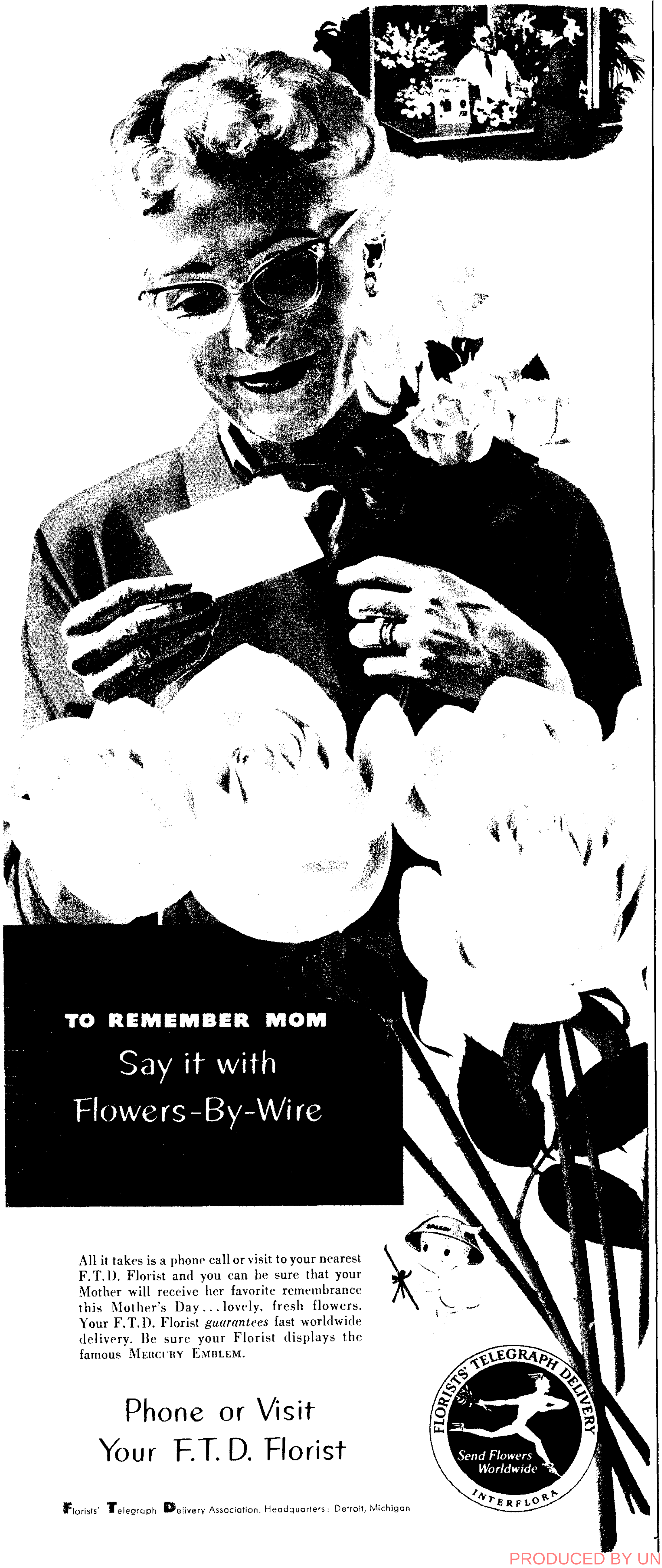
"Three months and a day," Scott interrupted. "I told you this outfit's thorough."

"All right," Morrison said. "All right. But it has been less than that since he was, in a sense, officially notified. From his point of view the leeway is still there. And his busted

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SERANNE AND GADEN



It's a puzzle—can you guess what this dish will be?


You're never too far away...

TO REMEMBER MOM

Say it with Flowers-By-Wire

All it takes is a phone call or visit to your nearest F.T.D. Florist and you can be sure that your Mother will receive her favorite remembrance this Mother's Day...lovely, fresh flowers. Your F.T.D. Florist *guarantees* fast worldwide delivery. Be sure your Florist displays the famous MERCURY EMBLEM.

Phone or Visit
Your F.T.D. Florist

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY
Send Flowers Worldwide
INTERFLORA

Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association, Headquarters: Detroit, Michigan

leg adds another factor. He couldn't very well get over for his filing with a bum leg, and the land office is strict about people appearing in person. We can work up a case that could sound right good. Might even win with it. My guess is it won't come to that. We make it sound good in advance and we'll worry this Malley so—really the company, but they wouldn't come out in the open—that he'll fade out and abandon the claim."

Morrison turned to Brent. "I suppose you have your papers in order."

"Papers?" Brent repeated. "What papers?"

"Your citizenship papers," Morrison said. "You were born in England, weren't you?" Brent just stared at him, and Morrison shook his head. "Man, man," he said. "Don't you know public land is open only to citizens or people who have started the process of being naturalized by appearing in court and filing intentions?"

"Citizenship," old Brent said. His voice was soft and it was bitter. "Sixty years I've lived in this country. I've worked for it and I've fought for it and nobody ever threw citizenship up at me. Now when all I want is a little piece of it to live on and leave my daughter, and that's been mine anyway for twenty-seven years, you tell me that because some fool congressmen way off in Washington—"

"Whoa, now," Scott said. "Didn't your father get naturalized?"

"Certain he did," Brent said. "He told me so in a letter once."

"Then that covers you," Scott said.

"Maybe," Morrison said. "Maybe. Depends on when. If Brent was still a minor, yes. If he was past twenty-one it wouldn't cover. Were you, Brent?"

"How in thunder would I know?" Brent said. "That was close to fifty years back. And don't ask have I got that letter. All such truck went when we were burned out about the second year Sarah and me settled here. Some of those Utes helped us rebuild. I told you they gave us our place. That's title enough for me. You tell that Malley he can *have* a slice of my land if he's so set on it, and will live decent and stay out of my hair. I don't need the whole quarter section. I'll just go back out, and if anybody else comes around claiming, well, I've got my rifle. I've trusted to it all my life, and not done any finagling with laws—"

"Man, man," Morrison said. "This isn't back in the wild days. This is eighteen hundred and ninety-seven. Do you want me to help you or don't you?"

"Yes, he does," Scott said, cutting in quickly. "Yes, he does."

"All right," Morrison said. "I'll start suit for you, Brent, to have this Malley's filing set aside. The land court is so jammed with cases it will be a while before yours can come up. That will give us time to handle this citizenship business. You write where your parents lived, circuit court there. Find out the date, and then we'll know. Meantime, on the chance, you be ready to hobble over to state court soon as it's in session and file your citizenship intentions. We'll be on solid ground then either way."

THAT was all could be done right then. I don't know if Morrison really thought Brent could win or just aimed to ease him along while he got used to the idea he'd have to lose his land—this piece, anyway—and meantime he'd be getting his citizenship straight so he could file somewhere else later if he wanted. Morrison just went ahead and wrote up his brief and went over to the county seat and managed to wrangle the case onto the docket.

Soon as he came back and said it was started, Scott told Goss he'd better

---

QUIZ ON CUISINE

By ANN SERANNE and EILEEN GADEN

Here's the first of a new series that takes the mystery out of classic cuisine. Part one is a guide to the secrets of menu writers; part two a picture puzzle.

* * *

Menu reading a problem? Matching the list of key words below will keep you from eating spinach when your heart is set on a fine strong curry:

When it says . . .	. . . can you expect?
1. florentine	*a. pimiento*
2. à l'anglaise	*b. rice*
3. suèdoise	*c. spaghetti or macaroni, tomatoes*
4. portugaise	*d. spinach*
5. créole or grecque	*e. curry and rice*
6. à l'indienne	*f. garlic*
7. à la russe	*g. tomatoes, onions, oil*
8. mexicaine	*h. plain fare, often cooked in water*
9. provençale	*i. sour cream*
10. italienne	*j. fish*

* * *

Looks like shashlik? Guess again—the ingredients in the picture at the left make one of the most famous dishes in classic cuisine. The dish is not only French but is named for a well-known region in France. The best clue is the wine.

Turn to page 98 for the answers, and a recipe.

this diamond card was a well-known design on the double-portrait playing cards of 18th century Germany.

this diamond label is well-known the world over today as the symbol for Gilbey's Gin. It's the gin that's naturally dry . . . perfectly clear . . . the right proof (90 proof) . . . and the gin with the right taste—never harsh, always smooth. Always look for the Gilbey's famous frosted bottle.

GILBEY'S GIN

The world agrees on "GILBEY'S please"

GILBEY'S DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN. 90 PROOF. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. W. & A. GILBEY, LTD., CINCINNATI, OHIO

warn his man Malley to be careful what he did, if anything, at the place out here. "Don't let him try living in the cabin," Scott said, "or I won't answer for what Kean might do. Myself either. This case is just started."

"Just started?" Goss said. "It's already finished. The law is behind us. A man as smart as you seem to be ought to—"

"There's better things than being smart," Scott said and swung away, but what he'd said had some effect, because when I rode out checking for him I saw that Malley wasn't touching the cabin. He was living in a tent.

Meantime the boom went on booming. It spread out around even more, because with the railroad through here, shipping to market would be easy. Several more batches of paid settlers came in—simple to spot from the way they reported to Goss—though the racket did let up some because the grading crews were moving on, leaving only the bridge outfit still in town. Real settlers were coming in too, straight ones aiming at a new start and a home here, and a temporary branch of the land office was set up in town to handle the business. That deputy marshal arrived and he wasn't any help at all. Maybe he was getting paid by the federal government but he was really working for Goss.

There was plenty tension in the air. Most of the old-timers and even some of the newcomers, the decent ones, didn't hold with this wholesale land-grabbing. Some of the people whose claims were jumped just faded away, ran out without putting up an argument. Others yelled and made a fuss and had to be pushed out. Some of those pushed out found places to stay in town and hung around, maybe waiting to see how Brent would come out. They knew he was fighting the company with a lawsuit, and if he won they might be able to do something too.

Brent was sort of the focus for the whole business. He was the oldest settler and he represented the old days and old ways better than about anybody else. He wasn't the kind of person to take any real pushing around either, and the way he was behaving disappointed some of the others. They'd have liked to look on him as a leader and sit around jawing with him and working up their mad, but he wouldn't do that. He stayed in the room at Morrison's most of the time, reading his old books or pretending to, and staring at the wall like he could see right through it off into the distance; and likely he could, off into a distance that wasn't only in miles but in time too. He'd made up his mind when Scott went to get him that he'd try this legal; and like those Utes, when he said he'd do something he'd do it.

ONLY late at night, when things were quiet, he'd step out, hobbling at first on a crutch he'd made, then later limping along without it, and cover miles in a circuit around the town.

Sarah helped Mrs. Morrison all she'd let her and stayed in most of the time too. Lettie was working in the store. Sometimes in the evening she'd walk out with me, but sometimes when I'd go for her there'd be another young one ahead of me. Being with her wasn't what you'd call too pleasant then anyway. She was nice to me and then again she wasn't, and I never knew which way she would jump. She took the claim grabbing hard. She seemed to think Scott and me were somehow part of it because we had to do with the law, and it was the law was hurting old Brent.

"That's federal law," I'd tell her. "It's only local law we have anything to do with. Scott's kept your father from getting into real trouble he couldn't ever get out of. Most he can lose now is just his land, and he can always get another piece somewhere."

"And can't you see," she'd snap back, "it's not just land, it's *that* piece of land?"

"Shucks," I'd say. "He's the toughest old rooster I ever saw. He could start all over again right now and beat out any of us young ones."

"But why should he have to?" she'd say and tear into me, and I'd have to shut her up by asking what in all the billy-be-damned possibles did she think we could do.

It was one of those times I made a fool move. We'd been walking and the dark had come down, and we were coming back through the trees behind Morrison's house. She'd stopped and was glaring at me, and I reached out and took hold of her, thinking I'd kiss her and show her a thing or two. She came in willing enough, her head down like she was being shy about it, and when she was in close, suddenly her head snapped up, hard, slamming against my chin with a jolt that knocked me loose and back a step. She ran toward the house and then I heard a chuckle off to the side. I turned and old Brent was limping up.

"Damn it!" I said. "What're you doing? Keeping tabs on us?"

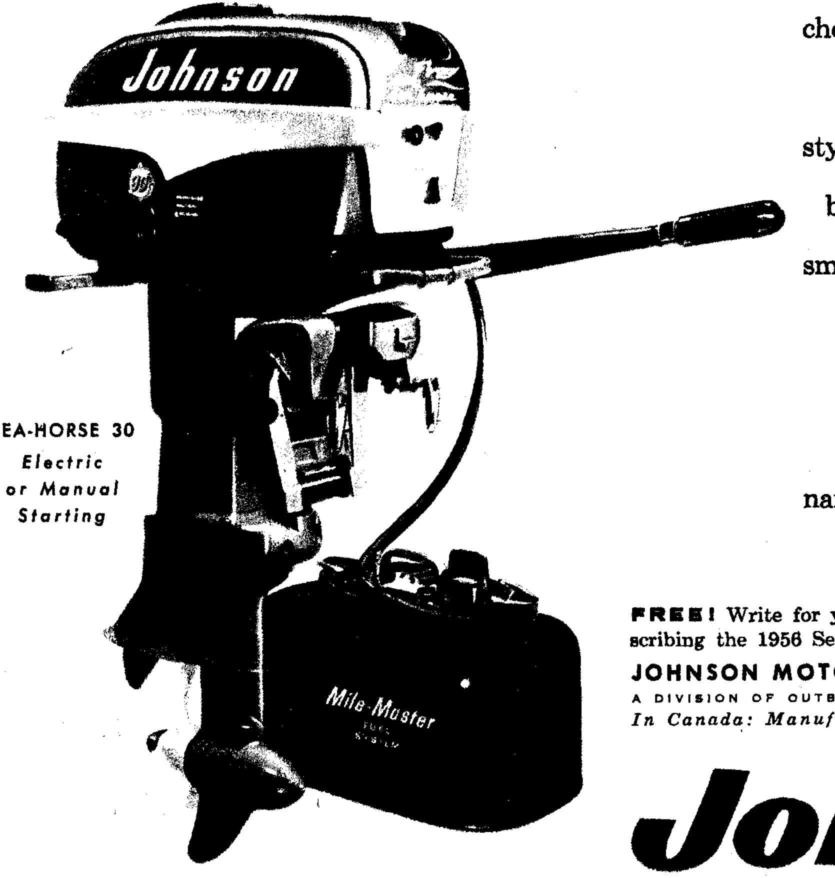
"Simmer down, boy," he said. "I just happened to be heading out. Come along, stretch your legs some." He started off and there wasn't much else to do, so I tagged. "Lettie ain't one of these coy things likes to tease the men," he said. "Sarah and me, we've raised her right. When she finds her man, he won't have to coax around. If he don't say it straight out, she will."

WE WENT on and I found myself trying not to move the way he did, not clomping on my heels, but putting my feet down flat and letting my weight glide forward easy onto them. "See that shack over there?" he said. "Past those trees? I remember shooting a bear there once. Big black. And fat. Enough grease to last us for cooking and on biscuits a couple of months. Well, there's some things about what folks call progress that're all right. Like butter. Bear grease's good—butter's better. All the same, a man likes to remember he's used bear grease and brought it in himself."

We went on like that, quiet most of the time, with him remembering now and again; then I saw he'd taken me on a circuit around and we were coming back to Morrison's from the other side.

"Don't go rushing her, boy," he said. "This is a rough stretch for her right now." He stopped and looked off into the dark. "For me and Sarah too." I had a sudden feeling he was ashamed of saying that and he swung abruptly away and toward the house.

I went to our building and up the stairs. Scott was asleep on his cot and I made noise sitting on mine so he'd wake. "Isn't there anything we can do about this jumping business?" I said. "Why, the way some people are feeling, with you and Brent leading we could all get together and run these sharpers clean out of here."



FOR NEW WORLDS OF ADVENTURE, for boundless family fun—choose Johnson, America's quality outboard motor! There are *nine* models for 1956, from 3 to 30 horsepower. All styled in Johnson's new Holiday Bronze and Spray White. All blessed with Johnson's heavenly quiet. Featuring quicker, smoother starting than ever before. And distinguished by the richest treasure in outboard motoring, Johnson DEPENDability . . . See your Johnson Dealer. He *knows* boating and can give you valuable help. Look for his name under "Outboard Motors" in your classified phone book.

SEA-HORSE 30
Electric or Manual Starting

It's easy to drive a boat with Johnson's full gear shift and remote control of throttle, shift and steering. Just like driving your car! And for 1956 Johnson gives you Stall-Proof Idling. Plus the amazing saving of one gallon of fuel out of every five, with Cruising-Range Fuel Saver!

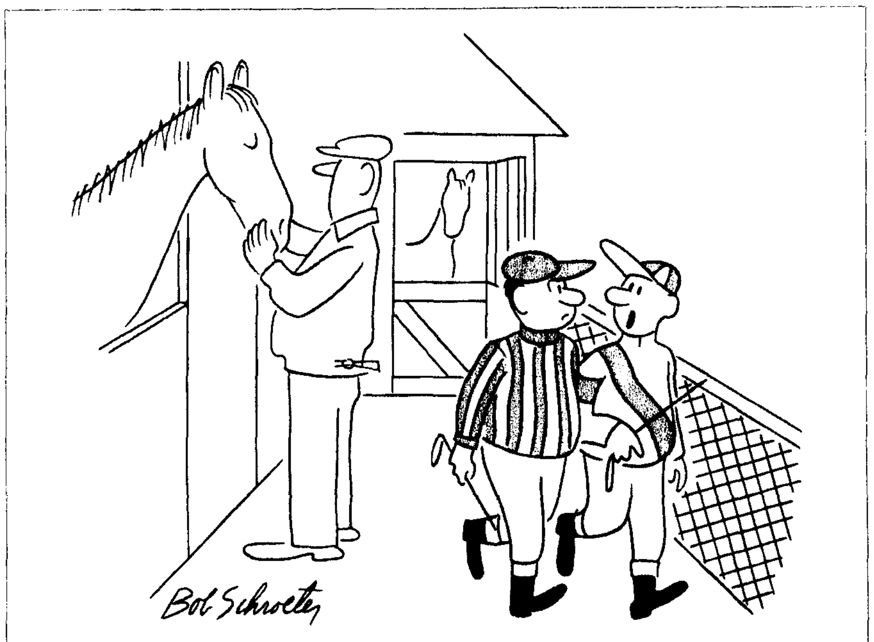
FREE! Write for your copy of the new Sea-Horse Booklet describing the 1956 Sea-Horses. Complete, factual, helpful.

JOHNSON MOTORS, 300 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Ill.
A DIVISION OF OUTBOARD, MARINE & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
In Canada: Manufactured by Johnson Motors, Peterborough

Johnson
SEA-HORSES
FOR DEPENDABILITY

No Other
OUTBOARD MOTOR IS BUILT LIKE A JOHNSON SEA-HORSE. NONE! THE MANUFACTURER WHO HAS BUILT MORE OUTBOARD MOTORS THAN ANYONE ELSE, HAS MORE EXPERIENCE IN BUILDING THEM BETTER. THAT'S
Johnson!

9 MODELS · THE JAVELIN (30 hp.)
SEA-HORSE 30, Electric or Manual
SEA-HORSE 15, Electric or Manual
SEA-HORSE 10 · SEA-HORSE 7½
SEA-HORSE 5½ · SEA-HORSE 3



"What were you going to be if you grew up?"

COLLIER'S BOB SCHROETER

"What'd that do," he said, "except blow up trouble? We'd be breaking the law then, not a leg left to stand on. And they'd be back. They've got the government behind them. Don't forget we're wrong too—we let things slide. Brent's wrong—didn't file in time. I'm wrong—didn't make him. But maybe it'll work out. The law ain't so bad. It's broad, got to be, covering so much. When you get down to cases there's got to be leeway. If a man can't have some faith in the law, how's he going to live?"

"But what if the court doesn't see that?" I said. "What'll you do then?"

"I don't know," he said after a while.

So that's how it was. There wasn't a thing we could do, except wait till the case came up. But it never did. Something interfered. Sarah took sick.

As we found out, it wasn't a new sickness. It was what she called a misery that had bothered her some, not too much, off and on the last years. My guess is some kind of internal cancer, and the doctor—we had one in town by then—thought so too.

Also, my guess is it hadn't bothered her much before because she was so content, but soon as they moved into town and she didn't have much to do, she just plain let down and quit fighting it. It grabbed her hard one day, and after that she was in pain most of the time and had to stay in bed. She was unconscious a lot of the time.

Brent or Lettie or usual both together stayed with her constant, and one evening she roused and pushed herself up in bed and spoke in what seemed her normal voice again. "Lettie," she said, "don't you tell your father what I said this morning. I didn't really mean it." She looked at old Brent then and sort of fell back on the bed, and when they hurried close she was unconscious again. A couple hours later she was gone.

WE BURIED her the next afternoon in the big lot that'd been set aside for the town cemetery. Scott took charge because Brent seemed kind of numbed. He moved along not paying attention to anyone, not even answering when spoke to. But he wasn't really numbed. He was aware. He just wasn't letting anyone break in on his thinking, and what he was thinking you couldn't tell.

Lettie was beside him and she was about the same. Her face was set and she wouldn't listen to anyone, so after a while people gave up trying to sympathize with her. When I tried to take her hand and walk along with her she shook me off. But when it was over and Scott told her to take Brent back to Morrison's and make him rest, she nodded and did what he said and Brent went along with her.

Scott and I went back to the office and Fred Morrison tagged us there and stood a moment in the doorway. "It isn't the same any more," he said, and somehow he was talking about more than just Sarah Kean's being gone. "It won't ever be the same again." After Fred went away, Scott and I just sat there, and somehow we didn't have anything to say.

And then Lettie came running headlong across the street and into our office, shouting at Scott.

"I can't find him!" she kept shouting over and over, and when she couldn't stop, Scott grabbed her and shook her and slapped her hard. He pushed her down on a chair and squatted in front of her. "All right, girl," he said. "Slow and easy. What's happened?"

It didn't take her long to tell, in little spurts as she got her breath back. She'd led Brent back to the room at Morrison's and he went willing enough. Soon as they were inside and the door closed he said, "What was it Sarah told you?" He kept after her and after her, and at last she told him. He quieted right away like he was satisfied, and he lay right down on the bed and she thought he went to sleep. She sat on a chair and was so worn she slipped off too. She woke sudden and looked at the bed and he wasn't there. That startled her, and then she saw something else that scared her, and she ran through the house and out around looking for him, and then all she could think of was running to Scott.

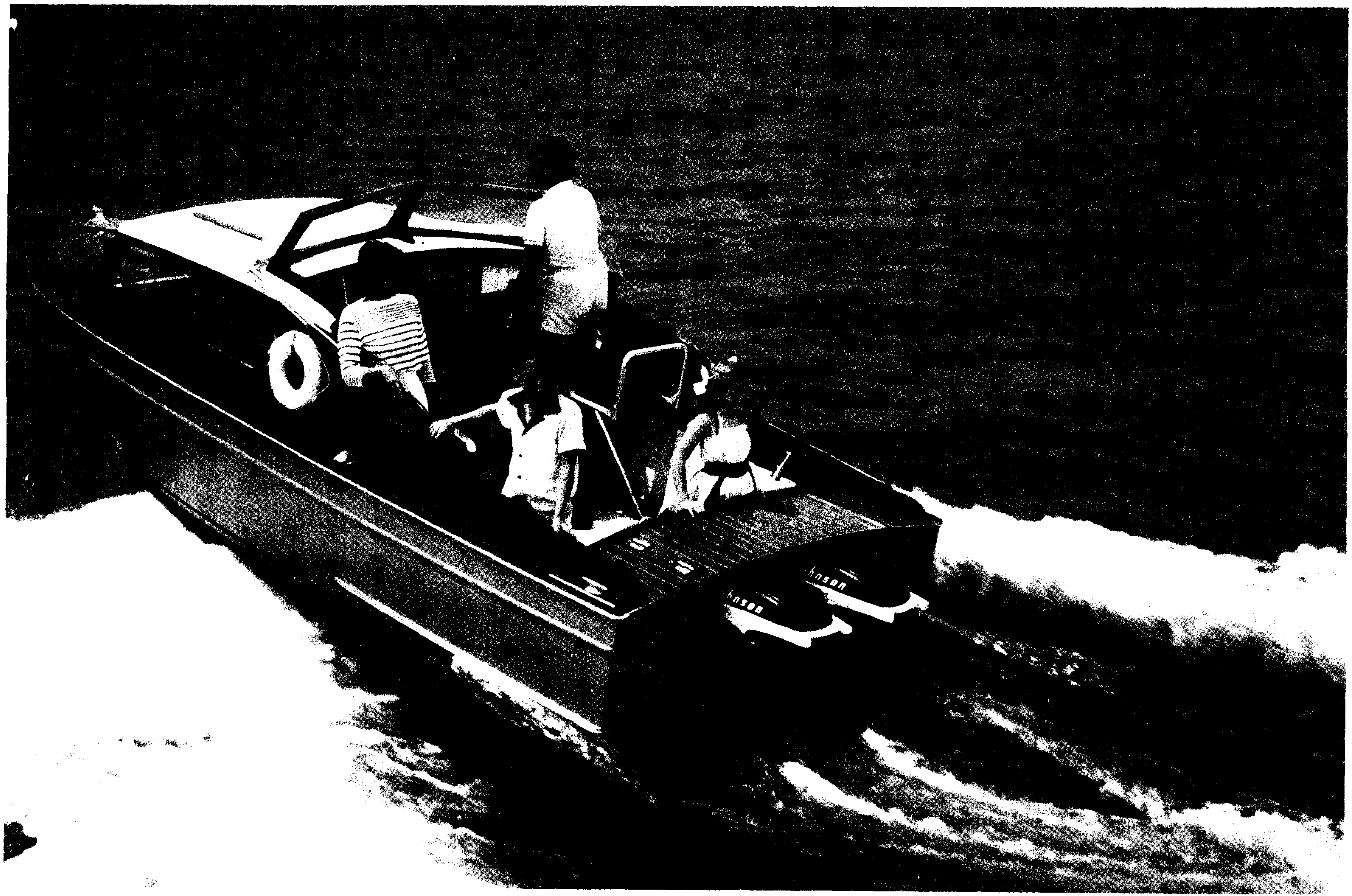
"Easy now," Scott said. "What was it Sarah told you and you told him?"

"That she wished—that she always wished—that she'd be buried out home beside her boy," Lettie said.

Scott stood up. His voice was soft, almost a whisper. "And what scared you was that his rifle was gone too."

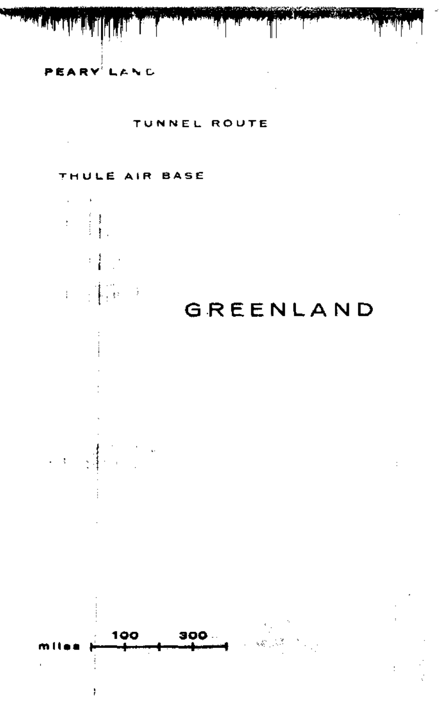
"Yes," she said. —JACK SCHAEFER

(This is the first of two parts)



By JAMES J. HAGGERTY, JR.

The Army is experimenting with a fantastic new plan to enable us to move vital arctic bases closer to the pole. It envisions running supply trains through…



If supplied through a tunnel beneath the icecap, aircraft and missile bases could be built near northern tip of Greenland

SUBWAYS UNDER THE ICECAP

Thule, Greenland

THIS summer, when the 24-hour polar sun warms up the great Greenland icecap to a temperature just below freezing, a large group of Army Engineers will converge on the ice mass to carry forward another step one of the most exciting concepts of arctic warfare yet envisioned. The project could pave the way for a wartime maze of tunnels under the icecap, permitting movement of men and supplies across the frozen wasteland out of reach of the forbidding weather and out of sight of enemy reconnaissance.

The ice subway system could make the northern part of Greenland of even greater strategic importance to our armed forces than it already is—and research for the program is already well advanced. For the last two years, in secrecy, the Corps of Engineers has been digging experimental tunnels under the icecap, instrumenting them and studying the results. This year the program will be resumed on the largest scale yet.

In a part of the world where land area is scarce, the icecap subways could permit us to move major air bases much closer to the North Pole—and to a potential enemy—than is now possible. Perhaps even more important, missile-launching sites could be built only a few hundred miles from the pole, sites from which even an intermediate-range missile could reach Russian bases in the northland from the Finnish border to the East Siberian Sea. Ice tunnels also could make possible the building of auxiliary air stations using snow runways on the icecap itself. Or they could provide under-ice housing for our Greenland outposts. In short, strategic parts of Greenland which cannot now be used because of the difficulties of supplying them could be opened up by a subway system through the icecap.

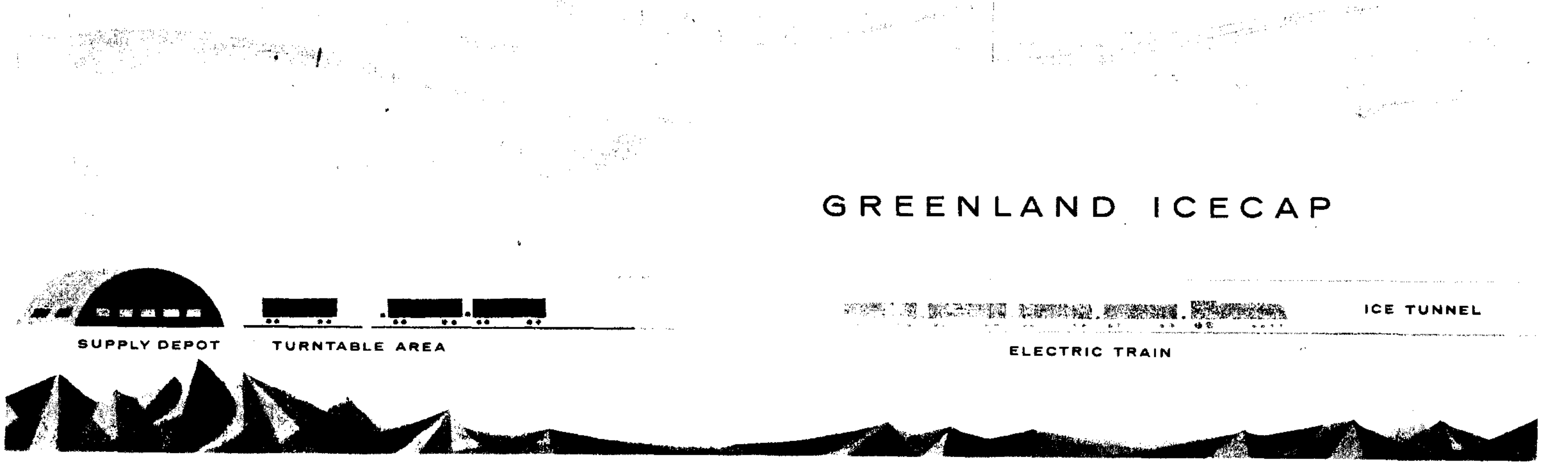
These are possible wartime applications, and no large-scale tunneling has been attempted yet. But from its early experimental work, the corps has evolved a simple, low-cost and speedy method of tunnel construction. While all the research data have not been assayed, arctic experts say construction of a trans-Greenland subway for electric trains with under-ice way stations en route appears entirely feasible. Moreover, as an extra benefit of the research program, the corps has learned how to build aircraft runways of compacted snow strong enough to accommodate some of the largest planes in Air Force service.

Recently, a Collier's team composed of photographer Lew Merrim and myself, accompanied by Colonel Arthur H. Lahlum, of Colgan, North Dakota, an Engineer arctic expert, visited Greenland for a preview of this fascinating project, which has already progressed well beyond the dream stage.

To understand the full potentials of the ice-tunnel program, we found, it is necessary to know the nature of Greenland's icecap. This vast island might be likened to a huge bowl packed with ice. The coastal mountains form the rim of the bowl, and it contains three quarters of a million square miles of solid ice. Built up by countless centuries of snowfall that never melts (even in summer the temperature never rises above freezing), this icecap at some points is two miles thick.

On the west coast of Greenland, the U.S. Air Force has built one of its most strategic installations—the giant, sprawling Thule Air Base. Constructed under a North Atlantic Treaty Organization agreement with the Danish government, which owns Greenland, Thule (pronounced Tool-ee) lies some 700 miles above the Arctic Circle and is about 400 miles closer to the pole than the northernmost tip of Alaska. An arc drawn from Thule with a radius of 2,500 nautical miles—reasonable range for the heavy bombers of our Strategic Air Command—would swing through Warsaw and Moscow and thence through the upper portion of the

Left: Deep in experimental ice tunnel at Tuto, Specialist 3d Class James Schuster, Phoenix, Arizona, hacks out ice sample. Tunnel runs as much as 250 feet beneath surface. Right: Here's an artist's conception of how an electric train might run in ice subway. Train would load supplies at surface depot near the coast, then carry them to subway stations beneath advance bases on icecap. Tunnel floor freezes to hardness of concrete


PAUL CALLE

The temperature on the icecap sometimes drops to 63 below. But deep in the ice tunnels it is much warmer—a constant 13 below

U.S.S.R. all the way east to the Kamchatka Peninsula. A similar arc drawn from Alaska would cover only the eastern portion of the U.S.S.R.

But Thule itself need not be our ultimate base in the arctic. Almost 500 miles closer to the pole, and only a little more than 2,000 miles from Moscow, is a large land area on the northern tip of Greenland. Known as Peary Land, it could be used as an air-base site or as a launching area for missiles, adding hundreds of miles of range capability to either bombers or missiles. That is, Peary Land could be used as a base if there were some way of supplying it. Actually, the waterways on its approaches are closed the year round by thick, impenetrable ice.

Thule is iced-in all but 10 to 12 weeks a year. However, most of the year's supplies are brought in by ship during the brief ice-free season. The rest of the year, priority items are flown to Thule over long distances. Evidence of the difficulty—or impossibility—of supplying a northeastern base entirely by air is the fact that in three months ships bring into Thule three times the tonnage that airplanes haul in 12 months.

Thule could be used as a great supply depot if there were some way of moving the supplies to outlying posts. But between Thule and Peary Land lie 600 to 700 miles of the desolate, treacherous icecap, where storms are frequent and violent, and where the year-round cold constitutes a tremendous barrier to surface transportation. The Army has been conducting experiments in moving tonnage across the surface of the cap, but the results leave much to be desired. Cargo is hauled on sleds pulled by heavy tractors ("cats," or caterpillar tractors); manning crews live in "wanigans," sort of house trailers on sled runners. But the tractors can average only about four miles an hour in the heavy, crusty snow layer on top of the icecap; they have to carry great quantities of fuel, cutting down pay load; the loads they can pull are relatively small, and the terrible cold plays havoc with equipment. The icecap today is dotted with abandoned "cats," mute testimony to the fact that the arctic wasteland will not be conquered easily.

It was Dr. Henri Bader, chief scientist of the Army's Snow, Ice and Permafrost Research Establishment at Wilmette, Illinois, who conceived the idea of tunneling under the ice. The Army felt the idea was worth exploring and accordingly formed the First Engineer Arctic Task Force, which began its tunneling studies in the summer of 1954 with Colonel Lahlum as its head.

Operation Frozen Shutter, as Merrim and I dubbed our expedition to the icecap (Merrim's cameras were continually freezing), started from Thule Air Base. From Thule, we flew in a ski-wheeled plane (it has skis for landing on the icecap, wheels for landing on Thule's normal runways) to Site Two, one of the two permanent installations on the icecap. Site Two is an Air Force station. Its exact location is still secret, but an enemy would have a difficult time finding it even if it were pinpointed on a map. The station is almost completely below the surface, only the escape hatches and a big radome breaking the white blanket of the cap.

When built, Site Two was half on the surface and half below it, but the snows of four seasons have covered it. (Snowfall on the cap is about four feet a year.) The station consists of three large "sewer pipes"—cylinders of about 15 feet diameter used as main corridors—with other interconnecting sewer pipes. Inside these pipes are built the living quarters, the mess hall, and storage rooms.

WHEN WE DEBARKED at Site Two, the air was so thin we felt as though we were standing atop a high mountain, as indeed we were—a mountain of snow and ice 7,200 feet thick. Even the slightest exertion made breathing laborious, and this fact, coupled with the 37-degrees-below-zero cold and a 10-knot wind, which whipped blinding snow particles under our parka hoods, made the hundred-yard trip to shelter a real ordeal.

We were greeted by Captain Charles N. Davis, of Springfield, Illinois, commanding officer of the 20-man detachment at the station. He smiled at our comments about the weather.

"Actually," he said, "this is relatively mild. It's been down to minus 63 this winter and we've had winds of more than 60 knots." Davis and his men rarely venture out of their sewer pipe except to unload an incoming supply plane. Monotony is the biggest problem at Site Two, for the "ice worms," as they call themselves, have nothing to do but eat, sleep and work. The Air Force, recognizing the psychological dangers of utter boredom, has set four months as the limit of a tour of duty on the icecap. Even so, some "ice worms" return to Thule after their four months with the "Thule Look," described as a "forty-foot stare in an eight-foot room."

After a brief recuperating period in the sewer pipe, we set out for the complex of experimental tunnels already excavated by the Engineers. Besides Merrim and myself, the party included Colonel Lahlum; Captain John T. (Honest John) Napier, of Highwood, Illinois, operations officer of the First Engineer Arctic Task Force; Private First Class John E. Sater, of Columbus, Ohio, a photogrammetrist with the First EATF; and Captain Davis, who, although he had spent three months at the station, had never visited the tunnels.

The half-mile journey to the entrance to the tunnel complex gave us an insight into the rigors of traveling on the surface of the icecap. We loaded aboard a sled pulled by a "cat," which groaned and bumped over the uneven surface at a snail's pace. The cold seemed to become more intense with each passing minute and our parka hoods froze over with snow whipped up by the wind.

After 20 minutes which seemed like several hours, we reached a cylindrical escape hatch jutting up above the floor of the snow desert. We descended through it, groping for the ladder rungs in pitch darkness. At the bottom, a dozen feet below the surface, we entered a small room with walls and ceiling of ice. We were in the headquarters of Operation Tunnel.

The anteroom was octagonal in shape and about 10 feet high. "This," said Colonel Lahlum, "was one of our early and not too successful experiments. We were exploring the idea of building snowhouses as emergency quarters for people on the icecap. It was originally built on the surface, out of snow blocks, like an igloo, and insulated with materials like plywood and Fiberglas. But the snow was too porous and we never could heat it properly."

Top: Captain John T. Napier (left) takes snow temperature reading in experimental tunnel as Pfc John E. Sater checks extent to which ice walls are closing in from pressure of new-fallen snow. Left: On the surface of icecap, Sater dons this mask to shield his face from cold

Right: Officer gets 37-below-zero reading at the mouth of ice tunnel carved into side of a coastal ice cliff at Tuto, 14 miles southeast of Thule. Experts say this tunnel, at 500 feet already the longest in arctic icecap, could be lengthened and expanded to accommodate trains

Each man carrying a lantern, we descended a flight of snow stairs in one corner of the room and started through a maze of tunnels. They were on various levels and of various sizes. Some were taller than a tall man, some, used only to connect the larger tunnels, permitted passage only on all fours. The early tunnels had been dug by hand; later, a machine had been employed. They ranged in length from a few feet to more than 10 yards.

"We could have built them any length we wanted," said Napier, "but in the early days we had very few troops to do the work. At this site we have 1,500 feet of tunnels, of which 500 feet are instrumented."

We entered a tunnel larger than the rest, about 12 feet wide and almost as high. On the floor and ceiling were small pegs driven into the ice and connected by a string.

"This is a type of instrumentation, Lahlum explained. "We are measuring deformation, or, in less technical terms, the rate at which the tunnels are closing in." The icecap, Lahlum explained, is constantly moving; the tremendous weight of the snows which fall on the surface exerts a downward pressure on the ice below, forcing it toward the coasts and ultimately into the sea as icebergs. Each year's snow starts out as a layer about four feet thick, but as new snow falls, the layers below are compressed. "When this instrumentation was installed, the strings connecting the pegs were taut. Now, as you can see, the vertical string is fairly slack and the horizontal string also has a bit of play. The amount of play is the extent to which the sides have moved closer together."

The tunnel ceiling had dropped a couple of inches since it was constructed less than two years earlier. There was, however, no danger of a collapse, Lahlum added; the downward movement of the ice is very slow. I noticed that it suddenly seemed much warmer in this tunnel. I asked Colonel Lahlum if it actually were.

"Yes, quite a bit warmer. Down here it is a constant 13 degrees below, and, of course, we don't have the wind-chill effect." The pressure of the snow above, compressing the snow layers, cuts down its porosity, thus keeping out the outside cold. "At some point, and we figure it to be about 20 feet below the surface, the temperature becomes constant at minus 13, because that is the mean annual temperature in this area."

We passed out of the tunnel and came upon "Benedict's Hole," a shaft eight feet wide and a hundred feet deep, named after Sergeant Carl W. Benedict, of Massena, New York, who dug it singlehandedly with pick and shovel, working all one summer on it.

"This was dug because we wanted to find out

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LEW MERRIM

One soldier dug a hole 100 feet deep in the icecap—and when he got through, he was standing o

more about the composition of the ice at various levels," said Napier. "We took samples at several depths and sent them to the Snow, Ice and Permafrost Research Establishment for study." It is interesting to note that when thirty-five-year-old Sergeant Benedict reached the 100-foot depth, he was standing on snow which had fallen in the year of his birth. From the bottom of Benedict's Hole, the Engineers drilled a small, three-inch shaft down another 57 feet and took samples with an auger. This ice was found to be approximately 68 years old. "This year," Napier added, "we hope to go down to 1,500 feet and, perhaps eventually, all the way." Should they be able to reach the bottom, the Engineers will have samples of snow which fell in some dim, prehistoric age; no one is sure just when the icecap started to form.

AT THE FAR END of the tunnel complex we came upon the largest of the tunnels, 18 feet high, about 40 feet long and wide enough to permit passage of a small vehicle. This was the type of tunnel which would be used for long-distance transport. It was constructed, Colonel Lahlum told us, by a method known as "cut and cover." A snowplow digs a trench of the desired height and width, which is then roofed over with metal or heavy plywood. Snow is then blown over the roof, freezing to form a "snow bridge," or ceiling for the tunnel. After about a week, the snow has frozen so solidly that the roofing material can be removed.

Colonel Lahlum kicked the tunnel floor with his heel.

"As you can see," he said, "it's just like concrete. We have determined that it is strong enough to permit the laying of track for an electric train." It would have to be electric, Lahlum thinks, because a gasoline or oil-burning vehicle would leave fumes that could not be dissipated once the ceiling became compressed. The heat of the engine would have practically no effect on the ice.

"The beauty of this type of construction," Napier added, "is that you use only native materials, namely snow and ice. The roofing can be used over and over again." It is this material economy that makes long-distance tunnel construction an attractive proposition. A tunnel across Greenland could be built far more cheaply than a gravel road on the surface, and the speed of construction would be limited only by the number of men and machines available.

Colonel Lahlum pointed out that the ceiling of the largest room had dropped noticeably, too. "That's one of the problems, but not an insurmountable one. It would mean that every so often, perhaps once a year, we would have to trim the walls and roof to maintain the proper size."

Is there any limit to the width and depth such tunnels could be built? "None that we have found yet," Lahlum told me. "We can build them any size, which brings up another point. We could use the cut-and-cover method to build underground living and storage quarters, insulated and heated. Down here"—we were now 24 feet beneath the surface—"the outside temperature does not penetrate, so it would not be difficult to heat the quarters to a comfortable degree. By contrast, the snowhouse up above suffers because it is too close to the surface."

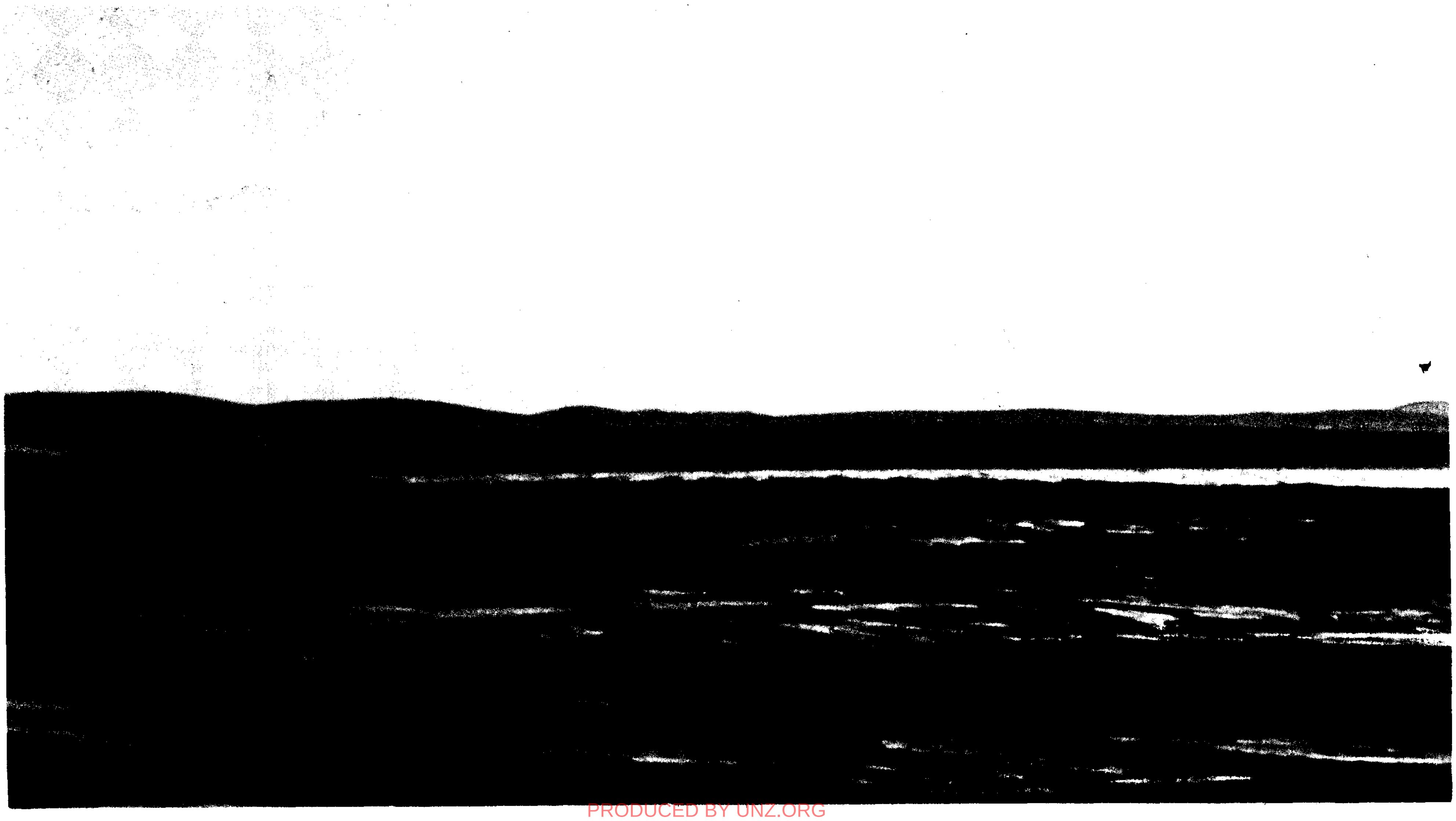
A small emergency shelter would need no ventilating system; the natural permeability of the snow would permit outside air to seep through. But in a large, semipermanent installation, ventilation would have to be provided by machine. In this type of installation, "Atwells," wooden huts in wide use in Greenland, would probably be inserted within the walls of the snowroom. The huts would be insulated to prevent escape of heat which might melt the ice walls of the tunnel. Some of the excess heat might have to be piped to the surface.

OUR INSPECTION of the Site Two experiments completed, we returned through the maze of tunnels and once again passed through the escape hatch to the surface. As we stood shivering in the bitter cold outside, Napier said, "Now you can see why we want to move under the ice instead of on top of it. The weather can't find us down there.

"Over there," he added, pointing, "is our snow-compacted runway, although we can't see it now. It's probably under a few feet of snow. Of course, if it were in use, the runway would be cleared constantly as new snow fell."

The snow-compacted runway is another of the Engineers' research projects, designed to permit the operation of big airplanes off the icecap itself; the runways could be used as auxiliary bases in an emergency. Only ski-equipped planes can now land on the icecap, and even they have trouble in the crusty surface snow layer. To make one of the new snow-compacted runways, a rotary machine like a farm rototiller churns up the snow and grinds it into a powder. At the same time, a series of

Arctic expert Col. Arthur H. Lahlum (left) and Capt. Napier survey vast wasteland of icecap. Treacherous terrain makes surface supply movement almost impossible



now that fell the year he was born

torches applies heat to expand the snow molecules. A roller follows, compressing the churned-up and melted snow, and as the snow refreezes it takes on a consistency like concrete.

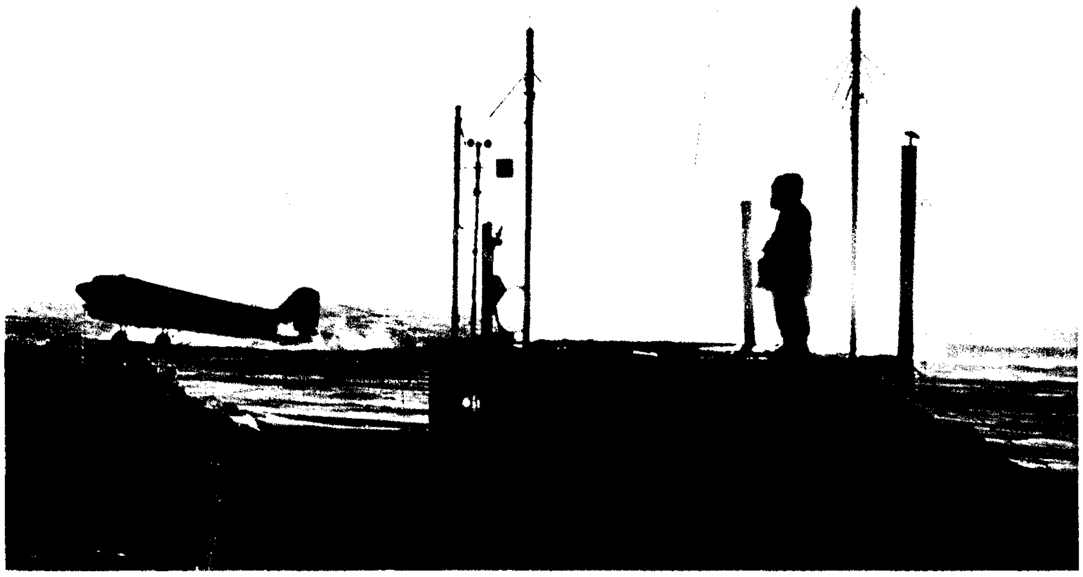
Last year Napier and his crew built a snow runway 10,000 feet long and 200 feet wide, where giant, heavily laden Douglas Globemasters weighing as much as 170,000 pounds landed and took off with ease. Given the equipment, Napier thinks, he could build a runway, with 30 inches of concrete-like surface, in 72 hours. It is, he added, undoubtedly the cheapest method of runway construction in the world.

The cut-and-cover subways are not the whole answer to a trans-Greenland under-ice supply line. How would you get supplies in great quantity onto the icecap at the starting point? The military services have found, so far, only two places in all of Greenland where the coastal slopes are gradual enough to permit access to track-geared vehicles—Camp Tuto, which stands for "Thule Take-Off," 14 miles southeast of Thule Air Base, and Camp Nuna, 30 miles north.

At Tuto, the Engineers built a gravel road leading up onto the icecap, providing a starting point for the experimental surface "swings" operated by the Transportation Corps. Such a road could be extended far out on the cap, where a subway terminal might be built, but it would have to bridge myriad crevasses—deep slits in the icecap.

The Engineers feel that there is a better way—using Tuto itself as the terminal and tunneling through the great ice cliffs to a point where cut-and-cover construction could be started. At Tuto, we inspected an experimental project of this sort.

Tuto is accessible by road—if you can call it a road—from Thule. We made the trip in Studebaker "weasels," track-geared vehicles which are a sort of cross between a truck and a tank and which can operate over the roughest snow terrain.

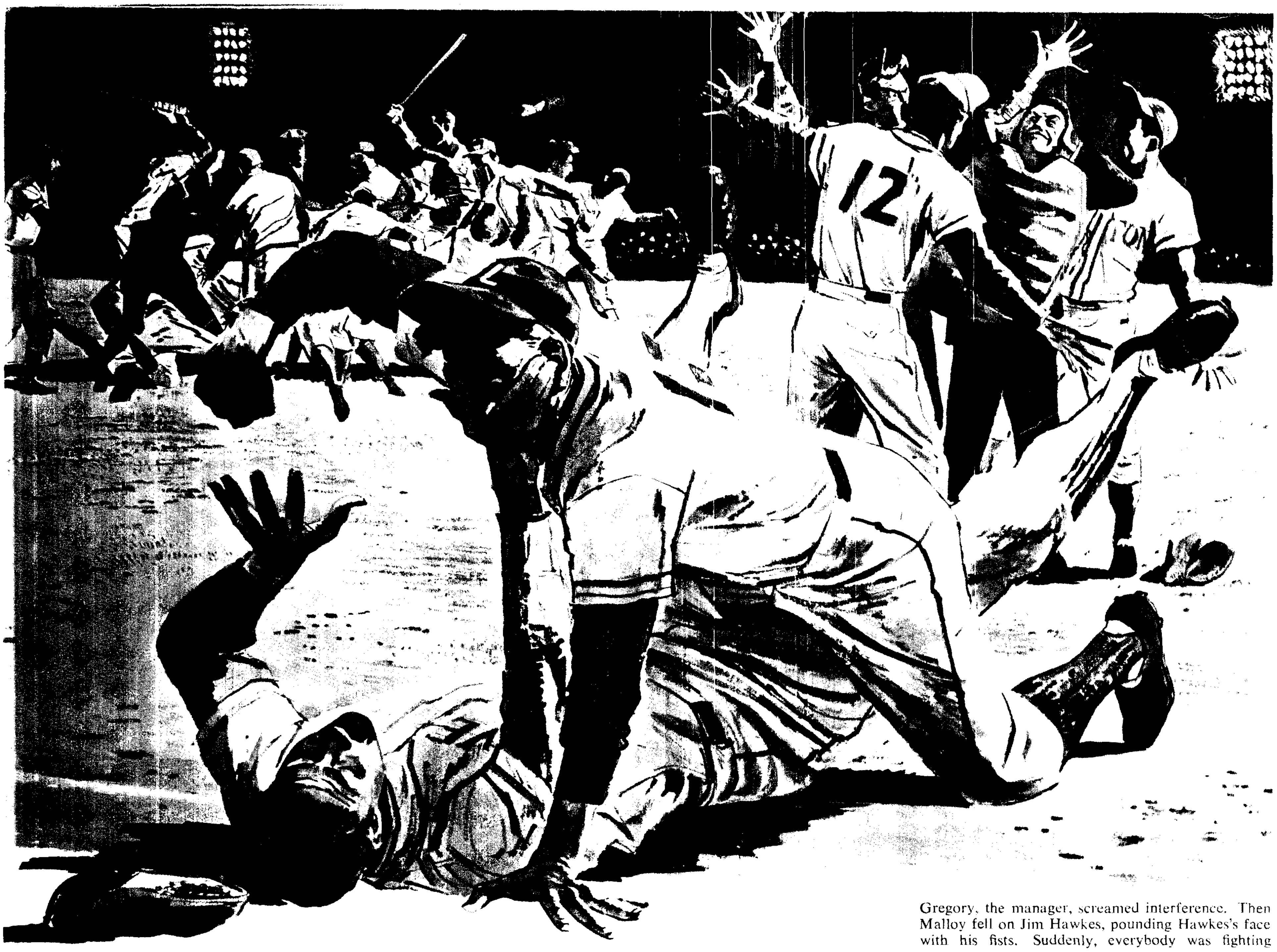

Ice subway, engineers say, could serve string of bases like Site Two (above), now meagerly supplied by air

AT TUTO, we found the longest of the Engineers' experimental tunnels, one which bores 500 feet into the ice cliff. Napier's seven-man crew, headed by Sergeant Benedict of Benedict's Hole, strung a series of electric-light bulbs, powered by a portable generator, the length of the tunnel, and we walked to the far end. At this point, Colonel Lahlum told us, we were under about 250 feet of solid ice.

This tunnel was four feet wide and a couple of inches over six feet high. Again, it could have been built any size, but since it was done by hand, those dimensions were deemed adequate for research purposes. As in the tunnels at Site Two, we found some deformation, but not much, because the ice above us had already been compressed to a great degree and the movement was much slower.

"This ice," said Colonel Lahlum, "has about the same consistency as hard coal. If we wanted to build a full-scale transport tunnel, we would use ordinary mining machinery. We couldn't build it as fast as by the cut-and-cover method, but then we wouldn't have as far to go—perhaps 30 miles to get past the rough edges of the icecap, where we would curve upward to meet the cut and covers."

This summer, when the First EATF again goes into action, the tunnel will be extended another quarter of a mile, at which point it will be 1,000 feet under the surface. Sometime in the future, the tunnel may go all the way, permitting trains with tons of supplies to speed under the great ice mass to new outposts in Greenland. It is still only a possibility, not a plan, but the fact that the Engineers have been willing to tackle it is very much in keeping with the motto of the Corps: *"Essayons!"* ("Let us try!") THE END



Gregory, the manager, screamed interference. Then Malloy fell on Jim Hawkes, pounding Hawkes's face with his fists. Suddenly, everybody was fighting

CLASS D VIOLENCE

By CHARLES EINSTEIN

Old Amos Gregory had worked hard with Jim to get him ready for the majors.

Now the kid was about to blow his chance, and Gregory was powerless to stop him

THERE were no outstanding landmarks in the town of Weilton, not as such—not unless you knew where to look. There certainly were no imposing buildings, and as for the older structures in town, they had only a secondary historical value. Other nearby communities, such as Hobarth, with its covered bridge, and West Calmus, with the Gordon house that dated back to 1771, served scholars better, and tourists too. In fact, if you had heard of Weilton at all, it was because you knew, for some reason or other, that Weilton had a team in the Class D Valley League; and, around the nation, few were the baseball fans who knew even that.

But the local ball club was a thing of importance to the people who lived in Weilton, and Sunday Field, where the games were played, was one of the landmarks of the town. Weilton itself was a small oasis in a desert where other minor-league franchises, beset by rising prices and sagging crowds, by television and by cutbacks on the part of parent major-league clubs, shifted and vanished like nomads. The make-up of the Valley League had changed times over since the war. Old teams had gone, new teams had come; one year the league played with seven clubs, another with five; last year two teams had dropped out in midseason.

But the Weilton team, nicknamed the Wildcats, remained. Old Amos Gregory, the manager, had forgotten more baseball than a generation of players, whose names he had forgotten too, ever knew. One time he had been a catcher in the big league, and till he was forty-two years of age he had caught in the fast minors. The memories remained. Most of the names he had forgotten, but not all. He remembered the time he left home plate unguarded to field the bunt that died toward third, then sprawl-turned his body, the dirt caking up into his mouth and eyes in the August heat, to tag

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD HOOK

NOW $1.00 BUYS A WRITING MIRACLE!

NEW Scripto® M.R. SUPER DOLLAR BALL PEN

GUARANTEED!

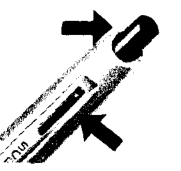
SCRIPTO SUPER DOLLAR

WILL OUTPERFORM ANY BALL PEN

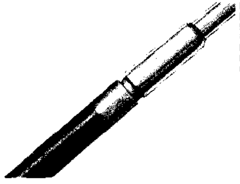
YOU'VE EVER USED,

OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

Buy one . . . try one! If you don't agree the Super Dollar is the best ball pen you've ever used, return it within 30 days for your money back.



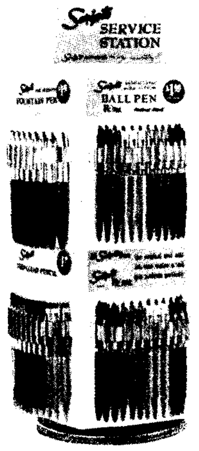
NEW SLIM-TRIM DESIGN
—superb quick-click push button mechanism—most beautiful, best balanced ball pen ever.



SEALED TRANSPARENT CARTRIDGE
easy to see, non-smear, king-size supply of Scripto Rx* Ink.

NATURAL SLANT WRITING*
crystalloy tapered point writes instantly at your natural writing slant. Fine or medium points.

MAGNIFICENT TWO-TONE COLOR COMBINATIONS
your choice of brilliant, jewel-tone colors with beautiful chrome band.



Buy SCRIPTO SUPER DOLLAR Ball Pens now from this SCRIPTO Revolving Service Station (which carries a complete assortment of SCRIPTO Pens, Pencils, Leads, Erasers and Ball Pen Refills).

*TRADE MARK REGISTERED • FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED • SCRIPTO, INC., ATLANTA, GEORGIA • SCRIPTO OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO, CANADA • SCRIPTO PRODUCTS AVAILABLE IN CANADA AT SLIGHTLY HIGHER PRICES

BLUE BELL clothes

His Blue Bell **Wrangler jeans** in Sanforized denim, $3.98; hers in wheat, one of 6 colors, $3.69

so long-wearing · so low-priced · so right for all the family

Blue Bell, Inc., Empire State Bldg., New York 1, N.Y.

Keep up with the world! WITH THIS NEW, ALL-PURPOSE, 50" x 33"

WALL MAP OF THE WORLD

Here are up-to-date, easy-to-read maps keyed to today's atomic age and tomorrow's headlines. Each map contains a vast amount of information to satisfy the most exacting scholar and ably fulfill the requirements of home, school, and office. Printed in 8 gorgeous color tones on fine quality map paper. Children are fascinated and learn quicker using them. The grownups become better informed. Travelers, students, business and professional people find them invaluable.

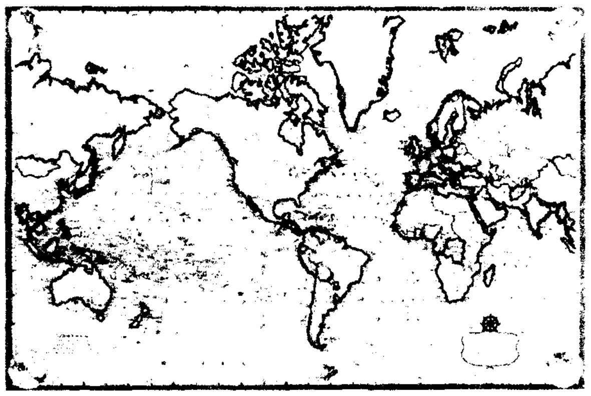
Ideal for the den, study, living room, child's room, or game room; equally appropriate for the office, reception room, salesroom, financial institution or travel agency. Essential in the schoolroom.

Regular retail price $2.00

YOURS FOR ONLY $1.00

ANY 3 FOR ONLY $2.50

. . . plus 25c per order if you desire map unfolded and in a mailing tube.



Also—MAP OF THE UNITED STATES. Size 50" x 33"; on polyconic projection. $1.

Also—MAP OF EUROPE. Size 44" x 32"; on conic projection. $1.

Also—MAP OF ASIA. 44" x 32"; Lambert azimuthal equal-area projection. $1.

P. F. COLLIER & SON (MAP DEPT.)
202 W. High St. • Springfield, Ohio

I enclose remittance in full—please send me immediately the wall maps checked below.

☐ *World* ☐ *Europe*
☐ *United States* ☐ *Asia*

—Sorry, no C.O.D. shipments. Items shipped to Canada subject to Canadian tariff.

Send maps to:

Name..
(Please Print)

Address..

City..........................Zone........ State..........................

Send 25c extra per order if you desire map unfolded and in mailing tube.

the dusty figure of a man sliding home, a man named Cobb. It was in the record book as a put-out, nothing more and, for that matter, nothing less—the record book of thirty-two years ago. But Amos Gregory remembered what it had been like; and he believed, secretly but surely, that Ty Cobb remembered it too.

Each year the rumors sifted about—something was going to happen to the league, or the team, or the players or even the New York Ravens, the major-league club with which the Weilton franchise had a working agreement. But even the rumors respected Amos Gregory: he was there as manager, and there to stay. The playing talent he had to work with was divided into the three groups common to Class D baseball—the very young, the very old and the very bad. In his pervading wisdom, old Amos Gregory knew how to handle them: he kept fielding practice to a minimum and inevitably let them hit the 3-and-1 pitch.

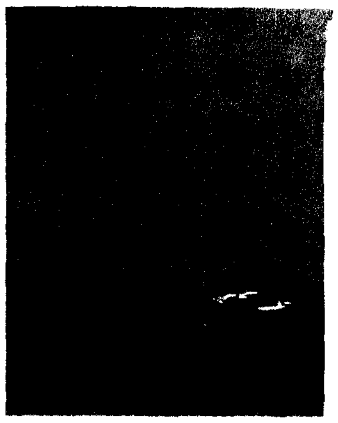
The players and the townspeople understood old Gregory, even if Peter Cowle did not. To be sure, Peter Cowle did not understand many people. He figured he did not have to. At college, where he had taken a course in publicity and promotion, he acquired the general idea that people, taken individually, were valuable chiefly as statistics. Cowle was the nephew of the general manager of the New York Ravens, and, as is done quite normally in baseball, the Ravens had farmed him out to one of their minor-league teams—not as a player, but as a front-office man. The Cowle family bore a tradition in the business end of baseball, and Peter Cowle was determined to carry the tradition onward. Nobody thought too much of the idea, but tradition was tradition. So young Cowle was assigned, in the most distant downward direction possible, to Weilton—as vice-president, which meant nothing. Possibly they figured it would kill him off.

COWLE arrived in Weilton in February. By late March the town found itself wondering bemusedly what mistake he was going to make next. He had already scheduled a bathing-beauty parade as a crowd lure to precede a June double-header at Sunday Field, only to discover that no local beauties wished to parade.

Then Cowle took a run at Bess Lucas, the minister's daughter, who was going steady with Jim Hawkes, the Wildcats' locally bred second baseman. Bess told Cowle she could not join him for cocktails and a moonlit drive, and Peter Cowle, a little angered, explained what he thought of young men like Jim Hawkes, who played Class D baseball in this day and age.

Finally, Cowle suggested that the

Lumberman (l.) brands logs with *his hammer. At right, typical* brands. Below, a towboat guides log raft through Puget Soun



Branding logs like cattle

■ In the fine, fat fir log resting on his Puget Sound beach, a normally law-abiding citizen saw a lot of winter firewood. He cautiously pulled out his chain saw; steel teeth began raking through fir. It was an odd first cut, only six inches from the end. The sawyer didn't own a miniature fireplace; he was just amputating the brand marks pounded into both ends of the maverick log.

Although he was standing on his own property, he looked worried when the towboat chugged into sight a few minutes later. He hastily hid his tools and scowled at the crewman who jumped ashore to loop a cable around the log. "You're trespassing," the beach owner said, without conviction. "Yeah?" the crewman answered, nudging the sawed-off butt with his boot. "You could land in the poky for that, bud. Okay!" he called. "Take her away!" As the towboat and its two-ton charge moved out of sight, the citizen stood brooding—about who owns a beach to what point, about the rules of salvage and trespass, and about the Washington State log-branding laws.

Other Puget Sound shore dwellers have pondered the same subjects for years—since the first branding and salvage laws were passed. Brands, applied with a two-pound hammer which has a raised design on the strik-

Wildcats abandon their habit of letting youngsters watch the games for nothing. "You only do it to pad out your attendance," he told the committee of local businessmen who owned the team. "Put the kids to work peddling raffle tickets instead. Whoever wins the raffle gets free seats to the games all year long, and the kid who sells the winning ticket, or let's say the kid who sells the most tickets, or something, well, you let him in free too. So you still got the kids interested and meanwhile you make money."

"We don't need money that badly, Mr. Cowle," said Reverend Lucas. The minister served on the board of directors more or less in an honorary capacity, but now he spoke for the other men as well.

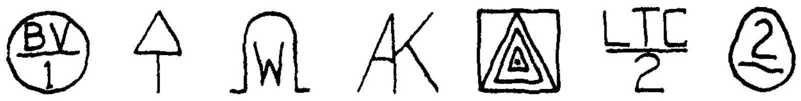
"Look," Peter Cowle said evenly, "don't you boys ever think for one minute you're financially independent. I know you don't depend on the New York Ravens for money. But you have that working agreement. In exchange for giving the Ravens first call on your player talent, if you'll pardon the expression"—Cowle looked sarcastically around the room—"you in turn get player help from the New York organization. You've won the Valley League twice in the last three years, and you cracked the nut financially because you were a winning team. That's the only way you picked up those extra twenty-seven-and-a-half-cent dollars on the road. Without the players New York let you have, you wouldn't have drawn flies. And if the Ravens ever let you go, you'd fold in three weeks and you know it."

There was a silence in the room, for a time. Then Reverend Lucas took off his glasses and rubbed them with his handkerchief and said, "We didn't insist that you come here, Mr. Cowle. If you feel the way you do, you don't have to stay in Weilton."

"Yes, I do," Cowle said. "They told me to come down here and show you how to do things. That's exactly what I'm going to do. Whether you like it or not."

THE very young, the very old and the very bad—Jim Hawkes, who played second base for Amos Gregory's Weilton Wildcats, had just turned nineteen years of age. He had good action in him, the makings of a ballplayer. He could not yet make the double play properly, but time and a better shortstop would take care of that. For his five feet eleven inches of height, his shoulders were strong-set and broad. His wrists were hard. He could turn his back on a fly ball if he had to, and old Amos Gregory already had cured in him the tyro's prejudice against sliding pads.

Jim Hawkes was quick to pick things

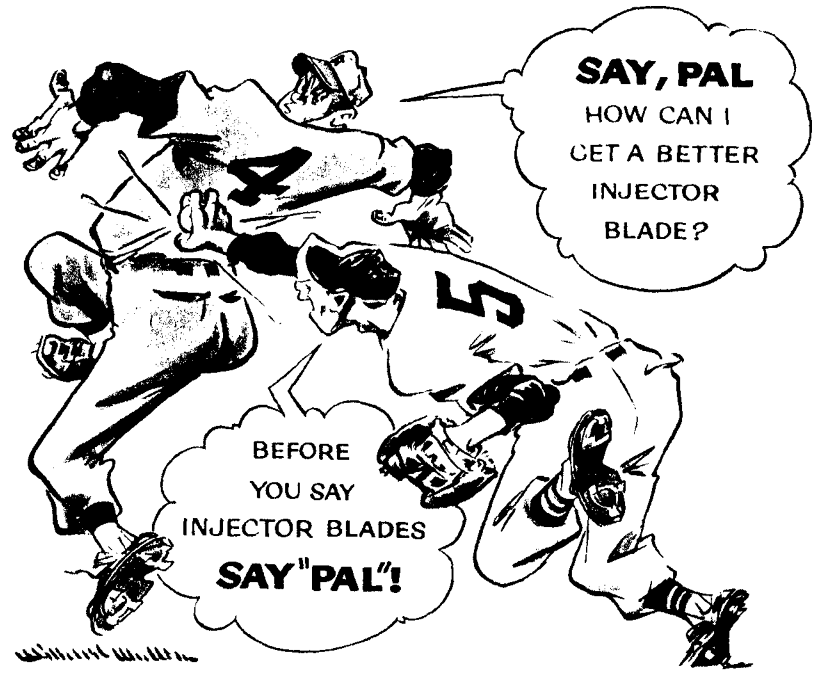


PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOB AND IRA SPRING

ing face, are registered with the state, and are compulsory on any log in the water west of the Cascade Mountains. Failure to make a brand is a gross misdemeanor, and altering or removing one is a felony. If a log gets away from its owner, he has the right of search and recovery, even on private beaches.

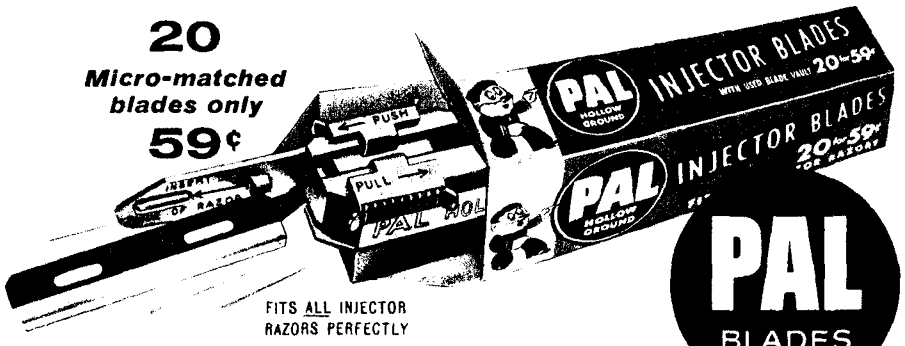
Some brands are hardly larger than a silver dollar, while others may be five inches high. Most are combinations of letters or numbers, but many lumber companies have chosen intricate designs in squares, circles and diamonds. There are also numbered cats, bells, shields, arrows, feet, stars and so on. A fairly new practice is to add swatches of paint, a different color for each brand, to aid sighting at a distance.

Puget Sound is the world's biggest sawmill pond—1,500 square miles. It's a kind of open range for logmen, with towboats herding logs up and down the waterway and losing a number to tides and weather. Once they used to lose a fair share to pirates, too. With logs worth up to $300 each, brands became necessary both for recovery and for sales credit at the destination point, and branding laws were passed by Washington, Oregon and British Columbia. As a result, logs still ride the Puget Sound range, but rustlers are a thing of the past. —BYRON FISH


SAY, PAL
HOW CAN I GET A BETTER INJECTOR BLADE?
BEFORE YOU SAY INJECTOR BLADES SAY "PAL"!

Say "PAL"- it's the blade that's hollow ground

20 Micro-matched blades only 59¢



FITS ALL INJECTOR RAZORS PERFECTLY

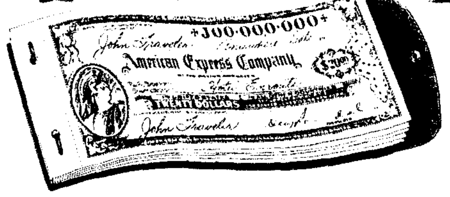
Also, for Double and Single Edge Blades...say "PAL"!

American Safety Razor Corporation

PRECISION ASR PRODUCTS

In Canada Pal Blades are made by Pal Blade Corporation Ltd., Montreal

Never carry more cash than you can afford to lose



YOU CAN'T LOSE WITH AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

- Immediate refund if lost or stolen
- Instantly accepted everywhere—only when *you* sign them
- Sold at any BANK, at Railway Express, and Western Union offices. Only 75¢ per $100.

Sound your Z...expect

PICKUP FOR KEEPS

because—

Pennzoil with Z-7 keeps engines clean

Trust your engine to Pennzoil with Z-7 and you can count on that extra burst of power when you need it! This different Pennsylvania motor oil with an all-oil body controls carbon and other deposits completely . . . prevents power-stealing knock and ping. By keeping your engine clean and smoothly responsive, it keeps horsepower unlocked—not for just a few miles after an oil change, but for keeps. To pass safely or flatten the hills, just sound your Z for Pennzoil with Z-7, The Tough-Film® oil, in the exact seasonal grade for your car!

MEMBER PENN. GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSN.,
PERMIT NO. 2, OIL CITY, PA.

IN EVERY STATE,
AT DEALERS WHO
care FOR YOUR CAR

Don Montgomery,
Nebraska '57, says:

"There are four big reasons why I wear Fortune shoes: smart styling, real comfort, long wear — and reasonable price."

Don is shown here in a pair of ventilated soft grain leather Fortunes that fit his description "to a tee" (style no. R6520 from J. M. McDonald of Nebraska). For a fine selection of young men's footwear, see your near-by Fortune dealer.

Fortune
SHOES FOR MEN

most styles

Fortune Shoe Company • Nashville, Tennessee
DIVISION OF GENERAL

up on his own. In one game, while he was being intentionally walked, he reached out unexpectedly with his bat and slapped ball four into left field for a single. The play, rarely seen anywhere—let alone Class D, where an intentional base on balls is rare enough—stunned everyone. Everyone included Ox Schwartzkopf, Weilton's thirty-nine-year-old right fielder, who was on second base when Jim Hawkes hit the ball and in the sequence was thrown out lumbering into third.

AMOS GREGORY, the manager, talked to Hawkes about it after the game. "Why'd you hit the ball?"

"I figured it would get Ox to third. Take the force off him."

The manager nodded gravely. "Did you think it up yourself?"

"No, sir," Jim Hawkes said. "Don Mueller of the Giants did it in a game against Cincinnati."

"He had Lockman on second," Amos Gregory said. "You had Schwartzkopf."

It occurred to Jim Hawkes after a time that this was neither a rueful jest nor still another sample of old Gregory's startling baseball brain. It was a reminder that baseball was a team sport—not in the rah-rah do-or-die sense of, say, football, but, instead, that you played the alternative that suited most your teammates' capabilities. If your catcher called for a curve ball with an outside target, you were a damn' fool if you got shrewd and threw him something else, because your fielders behind you were positioned where the hitter was most likely to hit the outside curve. If the man at bat was the free-swinging type, unlikely to spoil a pitch by getting a piece of it, then you did not play hit-and-run. To do so invited a hung-up runner. Being smart meant fooling *their* side, not yours.

Gregory did not take the time to point these things out to most of his players; few enough of them gave him the opportunity. In what was now a period of eight years as manager at Weilton, he had, under the demand-look policy that was part of the working agreement with New York, sent many players to clubs of higher classification in the Ravens' chain. Seven had made it to the big leagues, either with the Ravens or by sale or trade to other teams, but none of the seven had the touch of greatness. In point of fact, none of the seven were pure Amos Gregory products either, for all of them had been assigned to Weilton at one time or another by the parent New York club.

With Jim Hawkes, though, it was different. There was something in the way old Gregory worked with him, the time he took, that reminded you that Gregory was a widower without a son. He taught Jim Hawkes the things you seldom teach in Class D—how to sneak-cover first base on the pitchout; how to shift the hold on the bat to suggest the bunt and lure the infielders in; how to hit the base with the inside foot on the turn. He taught him the techniques of movement and timing—showed him how, for example, to move up a base while a teammate was going from third to home with two out, so that if they made the play for you instead of the man going home, you saw to it that your teammate crossed the plate before they tagged you. That way the run counted.

The latent talent in Jim Hawkes was a thing to conjure, but there was something there even more unusual: he wanted to play professional baseball for

QUIZ ON CUISINE

ANSWERS: to NO. 1

The answer to menu reading, part one of the quiz on page 85:
1-d, 2-h, 3-j, 4-g, 5-b, 6-e, 7-i, 8-a, 9-f, 10-c.

* * *

The picture puzzle represents Boeuf Bourguignonne or Beef Braised in Burgundy. This is how you make it:

5 pounds round or chuck steak, cut into large cubes
Flour
6 tablespoons olive oil
½ cup butter
Salt and freshly ground black pepper
½ cup warm cognac
½ pound bacon or salt pork, diced
2 cloves garlic, minced
2 carrots, chopped
2 leeks, chopped
6 scallions or green onions, chopped
2 medium onions, chopped
1 pound mushrooms
1 calf's foot, split
½ teaspoon dried thyme
2 bay leaves
1 stalk celery with the leaves
4 sprigs parsley
1 bottle red Burgundy
2 tablespoons flour
1 tablespoon kitchen bouquet
48 small onions, peeled
Sugar
Lemon juice
Chopped parsley

Roll cubes of beef in flour. Heat 5 tablespoons of the olive oil and half the butter in a large skillet over a high flame and in it brown the meat well on all sides. Sprinkle meat with salt and pepper, pour the cognac over it, ignite and let the flame die out. Transfer contents of skillet to a large ovenproof casserole. Sauté the diced bacon or salt pork in the skillet until crisp and browned, stirring constantly. Add garlic, carrots, leeks, chopped onions and chopped mushroom stems. Cook, stirring occasionally, until the vegetables are lightly browned. Transfer vegetables to the casserole with the meat. Add to the casserole the calf's foot, and thyme and bay leaves tied into a *bouquet garni* with the celery stalk and parsley. Add all but ½ cup of the wine and add enough water to cover contents of casserole. Cover the casserole and bake in 350-degree oven for 1½ to 2 hours. Remove excess grease from top of liquid in a living. It was not a fashionable ambition. Young men nowadays bethought themselves that times were good, that there was much more money to be made elsewhere, money to be made more quickly and more certainly. No one was hungry, and you had to be hungry to play baseball.

No rich boy ever became a star—the records would attest to that. And Jim Hawkes, born after the depression, had no Cinderella tale to tell. His father always had work, a house, a car. Through all of his life Jim Hawkes had known so thoroughly where his next meal was coming from that he never even thought of it. Now the armed services would put him through college if he so desired, and a world of excitement, business opportunity and money loomed beyond.

All these things Jim Hawkes considered. He still wanted to play baseball.

IT WAS on an evening early in May that he underwent the first real test, not only of this ambition but of his underlying caliber as a ballplayer. The test was an unusual one. It consisted of a bare-knuckled series of punches to the head.

Jim Hawkes was on second base, and it was the top of the eighth inning in a night game between Weilton and Lincoln City, at Lincoln City. The score was tied with none out, and the Weilton batter hit a ground ball to the shortstop's right. Hawkes was in motion with the hit, gunning for third. The Lincoln City shortstop threw to third instead of to first—not a smart play. The ball had not been hit that sharply; Hawkes would beat the play. And besides, the score was tied now at 9 to 9; which made it wise to assume that Lincoln City, having scored nine runs in seven innings, was likely to score some more in the remaining two.

Thus the play was for the out at first base, but it was an academic piece of reasoning, because the Lincoln City shortstop's outstanding weakness was the throw to first on a ball hit to his right; so he happily threw to third instead.

Jim Hawkes was in ahead of the ball with his slide, but the Lincoln City third baseman, a thirty-seven-year-old cabdriver who played baseball nights for the extra money, had had a bad day in traffic. His name was Malloy. He racked the ball down into Jim Hawkes's ribs in a tag as vicious as it was useless. Hawkes got up holding his side, and old Amos Gregory, coaching at third, said to Phillips, the umpire who had come up the line from home plate to judge the play, "What was that for?"

"I saw nothing," Phillips said.

"You can say that again," Gregory said to him.

Jim Hawkes had taken off his cap, to mop his brow with his sleeve, and Malloy, the Lincoln City third baseman, said, "Lookee there. Curly black hair."

Hawkes started to say something, but Amos Gregory said to him, "Let him go. The hell with him."

Malloy grinned at Jim Hawkes. "Didn't I see you in a picture one time with Spencer Tracy? About fishing?"

"Let him go," Gregory said to Hawkes warningly. "Let him alone."

Malloy spat into the dirt at Gregory's feet and laughed about something and moved off third to protect against the next hitter. The hitter lofted the second pitch to medium left field, and Gregory, knowing that Hawkes could beat the fielder's arm, raised his hand to signal the catch so Hawkes could break for the plate. The Wildcat runner on first

---

casserole and stir in bit by bit the 2 tablespoons flour mixed to a paste with 2 tablespoons of the remaining butter. Stir in kitchen bouquet and continue to bake, covered, for 2 to 3 hours longer.

In a saucepan melt 1 tablespoon of the remaining butter, add the small onions, sprinkle with a little sugar. Cook, stirring, until onions are browned. Add a little of the remaining wine. Cover and simmer for 20 minutes.

In the skillet, heat remaining 1 tablespoon butter and 1 tablespoon olive oil and in it place mushrooms, cap side down. Sprinkle with lemon juice and sauté mushrooms for 2 minutes. Turn mushrooms cap side up and cook for 2 minutes longer. Add remaining wine to skillet. Do not cover but keep mushrooms hot.

When ready to serve, remove excess grease again from top of liquid in casserole. Discard calf's foot and the *bouquet garni*. Arrange onions and mushrooms on top and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serves 12.

A CULINARY MASTERPIECE BY ALI-BAB. FROM A RECIPE IN GASTRONOMIE PRATIQUE

Boeuf Bourguignonne—beef stew with a French education

"MY LIFE IN A CONVENT ...How I Escaped!"

Perhaps you never have seen a booklet with a title like that. And most likely you would cast it aside in disgust if it did come into your hands.

But freshly-printed copies of such "literature" continue to circulate through the mails, and through book stores dealing in lurid printed matter and vulgar "art." It survives with the same malign durability which, for more than 40 years, has kept alive the infamous bogus oath of the Knights of Columbus despite court convictions of those who circulate it.

"My Life In A Convent" is not designed to appeal to intelligent and fair-minded people. Its purpose is to poison the minds of the gullible and uninformed. It will not influence those who have seen Catholic sisters at work among the poor and afflicted... in their services in hospitals and orphan homes... in their numerous missions of charity and mercy. It does create suspicion and prejudice, however, among those who do not take the trouble to learn the truth.

It is for this reason that we say to people of good will everywhere: "Why not investigate?" Investigate not merely in the interests of truth... not merely to render justice to the hundreds of thousands of consecrated women serving Christ in the Catholic sisterhoods of the world. Investigate, we respectfully suggest, for your own sake.

Find out for yourself not only *how* these humble servants of Christ live in their homes, but *why* they choose such a life. Ask yourself what it is about the Catholic Faith that could cause so many women to turn their backs on the pleasures of the world for a life of poverty, chastity and obedience. For in the answer to this question you may find not only a new respect and admiration for the Catholic nuns, but perhaps a new and better understanding of Christ's plan for *your* life.

A woman does not choose to become a nun only or solely that she may teach school, work in a hospital, or engage in works of mercy among the aged and afflicted. She doesn't join a sisterhood to escape the responsibilities of family life. The activities in which she engages ...and which are so often regarded as her chief merits... are, in fact, mere by-products of a loftier purpose.

That purpose is to strive incessantly with all her heart and soul for one thing—holiness. She seeks what Christ promised when He said: "And everyone who has left house, or brothers, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold and shall possess life everlasting."

If you want to know what really goes on in a convent... if you want to feel in your own heart the deep Christian inspiration which motivates the nuns—write today for our Free Pamphlet No. C-25. It will be mailed in a plain wrapper... nobody will call on you.

FREE

MAIL COUPON TODAY

SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU
4422 Lindell Blvd., St. Louis 8, Missouri

Please send me your Free Pamphlet entitled: "What Makes A Woman Choose Such A Life?" C-25

NAME________________

ADDRESS________________

CITY__________STATE__________

SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU
4422 LINDELL BLVD. ST. LOUIS 8, MISSOURI

Now! Get rid of Athletes Foot ...and block its return!

Quinsana Powder heals raw, red cracks between toes, painlessly!

Kill the fungi that cause itching, peeling Athletes Foot with painless, effective Mennen Quinsana. This amazing powder gets rid of Athletes Foot. Used regularly, Quinsana actually *blocks its return!* Quinsana's gentle powder-action goes to work instantly, *painlessly* . . . even in raw, red cracks between toes. Its germ killing powder barrier soothes as it protects. Peeling, maddening itch disappears. Hot, tired, aching feet become cool and comfortable again! Your feet feel wonderful! *At all drug counters* **60¢** *tax free.*

MENNEN QUINSANA

SEE THE SIGHTS

IN WONDERFUL

WISCONSIN

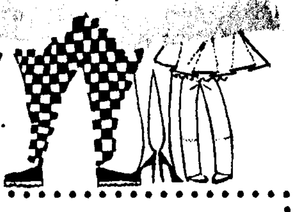
There's a little bit of all the world in hospitable Wisconsin — famed for scenic beauty, interesting cities, exhibits and museums. Travel along the 94,500 miles of fine roads, enjoy delicious dairyland foods, and relax in unsurpassed accommodations. Everything is moderately priced—and there's no sales tax!

Bucky, the lucky Badger, invites you to write for free information.

WISCONSIN CONSERVATION DEPT.
State Office Bldg., Room 29
Madison 1, Wisconsin

Please send me complete Wisconsin vacation kit including book in color, map, fishing regulations, and sources of additional regional information.

Name____________________
Address____________________
City__________Zone____State______



lowest-cost vehicle for light hauling

Cushman 780 TRUCKSTER

Just ¾¢ per mile total operating cost...powered by Cushman Husky 4-cycle engine . . . 500 lb. capacity...big vehicle shaft drive advantages plus quick, easy handling . . . 80 inch turning radius.

also...

2 CUSHMAN ELECTRIC TRUCKSTERS

Up to quarter ton and two passenger capacity . . . travel up to 40 miles and more without recharging . . . operate for pennies per day. Sold and serviced nationally.

Ask your dealer for a FREE demonstration or write for illustrated literature. Dealer inquiries invited.

926 No. 21st.
Lincoln, Nebraska

CUSHMAN MOTOR WORKS, Incorporated

was poised to light out for second if the throw went through to home.

Gregory saw it first. He saw Malloy, the third baseman, plant himself cornered to the bag, facing left field, with his left foot back where it would trip Jim Hawkes as he broke for the plate. Gregory knew too that this had not happened to Hawkes before, that it was the kind of thing that happened only in the slow minors, where the umpiring was both quantitatively and qualitatively deficient.

But now the catch was made, and Jim Hawkes turned it on, left the bag and, by some mysterious instinct or alchemy, skirted like a wraith past the jagged spikes of Malloy. Malloy realized it, too. In the same instant he moved his hips to engage the runner, but Hawkes came down with his elbow and went past the man and headed for the plate. His start was not good enough. The throw got him at home, and what happened after that was the kind of episode no two men remembered quite alike.

FIRST Gregory, the manager, was screaming interference, and then Malloy, rushing toward the plate, fell upon Jim Hawkes with his fists going into the younger man's face. It was too much, all of it, and the umpires manifestly could not handle it. In the dust, the runner who had been on first moved all the way to third, and in another instant a fight was going on there too.

It took police to stop it, and by the time they got there, there was no ball game left. It was the umpires' job to decide on a forfeit. Phillips, the plate umpire, decided it the way he saw it. He had seen Hawkes dig into Malloy with his elbow as he broke from third; he had not seen what happened before that, intent as he was on the flight of the ball. And in honesty, he could decide only on the basis of what his eyes told him. So he gave the game to Lincoln City.

In Weilton there was hell to pay.

Peter Cowle was suddenly everybody's friend. He harangued the local newspaper, had them print—in bold type on page one—manager Gregory's account of the riot.

"Wait till we get those Lincoln City unprintables in our ball park," Cowle told whoever would listen. "We'll show 'em a real riot."

It was enough, in combination with a quirk in the schedule that provided for one day off and then a Weilton-Lincoln City series at Weilton, to worry the local police. Peter Cowle had got in touch with them. "You'd better have a bunch of the boys on hand," he said. "There's liable to be trouble at Sunday Field."

Peter Cowle went on the radio. "We citizens of Weilton," he said, "don't have to put up with this kind of thing. Are we going to go out there and show the Wildcats we're behind them?"

It said in Peter Cowle's publicity and promotion textbooks that the finest way to increase attendance at sporting events was to promote a feud, encourage ill blood, between the contestants. They'd made this feud to order for him, dumped it in his lap. If he could get three thousand people to a Class D baseball game, it would be an achievement heard round the baseball world. Even more, the season was young yet. If he could heap still more fuel upon the fire. . . .

On the morning of the series opener at Weilton, Reverend Lucas received a caller. It was Amos Gregory. "Amos," the minister said, "you're worried." He led the old man, white-haired, bright-eyed, into the sitting room. "It was too bad about that game."

"I'm thinking about the game tonight," Gregory said.

"Can I help?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"Your daughter," Gregory said. "Jim Hawkes thinks pretty much of her."

"I know it," Reverend Lucas said. "I'd like to see him stay out of trouble. He has a good name here in Weilton. A ball game isn't worth hurting it."

"I'm thinking of more than just his good name here in Weilton." Gregory leaned forward in his chair. "I've got a selfish thing to think about. It's been years since I sent a decent, even a halfway decent, ballplayer up into the New York organization from here. All of a sudden I've got Jim Hawkes. Everything's right for him. The way they're crying for second basemen in the Chicago chain, he could be in the big league a year from now. I mean it."

"Isn't that up to him?"

"Not if he black-eyes himself trying to slug somebody."

"The boy has self-control," Reverend Lucas said.

"The boy's being egged on," Gregory said. "That Peter Cowle will use him to shape his own record as a promotion man. He was being big buddy boy with Jim at the club offices yesterday afternoon—about how everybody was behind him, and if he wanted to get Malloy under the stands it could be arranged, and things like that." There was true alarm in Gregory's voice. "I'm afraid for the kid. His baseball future is too much there to mess it up with something worthless like this."

Reverend Lucas sat there for a time. At last, he said, "You want me to get Bess to have a talk with Jim?"

Gregory nodded.

The other man looked at him. "They already had a talk. Last night. They're going to announce their engagement."

Gregory moistened his lips. "He still wants to play ball?"

"He still wants to play ball."

The manager sighed. "Do you know if they talked about this fight?"

The minister stood up. "Jim told Bess—and me—just how it happened. He seemed to think he owed that Mr. Malloy a punch in the face."

"And?"

"And," Reverend Lucas said, "I'm afraid I agree with him."

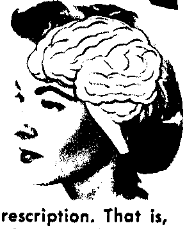
PETER COWLE was right there with his crowd estimate. It clocked in, with standees, at a little over three thousand. The cops were there, worried—the president of the league, too. And Mr. Peter Cowle was there, his light brown hair slicked to a shine, his youthful face florid. He sat in a box seat back of the Wildcat dugout and waited till the first Lincoln City batter came to the plate.

Then he stood up, cupping his hand to his mouth. "All right, boy!" he yelled to the Weilton pitcher. "Stick it in his ear!"

The crowd picked it up: "Break his head! Change his face for him!"

It was a strange, blood-wanting noise from the stands—strange too for the fact that the jockeys in both dugouts, knowing the league president was there, were absolutely still. The Weilton pitcher came around on his windup and threw a strike, low and outside, just catching the corner.

It was not what Peter Cowle wanted. "Move him back!" he bellowed. "Put him in the dirt!"



TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES call for STRONGER Yet SAFER

ANACIN®

Won't Upset The Stomach

Anacin not only gives *stronger, faster relief* from pain of headache, but is also *safer*. Won't upset the stomach and has no bad effects. You see, Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a *combination* of medically proven, active ingredients. Scientific research has proved *no single drug* can give such strong yet such safe relief as Anacin. *Buy Anacin Tablets today!*

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

Science Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain—Shrinks Hemorrhoids

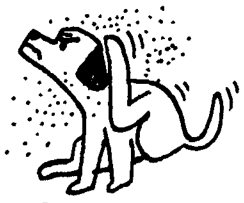
For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain – without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all – results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*)–discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H.** Ask for it at all drug counters–money back guarantee. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Stop his scratching misery

Is your dog frantic from scratching? It's a sign of fleas or summer eczema. Stop his itching torture *quick* – with Sergeant's Scratch Powder. Kills fleas, ticks, lice. Checks fungus and doggy odor. 49¢ and 79¢ at any drug or pet counter.

Sergeant's® SCRATCH POWDER

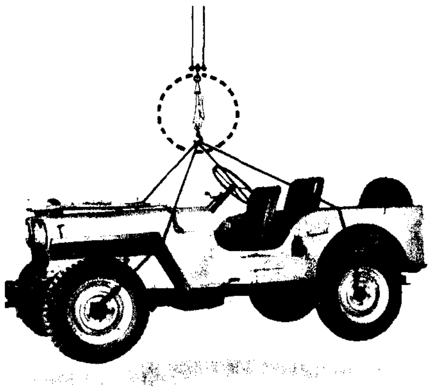
TOOTHACHE?
For Quick Relief Ask your Druggist for DENT'S TOOTH GUM TOOTH DROPS POULTICE

Hot, Perspiring, Sore, Tired Feet?

Use Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder for Soothing, Cooling, Refreshing Relief!

Take a minute each day to sprinkle this wonder-working relief on your feet and into your shoes. You'll be rewarded with a day of real foot contentment. Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder eases new or tight shoes . . . reduces excessive perspiration . . . helps prevent Athlete's Foot. 15¢, 40¢, and large Economy size, 75¢. Sold everywhere. Try it!

Dr. Scholl's FOOT POWDER



Imagine a Tool So Powerful Its Grip Supports a Jeep!

A squeeze of the hand locks jaws tight—actually tested (above) to support 3,650 lbs.! Yet it releases so easily . . . quickly adjusts to any size work. No wonder Vise-Grip gives *more* power—for *more* jobs! It's a Super-Pliers, All-Purpose Wrench, Clamp, Hand Vise and Wire Cutter—in one tool! 7" and 10", cutter optional. Only $1.85 to $2.60 at your hardware store. Get handy—get Vise-Grip—today. You'll speed up EVERY home fixin' job!

DOES MORE JOBS EASIER THAN ANY OTHER TOOL!

No. 10W, 10" $2.60

VISE-GRIP

PETERSEN MFG. CO., Dept. C-5, DeWitt, Nebr.

Prevents rust!

3-IN-ONE Oil is the perfect way to protect planes, chisels, other fine tools. Forms a lasting shield of rust protection and leaves no gummy deposit.

"3-IN-ONE"® OIL

INGROWN NAIL

PAIN STOPS FAST! A few drops of Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL in the nail groove relieves soreness, pain. Softens embedded part of nail for easy removal. Insist on Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL.

Art Talent Test FREE!

art talent test

Find out if you have talent enough for a money-making career in art. Write for simple Art Talent Test. Take it at home in your spare time. Free, no obligation. Artists are in demand! Mail coupon today for Art Talent Test.

ART INSTRUCTION, INC., STUDIO 5436
500 S. 4th St., Minneapolis 15, Minn.
Please send me your Talent Test, without cost or obligation. (PLEASE PRINT)
Name________AGE______
Address________Phone______
City______Zone____County______
State______Occupation______

The crowd roared anew on the next pitch, and the one after that, but the top of the first inning went without incident and without score. In the home half of the first there was one out and nobody on when Jim Hawkes came to bat.

"Got your spikes sharp, boy? Use that file I gave you, boy? Show 'em how we do it in Weilton, Jim boy. . . ."

AT THAT point there was a hand on Cowle's shoulder, and he looked up and saw it was the chief of police.

The chief was nothing if not to the point. "Will you come along with me, Mr. Cowle?"

"What?" Cowle said. "What for?"

"You're under arrest."

"Arrest? What are you, nuts? I'm the vice-president of this ball club. I have a right to sit here and I have a right to yell anything I want!"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Cowle. A summons and a complaint have been drawn against you."

Cowle looked at him blankly. "What charge?"

"Disturbing the peace," the chief of police recited. "Inciting to riot, loitering in a public place, harangue of a gathering of more than two persons, encouragement of mob violence, and illegal entry." The officer smiled faintly.

"Illegal entry!" Cowle said, and stood up fiercely. "What *is* this?"

"The summons and complaint state you do not have a ticket."

"Of course I don't have a ticket. I'm the vice-president. I—who drew up this complaint?"

"A citizen."

"What's his name?"

"Lucas," the chief of police said. "The Reverend Walter Lucas." . . .

The count was ball two, strike one on Jim Hawkes. Amos Gregory, coaching at third, saw Cowle leave the stands with the chief of police, could almost feel the instant difference in the crowd now that the cheerleader was quietly and quickly departed. But now, his attention refocused on the game, Gregory saw something else. He saw how, almost imperceptibly, Jim Hawkes's hands shifted on the bat as the 2-and-1 pitch rode toward the plate. It was well outside for ball three, but the bait had found its fish. Playing third base, Malloy had seen it too.

Gregory knew only too well what would happen. He himself had taught Jim Hawkes how to sucker the third baseman. Malloy, seeing Hawkes's hands, sensed the bunt. He would lean forward on the next pitch, charge suddenly toward the plate. And Hawkes would pull the pitch with all his power directly at the onrushing defender.

It was the perfect revenge. First Malloy would be suckered, and then as he hurtled toward the plate he would be helpless. It would take a combination of ability and luck for the ball to hit him. Jim Hawkes had the ability. If the luck was there, then Malloy would not even be able to get his glove up to protect himself before being struck. A sharply stroked hit would travel at something like ninety miles an hour.

Amos Gregory felt suddenly old and futile and sick. He knew that violence bred more violence. He knew that the young man now at bat could, with the next swing, cut short a career of baseball greatness—his own—because he had learned his baseball too well. For a fleeting moment, Gregory thought of violating his own tradition and flashing Hawkes the take sign on the impending 3-and-1 pitch. But Hawkes had set Malloy up; he would ignore the sign.

It was too late, in any case. In his locker in the clubhouse was the telegram Gregory had received before the game, the telegram from New York that ordered Hawkes shipped immediately to Hartford in Class A. Too late, the manager realized he had no business letting Jim Hawkes play tonight—assuming he could have stopped him. Too late was the one dream Amos Gregory had left—the dream of fashioning, from raw ability, a great major-league player.

The 3-and-1 pitch was on its way. Hawkes's hands did not shift this time. They gripped at the end of the bat.

Amos Gregory closed his eyes. He heard the umpire yell, "Strike two!"—heard it in disbelief. He saw Jim Hawkes step out of the batter's box, his face impassive, saw him bend down to get some dirt on his hands and then step back in. He saw Malloy too. Malloy was back at his normal playing depth, without fear of the bunt on two strikes, as the pay-off pitch sailed in.

Malloy looked as if he did not believe it when Jim Hawkes bunted the ball at him. The third baseman watched the ball, making no play on it; watched it stop dead twenty feet in front of him, five feet inside the foul line.

It was like a man coming out of a trance, the way Malloy finally snapped to and made his play on the ball, and by then his play was to second base. His throw was ten feet too high.

HAWKES never stopped running. He crossed the plate standing up. It was noted by many that Mr. Malloy was not in his way as he rounded third. . . . Weilton won the game by a score of 17 to 2. The only violence of the evening was on the scoreboard, which was violence enough, and tomorrow night there would be the usual crowd of maybe four hundred to see the Wildcats engage the Class D foe.

"They want you in Class A," Amos told Hawkes. "What do you say?"

"What do *you* say?"

"I don't know." The manager was thoughtful. "I had had the idea we could work together some more before you went up, but—wait a minute. Tell me something."

"What's that?"

"You set Malloy up for a bunt."

"Yes."

"Then, when he's set up, the pitch is a strike and you didn't swing. Why?"

"It wasn't the right kind of pitch."

He'll take the strike, Gregory said to himself. Tonight was proof positive that Jim Hawkes was a hitter willing not to swing at a pitch in the strike zone if he thought an ensuing pitch might be better—a hitter with the correlative ability to hit, if he had to, with two strikes already gone. *He'll take the strike.* They said that of the great hitters, but even in their case most of them learned it in the majors. It could not be said of many rookies. It was not said, in their rookie years, of DiMaggio—or Cobb.

Aloud, old Amos Gregory said, "I don't have to work with you any more. You're ready now, Jim." The manager's voice turned gruff. "Now get your shower and go tell your girl."

It was a lesson, of course, for everyone, and after a time perhaps they would realize it. Perhaps even Peter Cowle would realize that a young man like Jim Hawkes, an old man like Gregory, these were the real promotion men—the only promotion men a town like Weilton, and town after town across the country, needed to keep baseball alive.

—CHARLES EINSTEIN

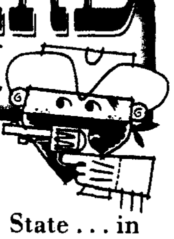
Quick Relief of HEADACHE NEURALGIA

STANBACK is not a one ingredient formula . . . STANBACK combines several medically proven pain relievers into one easy to take dose. . . . The added effectiveness of these MULTIPLE ingredients brings faster, more complete relief, easing anxiety and tension usually accompanying pain. . . .

Test STANBACK against any preparation you've ever used . . . see how much faster relief comes.

Snap Back
STANBACK
ANALGESIC POWDERS
STANBACK TABLETS
For Relief of HEADACHE and NEURALGIA
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

REWARD YOUR FAMILY THIS SUMMER



make a vacation date with the LONE STAR State . . . in

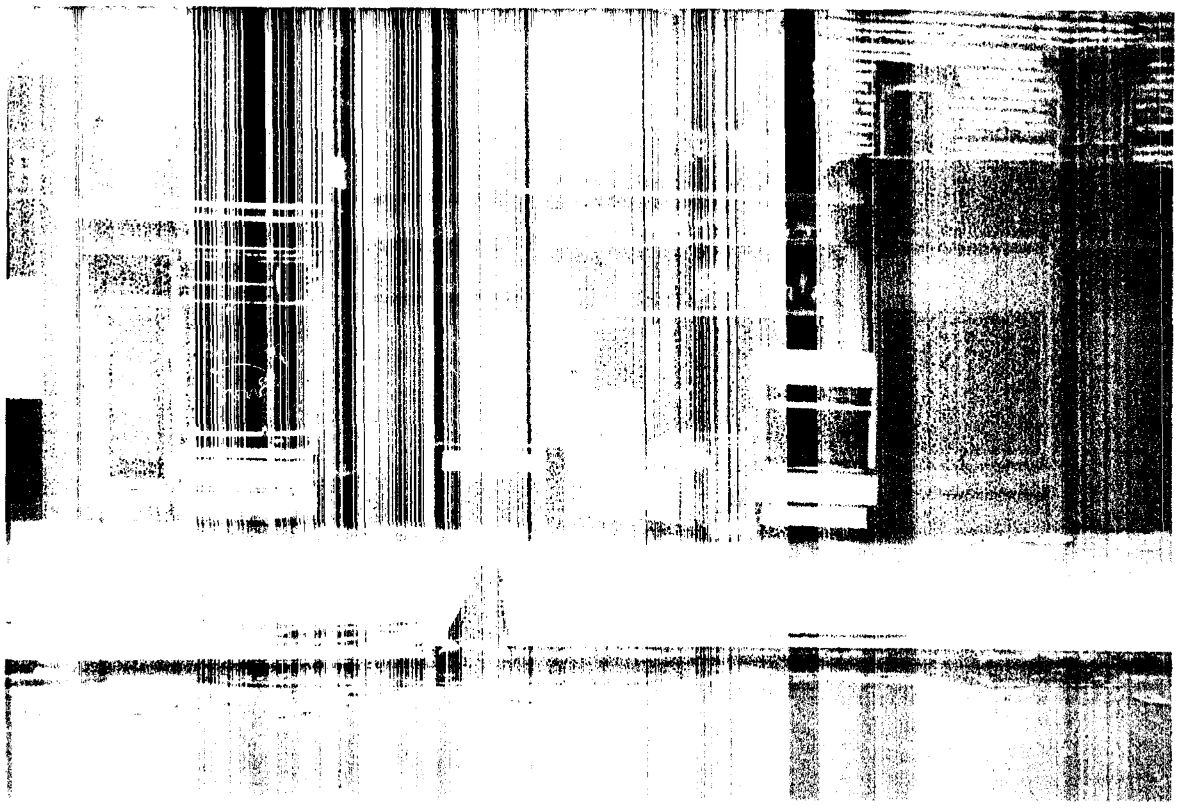
EL PASO, Texas!

DESCRIPTION: Texas-size, diversified, friendly, romantic, exciting.
PAST RECORD: Missions, Ghost Towns, The Old West.
DISTINGUISHING MARKS: Carlsbad Caverns, White Sands, Big Bend Nat'l Park, Mountain resorts, America's highest golf course, Old Mexico.
ALIAS: International Fun Country.

Let us tell you all about it . . . FREE!

EL PASO SUNLAND CLUB
357 San Francisco St.-El Paso, Tex.
Please send illustrated folders checked here: El Paso, Sunshine Playground ☐ 46 Things to See ☐ Mexico Literature ☐
NAME________
ADDRESS________
CITY______ZONE____
STATE______

Segregation is not confined to the South



HARLEM, 1956

IN THE MIDST OF THE FUROR over desegregation in the deep South, Manhattan newspapers recently quoted a report by a municipal planning board to Borough President Hulan Jack:

"If our new buildings (in Harlem) are not to be the racial ghettos of the future, we must within the next five years make a start in desegregating Harlem."

This is, of course, a backhanded concession that not very much of a start has yet been made toward desegregating Harlem, where a third of a million Negroes live, some in incredible squalor, in an area rigidly and purposefully hemmed in by the white portions of the community.

This is an example of the paradox of the North—that a report attesting segregation in New York City should be addressed to a man who, in addition to being the chief executive officer of Manhattan, is also a Negro. Negroes can go far in Manhattan; more often they are locked, by social circumstances, into the dismal estate to which they were born.

The same thing is generally true of the other communities of the northern United States. Occasionally a Negro will emerge from the group to achieve distinction in law, medicine, politics, sports or entertainment. But for every one who does, a hundred or a thousand remain at the foot of the ladder, or only a rung or two up. The Negro is making progress in the North. But the progress is gradual, and the chief restraint is a bias that erodes only very slowly. And the process of erosion is interrupted from time to time by ugly outbreakings of racial violence—in the East, in the Mideast, in the Midwest and the Far West. New York, Chicago, Minneapolis, the San Francisco Bay area—all these and many more have had their periodic eruptions of race prejudice in recent times.

So there is no clear-cut cleavage, say, along the Mason-Dixon line, between prejudice and tolerance. The differences are of degree, and sometimes these differences, as between North and South, are slight. For the South is making progress, in its own way. Integration, at the school level, is proceeding in Kentucky, West Virginia, Tennessee, Missouri, Oklahoma, Maryland and Delaware; Arkansas has desegregated its State University; more significantly still, Louisiana, North Carolina and Florida are all approaching with earnestness and responsibility the difficult task of compliance with the Supreme Court's decisions.

Those decisions, themselves, were more temperate than some of the curbstone interpretations rendered by zealous laymen in their wake.

They enunciated, so far as public schools are concerned, the simple American principle of equal rights.

At the same time they acknowledged that no law can be written to compel a state of mind or heart. This was the wisdom prompting the doctrine of "flexibility," or gradualness, in application of the principle.

Now, if the "attitude of the South" is gauged on the basis of the utterances of the more vocal politicians, rabble rousers and hotheads, a plausible case can be made for despair in the matter of noncompliance.

But if the "attitude of the North" is assumed to be indicated by the sporadic muggings and window smashings and race riots in these areas, one can as readily leap to the conclusion that there is no hope, anywhere, for integration.

We do not agree, certainly, with the often-voiced theory that desegregation in the South is exclusively the South's own business; injustice anywhere in the United States has inevitable impact upon the whole nation's reputation and welfare.

Still, we have little patience with some of our smug brethren in the North who point the finger of shame at the South and ignore the bigotry that exists in the next block. In fact, we sometimes wonder if there's anything wrong with the South that the muzzling of a fewscore Southern politicians and Northern zealots wouldn't cure.

At any rate the solution of segregation will never be found in indignant carping and angry recriminations.

The shrill arguments among those who presume to speak for "the people" on either side of the subject are waged over the mute bodies of those for whom the problem is direct and personal. The theory is noisily argued as a more or less private matter between the professional debaters, and any dim light that is shed or help that is given the people themselves is mainly accidental.

The people of the North can help most, we believe, by cleaning up their own mess—and this process might well begin with a general soul searching to discover what residues of prejudice remain there. When Harlem has been desegregated, when Negroes have been welcomed as neighbors in the pleasant suburbs of New York and Chicago, when Chinese and Filipinos have been made to feel at home in San Francisco's Sea Cliff and Pacific Heights, there will be time enough to point a finger at the South.

In the meantime we would suggest that those best qualified to handle the situation in the South are the millions of thoughtful, moderate Southerners who both perceive the inevitability of justice for all, and realize the massiveness and delicacy of the task of securing such justice in all the circumstances.

No observer has any moral right to interfere unless his interference aims intelligently at a constructive result. And the mischief that can be wrought by unintelligent interference is enormous; enough of it can conceivably set back the cause of Southern integration by a half century. For the desegregation of schools, or of trolleys, or of restaurants can mean little unless accompanied by a corresponding change within the hearts of men, women and children. The courts can point the way and undertake to punish the laggards, but the step-by-step journey is an individual, private matter. There is involved here the need for the mutual discovery of the fellowship and the shared dignity of humankind. There is no simple formula for speeding this process of discovery, but it has never been achieved by prim finger pointing or volleys of invective.

N. Corby
CORBY'S
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY

Easy tie-in that nets pleasure

THERE'S NO surer way of hauling in the big ones than tying up a batch of your own flies, Mr. Fisherman. And to make any session with the hooks and feathers a big success, call in your fishing cronies—and serve up sociable Corby's whiskey. Corby's fine flavor is enjoyed by fishermen and millions of other sportsmen. Next time, assure yourself a net return in pleasure—say "Corby's."

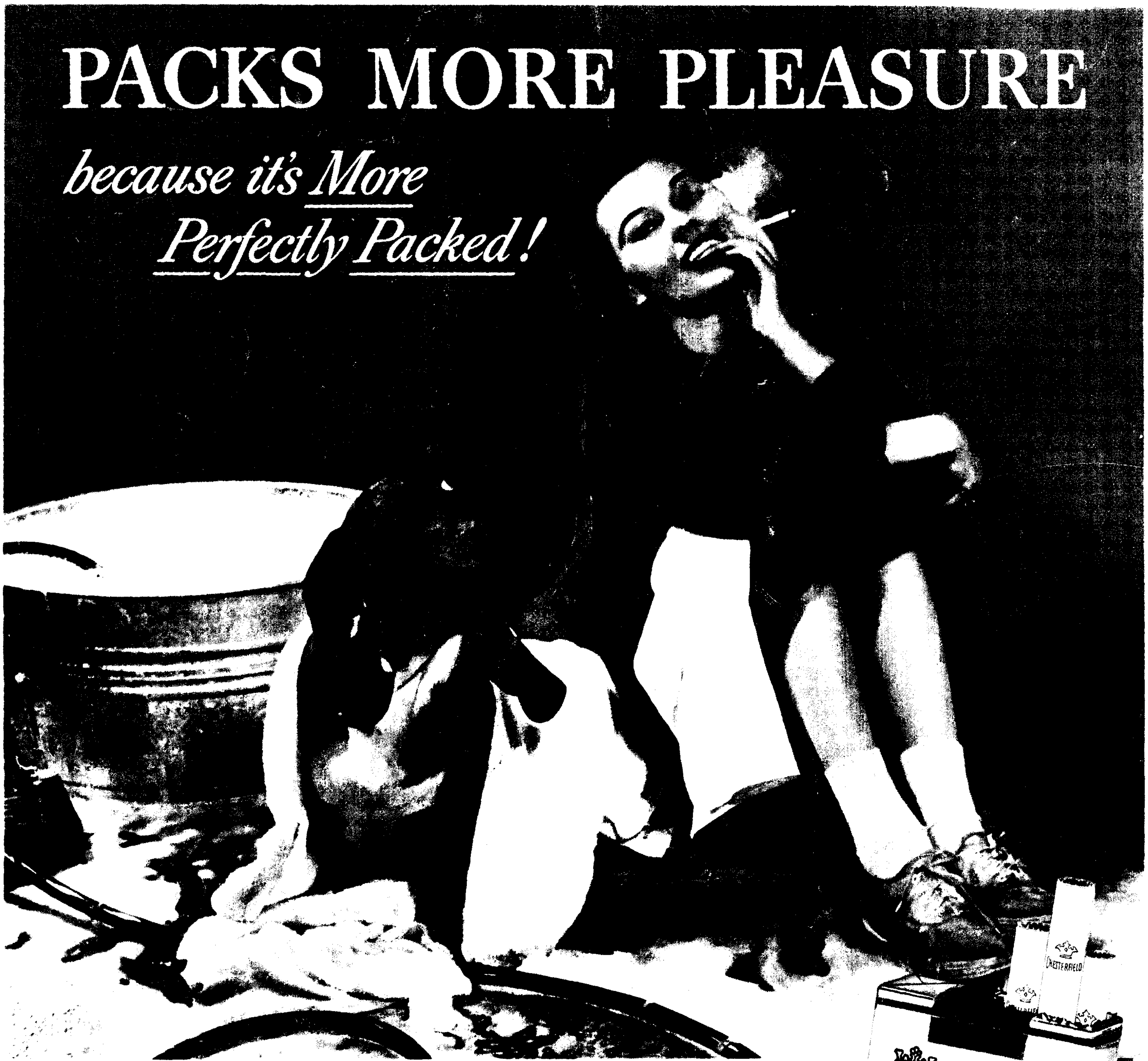
Time to say CORBY'S

Look for the parrot on every bottle of Corby's, one of America's favorite whiskeys.

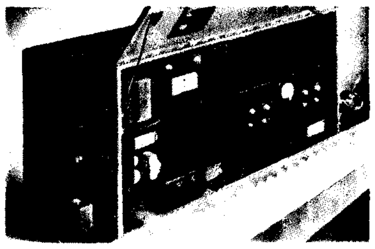
BLENDED WHISKEY—86 PROOF—68.4% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED, PEORIA, ILL.

PACKS MORE PLEASURE

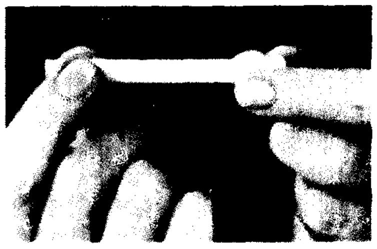
because it's More Perfectly Packed!



Satisfy Yourself with a Milder, Better-Tasting smoke—packed for more pleasure by exclusive *AccuRay*



The more perfectly packed your cigarette, the more *pleasure* it gives . . . and Accu-Ray packs Chesterfield far more perfectly.



To the touch . . . to the taste, an Accu-Ray Chesterfield satisfies the most . . . burns more evenly, smokes much smoother.

Firm and pleasing to the lips . . . mild yet deeply satisfying to the taste – Chesterfield alone is pleasure-packed by Accu-Ray.

Chesterfield
Cigarettes
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

KING-SIZE
& REGULAR

CHESTERFIELD

MILD, YET THEY *Satisfy!*

© Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.